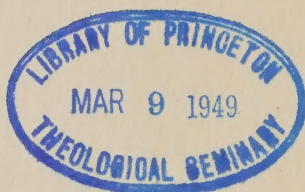


LYMAN PIERSON POWELL  
PATHFINDER IN  
EDUCATION AND RELIGION

By  
CHARLES S. MACFARLAND



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# Lyman Pierson Powell

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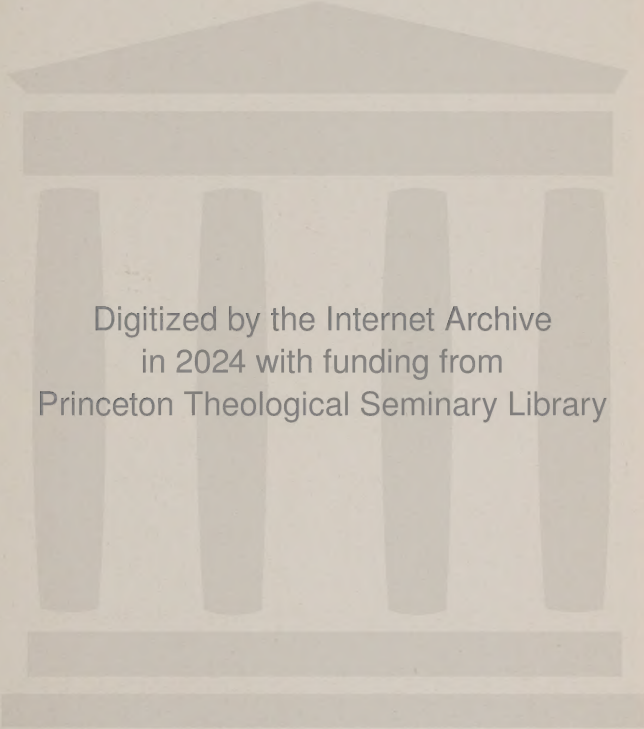
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Jesus and the Prophets, 1905  
The Infinite Affection, 1907  
Spiritual Culture and Social Service, 1912  
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The New Church and the New Germany:  
A Study of Church and State, 1934  
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Contemporary Christian Thought, 1936  
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## VOLUMES TRANSLATED

- A l'Image du Christ:*  
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*La Culture Spirituelle:*  
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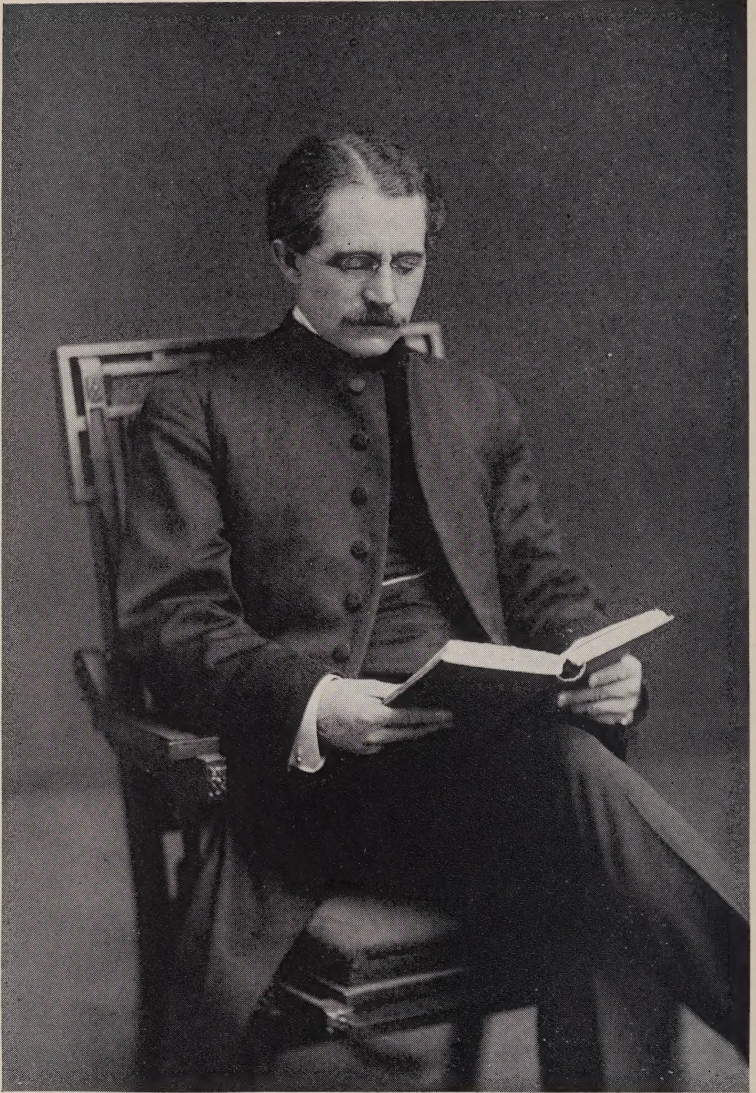
## EDITED AND WRITTEN IN COLLABORATION WITH OTHERS

- The Old Puritanism and the New Age, 1903  
The Christian Ministry and the Social Order, 1909  
Christian Unity at Work, 1913  
The Churches of the Federal Council, 1916  
The Library of Christian Cooperation, 1917 (6 volumes—2 volumes translated into Japanese)  
The Churches of Christ in Time of War, 1917

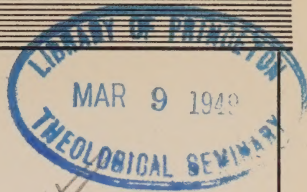


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*Lyman Pierson Powell*



# Lyman Pierson Powell

## Pathfinder in Education and Religion

By  
✓  
CHARLES S. MACFARLAND

INTRODUCTION


BY

ALBERT SHAW



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*with the gratitude of*

LYMAN PIERSON POWELL  
AND

CHARLES S. MACFARLAND



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION . . . . .	9
FOREWORD . . . . .	21
WHENCE LYMAN POWELL CAME . . . . .	25
INSTITUTIONS AND MEN WHO MOLDED LYMAN POWELL'S LIFE . . . . .	46
PIONEER AND PROPHET IN EDUCATION . . . . .	66
PREACHER OF THE WORD AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS I .	98
PREACHER OF THE WORD AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS II	118
PREACHER OF THE WORD AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS III	135
PREACHER OF THE WORD AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS IV	169
INTERPRETER OF LIFE, MEN AND MOVEMENTS . . . .	182
LYMAN POWELL AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE . . . . .	211
THE CAPACITY FOR FRIENDSHIP . . . . .	237
THE SAGA OF A PASTOR'S WIFE . . . . .	254
EPILOGUE: LIFE'S EVENING HOUR	
I. AS LYMAN POWELL SEES LIFE . . . . .	282
II. AS THE BIOGRAPHER SEES LYMAN POWELL . .	287
THE LYMAN POWELL CALENDAR . . . . .	291
BOOKS AND BROCHURES . . . . .	293
INDEX . . . . .	297





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## INTRODUCTION

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This is not a book intended merely to console a well-loved friend in hours of repose as he looks toward the sunset in the approaching eighth decade of a worthy life. If, indeed, his settled mood were one of pensive reminiscence he might find some comfort in these pages, as they remind him of events and scenes half forgotten by him in the shifting panorama of long and busy years.\* Lyman P. Powell, the subject of this biographical narrative, has for half a century been so concerned for other people's welfare of soul, mind and body, that he has never had time to keep a diary or even a convenient file of his own books and published articles.

Dr. Charles S. Macfarland, who portrays herein the unfolding sequence of experiences in a typical American career, not long ago set down for us the faithful record of his own pilgrimage as its significance broadened with the years. But Dr. Macfarland's report to his associates the world over, was no valedictory. He had rounded out a long period of productive service as General Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches. It had called him to far places where he had stood before lords temporal as well as lords spiritual. It was appropriate that he should give us an account not only of his stewardship, but also of his personal approach to its responsibilities.

But with lightened burdens of executive work, Dr. Mac-

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\* This survey was prepared when Dr. Powell was still active. It has seemed best to let it stand unchanged as a view of the man a year before his life ended.

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

farland has won greater freedom for service as an adviser in philanthropic and religious movements. Moreover, he has found time for writing helpful and inspiring books, of which a dozen or more have appeared since he became General Secretary *Emeritus* of the Federal Council. This freedom from official cares has made it possible for him — postponing other literary tasks for an interval — to write the life of his friend and co-laborer in the moral vineyard. We had read his *Across the Years* — he was the man to deal with the not unsimilar life of Lyman Powell.

Charles Stedman Macfarland was born in December 1866. Lyman Pierson Powell was born in September of that same year. With barely three months difference in their ages, they are near neighbors and constant associates at Mountain Lakes, New Jersey. While thus dwelling far from the madding crowd, they are by no means in retreat or retirement.

As their senior by more than a decade, I have the happy fortune to think of them both with the memory of friendships continuing over a long term of years, — friendships sustained by common beliefs and hopes. It is in the sphere of the moral and intellectual forces of our American society that they continue to hold their posts of influence among our guides and leaders.

As recently as 1937, Dr. Powell published a book entitled *The Second Seventy*. He wrote the foreword on September 21, 1936, and in the course of it he made the following observation: "*The Second Seventy* is the modest effort of a man writing this word on his seventieth birthday in the first stage of voluntary retirement, to create for his readers the atmosphere of retirement and suggest some of the conditions which must be intelligently, cheerfully, and courageously faced, that usefulness and happiness may continue in the Second Seventy."

It is a delightful little volume, enriched with almost count-



## INTRODUCTION

less allusions to well-known personalities, and with portraits of a number of Dr. Powell's friends and notable contemporaries. When he uses the word "retirement" he means only what another of my friends, Dr. Edwin O. Grover, vice-president of Rollins College, likes to call the "turning of a corner." Something new, perhaps something exciting, bursts upon our gaze whenever we make a decision that involves a positive change of base and that brings a new environment whether external, subjective, or both. Dr. Powell had held four parishes as an Episcopal minister, besides holding a college presidency for five years, all comprised in a period of 37 years from 1898 to 1935. Even from his student days we had been friends, and I knew him well in his parishes at Lansdowne, Pennsylvania, at Northampton, Massachusetts and at St. Margaret's Church in the heart of the Bronx Borough of New York City.

In this last parish, where he served for ten years, his ministrations reached people of all races, colors, religions, occupations, and national backgrounds. He exhibited in those years the same rare capacity for dealing with individuals and families who came to him with their personal problems that had characterized him from the beginning of his service as an ordained minister. I was familiar with what he was doing in the bewildering microcosm that is New York beyond the Harlem river. It was his belief that no man's time was too valuable to be spent in giving sympathy and rendering assistance to "little people," the poorest and humblest, who needed counsel in their troubles and perplexities.

When, therefore, he wrote the word "retirement" on his seventieth birthday, it was with conscious reference to the fact that family circumstances had required his resignation from the New York center of incessant activity, and a withdrawal to quiet surroundings.

At Mountain Lakes, he practiced the precepts that he had

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

laid down in the final pages of *The Second Seventy*, as a "program" for people relinquishing posts of active responsibility. There were vacant pulpits to be filled on Sundays; he was in constant demand; he preached as much as ever, but had no parish on his hands. The local School Board welcomed him to their membership. They recognized him as an educator of experience, familiar with school systems at home and abroad. The family newspaper serving that New Jersey region also discovered his journalistic aptitudes, and drew upon his ability to interpret current movements. His knowledge of men and events provided a background that made his signed editorial column the most valued feature of this well-conducted community paper. I have perused scores of these articles since Dr. Powell "retired" to Mountain Lakes, always with the satisfaction of a critical reader in their qualities of literary style, their vitality of thought, and their wide range of theme.

This book, then, as I must repeat, is not meant to tell the life-story of a man whose career may provide no further chapters of usefulness. He is not left behind us as we set forth upon the toilsome pathway of the post-war world. I am dictating this cursory introduction to Dr. Macfarland's manuscript on Monday, August 13, 1945, while the whole world waits in almost breathless suspense for news of the Japanese answer to President Truman's peace terms. Like Dr. Macfarland himself, Lyman Powell has not only believed always in the necessity of world organization for peace, but has exemplified his creed in a hundred ways, always with pen and voice proclaiming the gospel of good will.

If the peoples of Europe and Asia now have any reason to trust the United States as a nation that holds the principles of justice and human welfare above all aims or schemes of national aggrandizement, it is because the public opinion of America finds leadership and expression in the humane

## INTRODUCTION

spirit of such men as Dr. Powell and Dr. Macfarland. They do not "retire" from their shares of further service in the enlightenment of a groping but hopeful world.

In the same year that Lyman Powell's book on old age was published (1937), there appeared a book by the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill which he called *Great Contemporaries* and which also was embellished with portraits. It is a volume that I have read more than once, with enjoyment of its many revelations regarding eminent personages and their relation to events of the past half-century. Twenty-one character sketches are included, five of which are devoted to kings, emperors, or titular heads of great states, while ten more are concerned with British Premiers and foremost Cabinet ministers. Five tell of military leaders. One (Lawrence of Arabia) recounts the deeds and qualities of the man who gave new form to the Arab states of the Middle East. Churchill's single sketch of a man wholly outside the highest spheres of officialdom is George Bernard Shaw, who seems to appear in the role of king's jester.

Dr. Powell's book is a much smaller one but, like Mr. Churchill's, it is self-revealing. The note of autobiography runs through it, and one discovers how a gift for friendship has enriched his own life even as he has given of his own firm loyalty in such ample return. If Powell had chosen to write a book of personal sketches of notable men and women whom he has cherished as friends (I see no reason why he should not do it even yet), he could not have limited it to a list of twenty-one. He saw what was best in his friends, and if they had faults it was no concern of his. For some of them he had enthusiasm as well as affection; but this was not due to any lack of discrimination. He might find it hard to restrict his directories of well-chosen friends to one hundred names. If he should apply his "Seventies" to a listing of persons rather than to spans of years, he might present a first

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

album of seventy. It would include some of his elder friends like President Gilman of the Johns Hopkins, Dr. Basil Gildersleeve, and others of the early Baltimore group. Among these older men, whom he knew well and treated with charming deference in his young days, he would include great teachers, bishops and parsons, writers, editors and publishers, primarily at Baltimore and Philadelphia, then at New York, afterwards in Massachusetts, and so throughout the country. But the list could not be confined to seventy; and the friendships of his middle and later years would have to be listed in another volume also to be called *The Second Seventy*.

He was not too young when he entered the Johns Hopkins University as he was completing his twentieth year. The undergraduate department was small in those days, and a mature student seeking to specialize in history and economics could enter certain classes along with postgraduate men. Powell finished his undergraduate course in 1890 in his twenty-fourth year, and continued two years longer as a graduate scholar in close association with such students as John Finley and his brother Robert, Newton D. Baker, the Willoughby brothers, Edward A. Ross, David Kinley, Frederick C. Howe, and others almost as well known in later years.

I had received my degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1884, but had maintained very close relations while an editor in Minneapolis with the Department of History and Political Science at Baltimore. I could not spend much time at the University, but I was listed as a "Reader" in the Department from 1888 to 1890, and as a "Lecturer" for the years 1891, 1892, and for some time thereafter. Having spent the greater part of the years 1888 and 1889 in Europe, I was invited in the autumn of 1889 to give a course of lectures at Baltimore on municipal administration in Great Britain and the European Continent. Powell and his fellow-students of the historical department attended my lectures. This was the



## INTRODUCTION

beginning of a friendship with Lyman Powell that has continued unbroken through fifty-six years.

When I opened an office in New York early in 1891 to begin the publication of the *Review of Reviews*, several of my younger Johns Hopkins friends became important members of my staff. All of them were numbered among Lyman Powell's friends; and he also might have joined in our hopeful adventure. But he was not disposed to curtail his academic pursuits in the broad fields of history and the social sciences. Our distinguished teacher of political economy, Richard T. Ely, left Baltimore to become head of the Economics Department at the University of Wisconsin in 1892. A favorable opportunity was accorded Powell to accompany him and to spend a year at Madison. He was at the best age to profit by breathing the atmosphere of a great university in the Northwest.

Meanwhile, however, before he went West, I had begun a course of annual lectures in the historical department, commuting between New York and Baltimore; and Powell not only absorbed my lectures but showed his interest by supplementing the class discussions with long private conversations. An opportunity came to him in 1893, after his year in Wisconsin, to accept a two-year fellowship in the University of Pennsylvania. This enabled him to continue his studies, while engaged in teaching and in carrying on the activities of a University Extension Lecturer.

The University of Pennsylvania at that time was a center for this informal type of adult education that had originated at Oxford and Cambridge, where university lecturers gave systematic courses at various places as arranged by the directors of the movement. Lyman Powell was exceptionally qualified for teaching of this kind.

He had been too well instructed to think lightly of the work of specialists and research scholars. He had indeed



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

been closely associated with many men of that type. But he was never a delver in archives, or a specialist in any precise field of economic or historical scholarship. He could sit at the feet of scholars and could interpret their work with intelligence and good judgment to audiences who listened with unflagging interest.

He was widely versatile and his presentations were popular in form. He was persuasive rather than controversial, and he appealed to reason rather than to men's emotions. He was a courageous defender of the faith that was in him, but never a fiery crusader. He was an expert in human relations; and it must have been the discovery of this natural talent for helpful and stimulating discourse that led him to enter the Divinity School at Philadelphia and to become an Episcopal clergyman.

While he was carrying on his successful experiment as a University Extension Lecturer, Woodrow Wilson who had returned to Princeton as a professor after several years of teaching elsewhere, was eking out his income by taking part in that same popular movement. He gave one of these courses near my home which was then at Irvington, New York. While teaching elsewhere Wilson had returned to Baltimore year after year to spend several weeks as a lecturer in the historical department, where Powell had followed his courses in constitutional history for three or four successive years. The personal friendship then formed had not been interrupted in after years, and Powell's loyalty to the Wilsonian ideals had been enhanced by the warmth of a personal attachment. Powell had written well and spoken widely in support of the League of Nations.

Reverting to earlier days, I recall the journey I made in June 1899, to attend the wedding of the Reverend Lyman P. Powell and the accomplished Gertrude Wilson in the Church of Our Saviour at Jenkintown. I went in company with

## INTRODUCTION

Talcott Williams of Philadelphia, and we appeared in the recognized character of sponsoring friends.

Mr. Williams at that time was within a month of his fiftieth birthday. He was born in Turkey of missionary parents in 1849, and was graduated at Amherst in 1873. He became at once a member of the staff of the *New York World*, and after experience as a Washington correspondent and an editorial writer on the *Springfield Republican*, his versatile pen served the *Philadelphia Press* from 1881 until (in 1912) he became the first Director of the School of Journalism on the Pulitzer Foundation at Columbia University. His home for thirty years was a cultural center in Philadelphia; and a host of friends would have agreed that he was the most widely informed man of their entire acquaintance. While at the University of Pennsylvania, Lyman Powell entered the charmed circle of those who were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

This scholarly journalist and great humanist was also my friend of long years, and like Powell he was from time to time a contributor to the pages of my magazine and an editorial consultant. His encouragement and wise counsel were of great assistance to his younger friend during the period of ten years when Powell was in or near Philadelphia as university lecturer, divinity student, and suburban rector.

I believe that Powell's first article in the *Review of Reviews* was called "Renaissance of the Historical Pilgrimage," published in 1893. His university-extension lectures had culminated in a plan to visit historic spots by careful pre-arrangement as mentor and guide, with a company made up of persons who had heard his lectures on American history. His pilgrims were welcome wherever they went; and as a sequel of these journeys there appeared four substantial volumes which Powell projected and edited. *Historic Towns of New England* was the first (1898), *Historic Towns of the Mid-*

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

*dle States* came next (1899), *Historic Towns of the Southern States* followed in 1900, and *Historic Towns of the Western States* in 1901. They were published by another of Powell's friends, the veteran George Haven Putnam of New York, himself a scholar and writer. It was my privilege to contribute the introduction to the second of these volumes.

It may be enough to say that in the course of forty years or more Powell was a frequent and always welcome contributor to the *Review of Reviews* as also to various other periodicals. Immediately after the first World War, with the help of Mrs. Powell (who is a most acceptable lecturer, especially to women's organizations) he was the editor of a two-volume work called *The Social Unrest* which was planned in my office, published by my company (1919), and widely circulated. These volumes could be read again with advantage as we now take up the still greater task of relief and rehabilitation, with Europe in a state of physical and moral wreckage after the recent global conflict.

It was during his years at Northampton, where he was a neighbor and friend of the Coolidges, and in daily touch with the educational activities that centered in Smith College, that Dr. Powell became interested in what was widely heralded as "The Emmanuel Movement." He published a book in 1909 called *The Emmanuel Movement in a New England Town*.

It is for Dr. Macfarland to write of this effort to array the forces of practical religion in what had usually been regarded as the exclusive domain of medical practice. Simultaneously with the issue of his book, which recounted his own experience as an associate of the Boston leaders of that movement, Powell wrote an extensive and scholarly article on the subject for the *Review of Reviews* (May 1909). We accompanied his article with a favorable review of his book, and

## INTRODUCTION

followed it with another article on the Emmanuel Movement, written from the physician's standpoint by my brother-in-law, Dr. John C. Fisher, whose long experience as head of hospitals, and of institutions of the sanatorium type, justified his authoritative tone. The healing ministries of the two Boston clergymen (the Rev. Drs. Worcester and McComb), proceeding under medical supervision, were defended by Dr. Fisher, writing as a neurologist. Dr. Powell's participation in this movement made him one of its recognized leaders.

It was about twenty years afterwards that Dr. Powell came to me to consult me about his proposal that he should write a life of Mary Baker Eddy, founder of the Christian Science Church. The authorities of the Mother Church at Boston had agreed to give him access at first hand to all their sources of information; and he was not to be under any restraint or commitment in the use of their materials. I advised him to ignore all previous attempts to present the life of Mrs. Eddy to American readers, some of which had been written without accurate knowledge and in a spirit of hostile pre-judgment.

This is a subject with which Dr. Macfarland's familiarity can be trusted. I have always supposed that Dr. Powell's experiences at Northampton had broadened his belief in the power of religious faith to strengthen frail bodies as well as to give direction to weak and wavering minds. However that may be, Dr. Powell had completed for publication in 1930 his so-called "Life-Size Portrait" of Mary Baker Eddy.

This volume has always seemed to me a profound one in its tempered wisdom, as it deals with the beginnings of a great institutional movement that has long since outlived the hasty and ill-judged criticisms of twenty or thirty years ago. It has been widely accepted as a standard biography of the founder of the Christian Science Church, and as such

LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

it has continued to be sold and read not only throughout the English-speaking world but in Europe where it has been translated into several languages.

Perhaps I have made it sufficiently clear that Dr. Macfarland has written this book not only because of his own belief that the life story of his friend should be told, but also and especially because of the urgent wish of other friends that Dr. Macfarland himself should take the assignment. We welcomed his willingness to set apart the current year in which to undertake the task, as worthy of his skill as a writer and his vocation as a wise and sympathetic interpreter of men in relation to their times.

On the blank page facing Dr. Macfarland's full-page portrait, in the small gallery of friends that forms a feature of *The Second Seventy*, Dr. Powell quotes as a fitting tribute to his neighbor the following verse from Isaiah:

*"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk, and not faint."*

Hastings-on-Hudson.

ALBERT SHAW.

August 13, 1945.



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## FOREWORD

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This is one of the most gratifying tasks I have ever attempted — to put Lyman Powell into his place in the history of American life. My associate and counselor for thirty years, and my near neighbor in Mountain Lakes for fifteen, he has always been a study to me. One day in 1944, as Albert Shaw told me of some of his relations with Dr. Powell, I said, "Powell's story ought to be told." The next day Dr. Shaw countered with, "Why are not you the man to tell it?" Later Dr. Shaw and others among Dr. Powell's galaxy of friends formally requested me to embrace this attractive opportunity. Dr. Powell graciously approved and so did I.

When, however, Dr. Shaw and I conferred further with our subject, I was for the moment halted. He had never made any provision for such a job in the gathering of material. He had not preserved files or clippings of his many outstanding contributions to magazines and did not possess copies of all his books. As for journal or diary, he had not kept even a line-a-day. One need not wonder as he surveys the ceaseless activities enumerated in the Lyman Powell calendar, in his making of history.

Hence this record has been drawn largely from his books and a few manuscripts, a study of Periodical Guides over a long period of years, from his friends, from my own mem-

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

ory, from intimate fireside talks with him, often by the Socratic method of question and answer, and from my own knowledge of the history in which he has played so large a part.

Some men's life stories can be told by a series of photographs in chronological order, as they pursue the even tenor of their way. Not so Lyman Powell's. A free-hand drawing, or a set of drawings, is what has been attempted in this volume. It has been impossible to entirely avoid repetition. While the acts change, the same scenes and figures reappear. Just as far as possible, Lyman Powell has been introduced to tell his own story. He is often his own interpreter although, as he looks back in his life at different periods, he sometimes either revises or repeats his earlier impressions. Gertrude Wilson Powell, who has at times been co-author with her husband, has written the narrative of the Powell family and home as only she could have done it. She, too, gives us new views of the same scenes.

This will be the story of a man of broad, friendly vision, who looked beyond rigid, accepted opinions and recognized the truth and good struggling for expression in new forms and new-old hopes. Ever alert for and to gleams of light giving promise of assuaging the suffering of mankind, he examined ideas and methods as they continued to appear. Whether or not one agrees with Lyman Powell in all of his judgments concerning education and religion, there can be no questioning of his sincerity, his high motives, and the honesty of his conclusions. I have constantly felt the impact of his prodigious study and interpretation of these trends

## FOREWORD

and movements, through which he has been a stimulating influence in the fields of education and religion which transcends our present recognition.

The task has been highly rewarding to the biographer as he has made these excursions in the ample and attractive spheres of life into which they have led, and in which he himself has at times shared, often disclosing hidden secrets revealing great ideals in which Lyman Powell has exercised his creative and constructive powers.

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I am, as often before, indebted to my wife, Genevieve Dayton Macfarland, for assistance in collecting and collating data, without which I could hardly have attempted a labor of such proportions.

C. S. M.

Achray, Mountain Lakes, New Jersey, 1946



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## CHAPTER ONE

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### *WHENCE LYMAN POWELL CAME*

**J**OHAN C. FREMONT, debonair and overconfident, was riding high in the summer of 1856 to his defeat for the White House, while with clanging bell and shrieking whistle down through the cornfields of Southern Delaware the first locomotive in that region with its one small car came tugging on to "Flatiron," later to be called Farmington, in Kent County, Delaware. In those "ante-bellum" and immediately succeeding years the village appears to have had little to boast of. But little as it had — railroad station and agent, post office, three stores, blacksmith and wheelwright shop, and "Old Squire" Whitby's magistrate's court with its session every two weeks,—it is said to have been self-conscious as its authorities dispensed justice to the farmers round about with a severe but kindly air.

History tells us that the Delawareans, of sturdy stock were from the first a law-abiding and home-loving folk, with high regard for lofty ideals and family life. They sent their children far away as well as near at hand in order to assure for them the best training that could be had. There were three brothers from Farmington studying at one time at a very small college while two others were successively elected United States Senators from Delaware. It does not require great cities or big schools to produce great minds and good men. At the time when our narrative begins the public school for the country-side community was located about



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

a mile from the village, and was typical of the time, but the teachers were evidently among the choicest to be found. While Lyman Powell's grandmother lay on her death bed, a young man was teaching at Farmington who on completing his contract was chosen Chancellor of the State of Delaware.

The village never had a population to exceed three hundred. But long before its dimensions were measurable at all it gloried in a full fledged academy, established in 1868, largely if not indeed predominantly through the vision and zeal of a great-hearted woman with children whom she felt bound to educate. That woman was the mother of Lyman Powell. Her method matched her devotion. She won over to her side two men who joined her and her husband, James B. R. Powell, in raising the funds necessary to cover the expenses of the enterprise. Farmington Academy is now no more than a memory except to those who read the two standard histories of the state—including its unique school story — the respective authors being two brothers, Judge Walter A. Powell, and Lyman P. Powell to whom I am indebted for the narrative portion of this chapter.

In this environment and atmosphere, Lyman Pierson Powell first saw the light on September 21, 1866, from under the shadow of "Flatiron" before it became known as Farmington. He was named after a business associate of his father. He appeared to inherit his father's love of books and reading and, nearing eighty, could not recall the day when he would not abandon the liveliest play while his father read aloud the Bible or *Goldsmith's History of Rome*. The little school house at the corner of his grandfather's farm was never more agreeably employed than when it gave shelter to five of his father's children. Gentle, tender, home-loving and homemaking, James B. R. Powell, as well as his devoted wife, seven years younger than he, decided that their

## WHENCE LYMAN POWELL CAME

children should have the best education, no matter what the price might be.

In the academy of a godly woman's dreams, many a lad of parts was found—one college president, five professors, one of them a founder, lecturer, secretary and treasurer for thirty years of a midwestern Law School which in its brief career reached an enrollment of six hundred students. Few schools of any sort, large or small, can point to a richer and more enriching history than Farmington Academy.

Farmington was almost a miniature school centre with a cultural flavor and some men whose memories hark back to the days of President Grant recall such an appetite for good teachers that they were drafted from ministerial fields.

Methodism in the South had its first convincing "try-out" down in Delaware where James B. R. Powell was born in 1822. In the middle of the century, he was elected to the Delaware Legislature where he appeared in public wearing the popular high silk hat of his day, paired at church on Sundays with his wife in her black silk gown, on the common ground of Christian fellowship rather than of social grace. The unwritten law of the Methodist Church that men and women should not sit together in the same pew was scrupulously observed, — the men taking seats on the one side, the women on the other. In the rear of the old Methodist Church, before it was actually moved to Farmington, as the Civil War broke out, was the gallery for the Colored people. It was not till after Lee surrendered that they had a church of their own.

Nothing, says Lyman Powell, was dearer to the heart of the Methodist of Farmington Academy days than the old-fashioned class meeting. Haltingly a few words of faith and hope were spoken with the touch of love upon them which lifted the most obdurate up into the highland of First Corinthians. Thus the message of the Gospel became un-

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

forgettable before ever Henry Drummond came proclaiming to the more modern people that love is the greatest thing in the world. But it was the camp meeting and the winter revival, with their emotional touch on the Farmington life, which brought assurance that out of "the heart man believeth unto righteousness." No Henry Drummond was needed to drive that mighty message home. No Moody had to come to compel conviction once a little band of believers had followed the prayer and praise with the irresistible invitation. Men and women, saints and sinners, crowded and often over-crowded the mourner's bench. What the Farmington Academy did for young minds, the modest little Farmington Church did for the souls of both young and old.

Lyman Powell's education came from both these institutions under the guidance of a godly father and mother. Among the Methodists James B. R. Powell was a substantial though quiet and somewhat reserved influence.

The Powell genealogy begins with "Nathaniel Powell, Gentleman" who left England in December 1606 with Captain John Smith, arriving in Virginia in April of 1607. If, as has seemed to some historians, the Powell genealogy on this side of the Atlantic began with the Powells, two of whose names appear on the memorial at Jamestown, it has surely pushed up into some parts of Western Maryland whence Lyman's grandfather George and his six children, George, John, William, Nathaniel, James B. R., and Elizabeth, moved over into Kent County, Delaware. Truly English in their landholding habits, each owning two hundred acres of adjoining land, the Powell boys lived close together between what are now Kent and Sussex Counties with marks of the close resemblance evident to those who never quite forget that "good fences make good neighbors."

James B. R. Powell, named for his family doctor, James Ben Ralston, near neighbor and close friend, was a semi-

## WHENCE LYMAN POWELL CAME

invalid most of his adult life. He had to pay out life's vitality with calculating care in order to ensure a clean balance sheet when the time to plan futurities drew near, whether buiding up the church or the school, or seeing his five boys through school or college or university for special training. The Civil War found him supporting not only local loyalties but in emergencies the Government at Washington. His words, while never many, were habitually words of weight. All along the line, beginning with the little church, he gave his best and often his all, and when he died of a cerebral hemorrhage at noon on June 12, 1878, the village grief found wording in the Shakespearean characterization; "We shall not look upon his like again."

The customary funeral sermon was preached by the Pastor, Rev. W. S. Robinson: "Aged 55 years, 5 months, 14 days. Such was the measure of time given James B. R. Powell to do his life work — and he has done it well. On the day after his conversion he was appointed a Class-leader of the M. E. Church — and henceforth his life long was an official member of the church, holding at various times the offices of Class-leader, Steward, Trustee, and Sunday School Superintendent. Few men have been more useful anywhere than Brother Powell has been in Farmington. Poverty appealing to him for help was never turned away. Public spirited — he was always in the lead in useful reforms. His door was open to friend and stranger alike. Liberal — he always gave freely of his means for the support of the Gospel. He was in every sense a Christian gentleman. Afflicted for twenty-three years, and suffering as few men suffer, yet when the winds of trouble searched the branches of his life, they blew down no seed of impatience, discontent or fretfulness. Injustice to man and rebellion against God found no place in his words or action."

James B. R. Powell and Mary Ann Redden were married



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

February 17, 1853. Their children were: Walter Anderson Powell, born June 16, 1855; James Ben Ralston Powell, March 9, 1857 (died January 17, 1928); Herbert Powell, July 18, 1860 (died March 21, 1877); Ira Day Powell, May 8, 1863 (died September 26, 1863); Mary Ann Powell, July 3, 1864 (died December 11, 1864); Lyman Pierson Powell, September 21, 1866; Elmer Nathaniel Powell, September 19, 1869.

The sons who survived to mature life proved a rich heritage to the world:

Walter Anderson Powell became a Circuit Judge in Independence, Missouri. Dr. James Ben Ralston Powell, Jr., after graduating from the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, practised medicine with success in Southern Delaware, at Harrington until his death. Lyman Pierson Powell's younger brother, Elmer Nathaniel Powell, graduated from the Legal Department of the University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas, practised law in Kansas City, Missouri, and established the Kansas City Law School, later taken over with its six hundred members into the University of Kansas City.

Walter is in retirement in Dover, Delaware and Elmer in Kansas City, Missouri. Each has lived his long life with due regard to the claims of avocation as well as vocation, and with the result that each has touched life at more points perhaps than most professional men. They have probably increased their average of health by a wide distribution of human interests. Walter has written several books useful both in and out of his profession, culminating in what is generally accepted as the best history of Delaware ever published. Elmer's more general services to literature as well as his experience as a bankruptcy judge have made him widely useful as a healer of sick souls in business. The three brothers have at times been humorously referred to as



## WHENCE LYMAN POWELL CAME

"The Three Musketeers" and indeed they have all been warriors of a kind.

But our path now leads us back to the third brother. It is, in my judgment, to be regretted that *he* is not writing this book. Therefore, I have searched for everything I could find to reveal his story. Even at the risk of some repetition, let us see what Lyman Powell has said about his boyhood, first as he looked back when in his forties.\*

### LYMAN POWELL'S OWN STORY

"The village life was very simple. My father had control of most of the interests in and about the town so that I had no claim to a boyhood of poverty, and I remember vividly my delight at being set at chores, which I think boys in these days miss, however unconsciously. To drive the cow to pasture, to bring in wood, to help in the store or the express office or the railroad station or the canning factory or on the farm, about two miles from town, was good for me. My only regret is that having an insatiate liking for books, as soon as I got into school I became an omnivorous reader of everything under the sun and formed the habit of staying indoors still too much for my own good. But whenever one is called to "where beyond these voices there is peace" the fact will still remain that heredity, early environment and such companionship as my father, who was an invalid from my earliest memories, gave me, can never be replaced.

I loved my schoolmasters! I remember one who in the days when even young men wore long beards, took me into his confidence when he was laying siege to the affections of a well-seasoned college widow, as we should call her now, and borrowed my horse and saddle more than once — for in my boyhood I almost lived in the saddle — to hie him away

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\* From miscellaneous undated notes in his files.

LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

at night time to see his lady love, who had such a swift succession of heart affairs that she never married at all. And then there was another schoolmaster of my early boyhood who won my profound admiration because he had learned at Amherst to play baseball and could show us many a knuckle as evidence of his experience on the football field. I think I could not have been more than five years old when I was in his school, which like other schools of that time in Farmington had the invaluable service of a college man and never depended on the raw recruit of the then public schools. Almost forty years passed between those school days and my next sight of my schoolmaster was at reunion at Amherst where I went up to him and asked to see his knuckles.

There was scarcely an attic, even on the hottest summer days, in that little village which I did not ransack for *Graham's Magazine* or — do not be shocked — the *New York Ledger*, so that one good woman once hauled me out of her attic on a hot summer day with the remark that I had no business to be indoors when the weather was so hot. With perspiration streaming from my face I cast one long look at the alluring chapter I was reading in "Jack Harkaway" and obeyed because I knew discretion was, as usual, the better part of valor. There was besides a family of Colored people living two miles away who squandered something like a dollar a year on a lurid weekly paper and I never failed to appear in that home early Saturday afternoon when the mail was received, and I fear, as I now look back, selfishly appropriated that weekly story paper. My father was responsible in large part for my reading habit, and though our collection of books was not model, judged by the New England standard, my father knew the books and rejoiced to see me read them. I wonder if any boy ever had such a father! Though he was never, as I remember him, free from pain — for he died when I was twelve years old — he never expressed

## *WHENCE LYMAN POWELL CAME*

his suffering in words or even sighed, though sometimes when the pain was hardest to bear a little tear would dim his eyes.

I would not give the impression that my mother was derelict in a mother's duty. A varied business had to be conducted and she took the father's place, without growing hard, never too busy to listen to a small boy's woes or to deal with him under the Norway spruce, as he sometimes deserved, or even to teach a class in Sunday School, though because of my habit of reading we had an agreement to which she often appealed that I was to be "up" on the Sunday School lesson so that if — as often happened — she had to work far into Saturday night to be father as well as mother to five boys, many nephews and nieces, and, in fact, the entire village, there would be somebody in the class to answer the conventional questions if there was danger that she might be trapped.

It was my father, however, to whom in those early days I came closest because he seemed to need me and people said we were much alike. Certainly, if I may trust the words of some friends in these latter days, I was like my father the prey of everybody who wanted money, whether it was merited or not. There is one grief in my life which will never disappear whatever life may have in store for a man still in the thick of the fight, and that is that on one occasion my easygoing father was provoked because I bothered him during a business transaction until at last he took me into a side room and gave what I now know was a mild type of physical punishment. He died three weeks later, and not to have had an unbroken record of his favor has been to me a sorrow for which there never will be compensation in this world.

Though in my manhood I have often been charged with faults, some of which still lie at my door, nobody has ever

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

accused me of laziness; but there was a time in early adolescence when, in spite of the fact that I was always ready to work in my own way, there was some suspicion in the family that I might turn out to be the lazy one, and I once overheard a conversation between my elder brother, whom I adored — and still do — and my mother, in which there seemed to be agreement that I was a lazy boy. Perhaps that is one reason why in manhood I have tried to deserve another term and have preferred the danger of wearing out rather than the charge of laziness.

And then the village itself was so interesting! What was one person's business was everybody's. The country store — and there were two of them — was the battleground of every public question, but it was also the scene of real neighborliness. There is about the Delawarean a certain reticence which I, in some measure, have outgrown since I left Delaware at the age of nineteen. I recall how the village Squire, when on April Fool's Day we naughty boys placed in his habitual pathway a hat with a brick in it, attempted, to his surprise, to lift the hat, but never said a word as he passed on.

In life we must be the chauffeur or the horn; and though I was always small for my age, I instinctively essayed the role of chauffeur, having the satisfaction of knowing that there are always enough horns. Can one ever forget those wonderful soldier fights in which we boys in that border town indulged, for we were only ten or fifteen years away from the great Civil War in which father, I was told — for I was born after war — mild as he seemed, stood guard with loaded revolver over the Stars and Stripes day after day, and an uncle gave his life in Andersonville for conviction's sake. And I, at least, can never forget how I played the chauffeur to my heart's content after reading the "Jack Harkaway" stories, and organized the boys into hostile groups armed with laths and played "Jack Harkaway." However, pride has its fall,



## WHENCE LYMAN POWELL CAME

and though the boys of my age were usually larger, I was ready for a fight when fighting seemed the business of the hour. There was one boy who was about my size at eight years old and then in the next three or four years outgrew me so rapidly that at last, having whipped him often, I found myself the under party in a contest and, because he was rather stupid, had to use my wits and convince him that after all we had been only playing. He arose to the dignity of the driver of a team of nine horses dragging logs from the woods while I was merely studying with the thought of going some day to college; but I always felt humiliated at his obvious superiority, and when in the early twenties — and I was still a bachelor — he boasted of his family of children, my humiliation seemed complete, though I should have known better.”

Reverting again, in another manuscript, to his parents:

“Strange to say, even though people sometimes misunderstood my father and now and then there was the averted look, he usually retained the affection of men and women regardless of party lines, and when he died, June 12, 1878, there seemed to be only one head in Farmington and it was sore. Certainly, for a small boy, the sun has never shone, the birds have never sung, and life has never been as bright as in the days when the highest joy in life was to hold my father’s hand. My mother was as good. In fact, but for her business ability the family could not have held together at all and kept open house to people far and near. But my mother was more militant. She determined when I was about five years old that there should be no more liquor selling in the little village, which boasted of a very mild saloon into which a few slunk now and then to emerge with a guilty face; but she played the game fairly and squarely. She, after consultation with some other good women in the



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

village, notified the saloonkeeper that he would have to go out of business. He knew that there was iron in my mother's blood, but he still kept on. He had his little day, but it was a very little day, punctuated, I remember, by what seemed to him, at least, a temporary victory. For one day, because he sold candy as well as liquor — to quote a Delaware expression — I appeared in front of his saloon and the following conversation ensued, as I recall it: "I want a stick of candy, but my mother will not let me go into your store. Here is a penny and you can bring the candy out." He complied with one eye fixed upon the street, only to hear, as I received my candy, the commanding voice of my mother calling me home. I was allowed to eat my candy, but the liquor seller found that his sun was setting and that the words to be found in the most difficult chapter in John Stuart Mill's *Political Economy* are true: "One cannot eat his cake and have it too." There was little more liquor selling in Farmington.

Determined that her boys also should go to college, my mother, after the death of my father, moved to Dover, the Capital of the State. She lived on till 1906, ever eager to preserve the modest estate my father had left, and when I was called to the Middle West, to which she had removed years before, to her dying bed, her mind went back to the days when her boys were young and she had the joy of caring for her invalid husband. Her last words to me were, "I shall soon see him again." I remember about two years after he died, when a man who had wanted her for a wife at the time when my father, who through sheer shyness never actually — so she said — proposed till they were going into the little church to be married, appeared on the scene.

It was merely a renewal of old acquaintance. The fires of life had burned low. Both were in the fifties and were talking about their early days in a normal way. But my boyish heart

## WHENCE LYMAN POWELL CAME

was fired with indignation and anxiety and I sat in the neighboring room during a good part of the afternoon with the poker in my hand trying to determine whether I should go in and attack him or let my mother have what I thought might prove to be her own way, as was her custom. When he stayed to supper the last straw seemed to me to have been laid on the camel's back, and I crept up to bed to weep and lie awake, a bad habit I have had ever since, and to try to adjust myself to what I feared would be disloyalty to my father. I remember how after the man had gone my mother came up and assured me in old-fashioned words that nobody would ever take the place of my father and that she had been merely talking over old times with the friend who had once been on the verge of more than friendship. I exacted no promise from her for she was a woman from whom it was never necessary to ask for promises. She always did what she gave the impression she would do, and when in her last days when she was almost eighty, she insisted that life is to work and not rest, we boys humored her and encouraged her in her pet interest of house building. As I recall it, she had built in eighteen years, and sold to a good advantage, something like a dozen houses. As she lay dying, the last house was half completed next door to her home, and we had to have the carpenters stop hammering in compliance with the doctor's orders.

Mother never talked much about religion any more than did my father, but they both lived it. I never heard or saw a family quarrel between the two. There were differences of opinion because my father had to be kept in check since he was the prey of the designing and signed notes for people who had no claim on him, without letting my mother know. He was half afraid of her in this regard because though she was intensely religious, she was so very businesslike.

Both she and my father always supported the church.

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

They were not always pleased with all the ministers, but they believed that nothing takes the place of the church in the moral life of the average community and they were practical above all else in this regard. Their sons were brought up good Methodists, though I confess it was somewhat of a trial to me to get through the Class meeting, in which everybody was expected to give his experience. How could a boy of ten have experience to give! Mild mannered as I was, I broke over the lines and left the classroom just before it was my turn to speak, even though the saintly leader assured me that he would call me in a moment. Times have changed. The Methodists have set other Christians an example in adaptation to changing conditions. Since late in the twenties after my little silly fling at so-called freedom of thought I came into the Episcopal Church, I have never regretted my up-bringing. To be sure, I used sometimes to go with one of my boy friends to the Episcopal Church, but I had not the slightest idea of the difference between a *Te Deum* and a *Nunc Dimittis*. I hope I behaved properly, even though in a letter received from that same boy friend, later perhaps the foremost lawyer in his State, I seem to have out-argued him on the subject, though because of his having been brought up a Churchman my argument counted for nothing with him. Now it would count for less than nothing because he lived to become a past master in the art of argumentation. But those boyhood days in Methodism were all very real. Most of us boys were converted every winter and honestly tried to live up to our vows, but we were boys and we often had our fights. Since I was smaller for my age than most of the boys I ought to have known better than to fight with bigger boys, but I never did learn better, and as the years rolled on into the teens, while I sought no fight I had more than one and never yielded till there was the proper interference on the part of bystanders who thought it a shame

## WHENCE LYMAN POWELL CAME

that a small boy should be so "beaten up." One experience I recall which took place when I was almost ready for college. A younger boy than I but very large for his age seized my hat on the skating pond and I could not capture him or the hat. The next day at school, in the presence of the whole school, I walked up the aisle and slapped his cheek. There were others at hand to prevent my receiving the sound drubbing I doubtless would have gotten, but I had at least shown my colors.

When I was preparing for college some of my teachers were old-fashioned. One had the impression, for instance, that the way to learn Shakespeare is to commit it to memory and to fire the enthusiasm of the pupil for Shakespearean plays. In some of us he found apt pupils and I committed to memory several plays of Shakespeare, some of which I still recall in large part, thanks to that good old-fashioned teacher who turned farmer in Delaware. Then there was a great teacher, who became Professor of Philosophy in a big little college. Under his direction, among other things, I studied Chemistry, using Eliot and Storer's textbook, which was comparatively new. But it was from talks with this teacher and the one before indicated that I got my greatest good. They used to talk out their hearts about all things under the sun in my presence in the Principal's office. The second of the two teachers had not merely graduated from an American college but had taken his Ph.D. from a German University and was really a remarkable man and scholar.

There was little play in my life, though I did attempt on one occasion to stop the star football player — twice as heavy as I — as he hurried down the field with the ball under his arm. The gyrations which I underwent at his left elbow sent me several yards across the field while everybody laughed, but I was up and at him at the end of his course ready to fight it out, even though the spectators were all



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

amused at my stupidity. He is now, I believe, practicing medicine in a small town and I have no doubt the physical training of those days has stood him in as good stead as his proficiency on the piano has given pleasure when he has been off duty.

I cannot remember the time when I did not have a worshipful attitude toward women. Even when abroad at the close of the last century I discovered that there were new ideas concerning women held by many who have written their names high on the page of literature, I have gone on as guileless as at first concerning women. I cannot remember the time when they did not seem to me to be a superior being. Of course, I was always "falling in love," but it never hurt the girls. This new movement for the so-called equality of women has had my hearty endorsement, largely because I have been unable to rid myself of the belief — and I have not tried very hard — that they are of a superior type. The first full day's work I ever did was crowned with twenty-five cents, and it was a hard day's work at that; but before I went home to supper I sought at the store a bottle of twenty-five cent cologne, purchased it, and sent it to the fair-haired girl opposite me in school with whom I used to go part of the way home along with her brother whom I hated. When we came to the crossroads and she took the high road and I the low, and she reached the top of the hill, we always exchanged at that safe distance mutual greetings which need not be described, and I do not even know in these days where she lives or if she lives at all. It was the boyish worship of women that expressed itself in a person. Again and again have I had the same experience, though not always the same reciprocity. And she who has taken the high road has forgotten at the top of the hill to say good-bye. And so life has been filled full of farewells to the past until life brought me a wife who has



## WHENCE LYMAN POWELL CAME

asked nothing and given everything and who would not approve even of this casual mention of her in this sketch; but she, like my friends, is used to having me do the unexpected, and I can only hope for the same forgiveness which has always been ready for me at her hands often as I have had to call for it."

In a set of notes written at another time, as late as 1936:

"Contrary to much writing there is in many a boyhood more sadness than joy. Death comes to friend or relative, and life is never quite the same again. My brother, Herbert, whom typhoid fever carried off before he reached seventeen left a blank which never was quite filled, and when my father followed a year later, I was so inconsolate that for weeks I would do little except walk between the boxwood hedges and wish I could be where I was sure he was and I was not."

Again recalling religious experiences:

"To use the term of that earlier day, I was converted — or to use the words of an earlier time, I 'got religion' — when I was six years old. I went through no cataclysmic change of mind or body, I joined the Church because I wanted to be as much as possible like my father and my mother who represented and symbolized — as they still do — all that is desirable and admirable in earth and heaven. It was simply another type of going to school, and was as normal as the same. Church membership made all the more appeal to me because it required no special sacrifice and I was still in my teens when it became evident that it put a premium on sport and encouraged what appeared to be a mild flirtatiousness among the young and encouraged early marriage without knowing what it all implied.

Interest had not yet awakened in Germany theology, and

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

the Oxford Group were about as alien to American thinkers as Schleiermacher now or Ritschl. The supreme religious interest in the life of young people was usually and still is "mother" and all the word with reverence suggests and most Christian young men could still say with one of my friends in the ministry, "The only visible possession she left me was her much-worn Bible, but it reveals the richness of my ever-enlarging inheritance."\*

It was a grief-broken family my father left behind when on June 12, 1878, he passed away. To mother the loss was irreparable for half-invalid as father had been, mother had had the half care of a baby and the full care of one who required the utmost consideration a caretaker too could give. Mother forgot no one, and overlooked nothing. There was always a lap-full of woman's work and no piece of it was ever neglected one single day. There were four strong boys, each of whom in our family required a mother's watchful eye. Family tradition is still strong that Lyman was a hand-full. One of his most famous teachers loved until his death to turn to good account the story — and I recall its essential truth — as told, that mother would go searching in the grass at nightfall glad to pick her live boy wherever she had the luck to find him and hurry home to tuck him in his bed. And they do say that next day he was wont to give her reason to repeat her worthy and not easy work."

What brothers think of one another is always interesting. Written in an old blank book we have this story, recalled by Lyman's younger brother and intimate boyhood companion, Judge Elmer N. Powell. " 'He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.!' I do not believe it is over-statement to say that that philosophy expresses the philos-

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\*Quotation from the biographer's "Across the Years."

## WHENCE LYMAN POWELL CAME

ophy of my brother Lyman, even in his boyhood days. His was an eventful record, in those early days even with his nose in a book from the time he began to read, he soon became known as a 'bookworm' with little time for play. Yet it is remembered that he was not made unpopular generally by his exclusive student habits. His flair for leadership was soon noted by his companions in their social and educational contacts. He maintained this leadership by worthwhile achievement in every field of worthwhile human endeavor. It is well remembered how he secluded himself recess times in preparation for his studies to follow. Lyman had no playtime till after studytime. Our home became known as the ministers' mecca. The doors were wide open to them, always. Through these intimate contacts with them, we boys did acquire a religious spirit and a love of music. After meals, it was the custom for the ministers present to suggest some vocal music together. Lyman was the first to respond to this suggestion, among the first to gather about the little reed organ, and to lift high his voice in excellent boyhood tenor. He expressed the thought to me, in later years, that his deep love of music was due to those home experiences. He felt, with myself, that heart-stirring religious music is the finest expression of the human soul. He was not impractical-minded, yet is it remembered how he overlooked securing adequate compensation for his first employment. For work in the corn for a nearby farmer, beginning at the sunrise, ending at sundown, we received the sum of fifty cents each. Asked what he proposed to do with his half-dollar, he kept a discrete silence. I afterward learned he purchased a gift therewith for his little 'girl friend.' Lyman was not without sentiment.

"Another experience of Lyman's is to my mind one that shows completely his business recovery while he was still a small boy. Lyman had become an ardent admirer of the

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

late Henry Ward Beecher, then on a program of lecture tours. He wrote Mr. Beecher's business manager, a Dr. Pond, seeking a date for Beecher's lecture at Dover. Lyman had me and others meet the train to greet the lecturer and Major Pond on their arrival. Upon Lyman's introducing himself, Major Pond looked much concerned gazing upon the quite youthful and diminutive Lyman Powell. He looked about him and inquired, 'Now where is the Lyman Powell with whom I contracted for Dr. Beecher?' Lyman soon reassured him. From that lecture a very satisfactory premium was Lyman's, after payment of all expenses. It was in the town of Dover that Lyman made his first real educational achievement. We were attending the then Wilmington Conference Academy, now Wesley Junior College. It was in that institution that Lyman distinguished himself as an orator. He also led all contestants in joint debates. In scholarship records, he was 'tops' throughout. No matter what the physical cost, he made the most thorough preparation for every undertaking. Before actually doing things he made full preparation to *know things*. He became fully prepared to handle every subject only after the most thorough, conscientious investigation of the entire history of the subject. And there was an orderly method in all that he did.

"And so it was that Lyman Powell's friends in those yesterdays, with myself, confidently predicted a successful later career for Lyman Powell before he entered the classic halls of learning. His early educational record well supported that conclusion."

Lyman's mother lived to guide her children and watch their development until April 15, 1906, when Lyman was well on his way and perhaps at the highest point in his career as a minister at Northampton, Mass.

## WHENCE LYMAN POWELL CAME

It would appear that Powell's chief boyhood limitation may have been that he did not play enough. Sport in general evidently had relatively little place in his category. Indeed during these latter years I have had to coax him to a high-school game of baseball or football. And often he has sought to intercept me as I followed a runner trying to steel second base or a pair of fleet legs off for a touchdown, by his observations on some mighty theme or great event. While a mighty "good sport" in all the vicissitudes of human life, Lyman cannot claim that title in its original connotation. I have often been sorry for him in this respect. He missed a lot. And yet, in the large sense of the words, he has always had what he himself has termed "the human touch," and there was still a lot of the "boy" in him in what he called his "second seventy." Whatever may be said, he did prepare himself, in boyhood and youth, for a life that has endeared him to all human kind, children and youth. Powell, as we shall discover, is in a class by himself. We shall soon see that he did not need a field of sport to make him a valiant fighter, and incidentally I once caught him with his radio tuned to a prize fight. He confessed that he had at times graced such festivities by his presence. In fact he and "Strangler" Lewis became good friends and Powell saw him in action at Madison Square Garden when he maintained his national championship against two challengers.

And as we proceed, we shall find that the boy becomes the father of the man.



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## CHAPTER TWO

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### *INSTITUTIONS AND MEN WHO MOLDED LYMAN POWELL'S LIFE*

LYMAN POWELL and his biographer were born in an era of significant progress and change in the field of education. Powell was almost foreordained to become a pioneer and prophet in this evolution. Colleges were developing into universities and popular education was rapidly increasing during his own student life and as we shall see later on, he was to become an important factor in this forward moving cycle.

While the Farmington Academy was still going strong, Methodism was developing in popular education and the need was increasingly felt for larger and stronger organization. Already the Wilmington Conference Academy situated at Dover, Delaware, was appealing to an older and more ambitious constituency. The first Principal, Robert H. Skinner of Civil War fame set the standard for such scholarly administrators as William Lambert Gooding who had his degree of Doctor of Philosophy from a German University and was, in the judgment of Dr. Powell, "easily as good a teacher as ever sat on any rostrum." Regardless of denominational affiliation the new institution appears to have met the demands upon it for many years. Powell entered Wilmington Conference Academy in 1880 shortly before his fourteenth birthday.

He graduated from the institution in June of 1884, pre-

## INSTITUTIONS AND MEN

senting a thesis on what was then a brand new subject in the forensic field, "Dynamite and its Potential Use in Public Life." During the following year he taught in the old Oak Grove Public School near Dover and in vacation served as chaplain to the younger Indians at a station near Wayne, Pennsylvania. Among his adventures was the expulsion of a Barnum and Bailey Circus that came to Dover and got entangled in a local wrangle requiring rifles to complete and end the threatening difficulty. Next school year, 1885-86, he taught the two schools at Five Points near Lebanon, Delaware, where Lyman won a community debate by his superior fund of intelligence against the protest from his rival who seemed to believe that debates are trials of mental agility rather than of the use of information carefully chosen and skilfully organized.

Meanwhile, college was being prepared for and the young teacher, then but twenty, went to a Methodist College, Dickinson, at Carlisle, Pa., for several months of the Freshman year. Of his life there, he tells a little in *The Human Touch*.\*

"Dickinson was a small college when I enrolled as freshman. President McCauley was the preacher-president, a gentle, dignified, sure-handed sky-pilot in the class room and the chapel service where one heard sermons so profoundly simple that, like the freshmen listening first to the famous President of Yale, he might write home: "I could have said it all myself if I had only thought of it." The teachers were worthy of the President, — quiet, thoughtful, faithful, expert. Learning was contagious. Our elders said: "This one thing I do." Education was true aristocracy.

The student life was frugal. The charge was merely

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\*G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1925.

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

nominal for a college room heated by an antique egg-shaped stove with a coal-box by its side inviting us to make the quarter-ton last long. We ate in small clubs, one of us receiving his meals free for acting as the steward. The cost — as I recall it — for good meals was sometimes no more than \$2.50 a week. The table talk would rank with the best today. We “joshed” each other, — as for instance then I referred to Ole Bull (Ole in one syllable), and the clever football quarter-back solemnly remarked “My father has a pasture full of them.” But politics was a not infrequent subject. The lectures of John B. Gough and T. DeWitt Talmadge, who enthralled us for an evening, were discussed. There was interest in poetry and art. One boy had passed on from “Conversion” to “Perfection,” and no one failed to honor him for trying at least to live up to the heights. There was simple friendliness, expressed by long walks in pairs after dinner. On week days we sang “Juanita”: on Sundays “Pull for the Shore.” One walk to the cemetery — we heard — led a boy who sadly missed his “best girl,” to throw himself across a grave and cry in loneliness: “O Lord, I cannot stand it.” But he did, and later married another woman of rare worth and helpfulness in his high position.

Many of us were there on money we had saved by teaching public school a year or two. Education took. Perhaps some of us were over serious. I was. I never played. To this day, play is work to me. Classes were to be attended at the hour designated on the posted schedule. I found myself alone one afternoon in the Greek class. That night I was awakened out of my sleep by a roomful of boys, and the belated hazing was begun. Suddenly I realized they were my own classmates. I demanded explanation. It was the business of sophomores, not freshmen, to haze freshmen, — I asserted! The explanation came that the four o'clock bell for Greek class had that afternoon not been allowed to ring because

## INSTITUTIONS AND MEN

the freshmen wanted a free hour. I protested I had not been informed. I did not know it was a college custom. The hazing was not proper. I mounted the coal-box with poker in my hand and prepared for the advance. Persuasion came instead. Class honor was — they said — at stake. Upper classmen would jeer at them. The hazing would not hurt me. It would soon be over. "Come on now. See it through." But I would not. My poker was as long as I. They filtered out.

For days the college was upset. Class morale was broken. Big placards portrayed the freshmen eating crow. No one seemed to have a sense of humor. All of us were deadly serious. In standing for a principle — a lonely boy at times — there was no one to explain: "Thy commandment is exceedingly broad."

But this was not the reason why Dickinson was soon exchanged for Johns Hopkins University. Young Powell had been sent to a Methodist college by a Methodist mother, considerably as a matter of course. But he had become conversant with the development of higher education, and in the academic world there was much talk about the new *university* to be installed at Baltimore. It promised to overshadow the traditional *college*. Powell had already begun to develop or envisage the wide range of interests which have marked his entire life and he was attracted by this stir in the circles of educational life. I have an idea also that Dickinson may have borne the marks of Methodism's type of piety too heavily to suit him.

All but the last spike had been driven in and Johns Hopkins at last had opened its doors — Powell calls it "a momentous hour in American education." Thomas Huxley had come all the way over from England to make the opening address and Daniel C. Gilman had given up his immeasur-

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

able usefulness in California for the administrative enlargement the Presidency of Johns Hopkins offered. These events marked the beginning of the new era in education and anyone who has come to know Lyman Powell's grasp of new movements and ideas can see why he transferred to Johns Hopkins. That his record at Dickinson was high is evidenced by his reception of its honorary degree some years after. At Johns Hopkins the young Powell was to meet and associate with men who were making or were destined to make history. There his course was charted and we can see the bent of his future life and service in his own story:\*

"Men who knew were speaking of Johns Hopkins University with bated breath when I matriculated there — a sophomore — in 1887. D. C. Gilman, with such world famous scholars as Gildersleeve, Sylvester, Haupt, Martin, and Remsen, had already built up, with a godspeed from Huxley who years before had made the opening address, a university of 500 students, half of whom were taking graduate courses leading to the Ph.D. Few played. Everybody worked. Even the gymnasium was called work. We lived in city boarding houses usually kept by Southern gentlewomen. Teachers, graduates, and undergraduates sat at the same table. Jameson was translating Duruy's *History of France*. Rowland was taking his place with Newton and Copernicus by photographing the solar spectrum, and showing me — not even in his classes — one of his first pictures. Trent, fresh from the writing of the life of William Gilmore Simms was sitting in the Seminar near Thomas Dixon, whose book done into *Birth of a Nation* in recent years was to lead on to *The Covered Wagon* and *America*. And Charles Downer Hazen was packing to spend his fruitful years in Europe before returning for his Ph. D.

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\* From "The Human Touch," with revisions by its author.



## INSTITUTIONS AND MEN

Gildersleeve, a very Jupiter in looks though well on in middle life and still limping from a bullet the Civil War had left in his leg, was the great Greek scholar of his time. Impatient with a too conscientious student struggling with the Greek word meaning "borings," Gildersleeve helped on with the dry comment: "Think what it is that connects the teacher and the student." But best of all, is my recollection of that afternoon I sat in awe near Gildersleeve listening to Alphonse Timothy Loissette lecture on his memory system. Gildersleeve to my ecstatic joy gave me a sly wink and said: "Loissette's system is based on association. I take a walk in the country. I see the green grass growing everywhere. Grass reminds me of timothy. Timothy suggests hay. The ass eats hay. And ass of course suggests Loissette."

Sylvester was an importation. He was the English mathematician of his day. He was always absent-minded. After three days from his class room, Mr. J. R. Ball called on him at his hotel and was placidly informed by the professor that every morning he had started for his class only to find a deep ditch down the middle of the street. He was waiting for it to be filled. It was a new gas main. Sylvester and Sir Arthur Cayley, with 3,000 miles between them, were working simultaneously on some profound problem. Sylvester had lost his written copy, and lacking verbal memory could not recall it. When vacation came he took the steamer back to England and was going down the gangplank at Liverpool when he thrust his hand into an unused pocket, found his problem, walked up the next gangplank and was back in Baltimore within a week.

Albert Shaw and Woodrow Wilson were among the earliest students there. They roomed in the same house on McCulloh Street. A little later, in my day, when Shaw through *The Review of Reviews* was making America internationally minded, and Woodrow Wilson was a college

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

professor, both came back to lecture for us every year for a few weeks. They were generous of their valuable time with those graduate students culled from many colleges. I recall one whole afternoon Shaw gave to me alone explaining certain recent changes in English politics and the cause of the retirement of the brilliant Sir Charles Dilke, and also telling me how he came to write his books on City Government in America and Europe.

Woodrow Wilson was as charming socially as he was brilliant at the lecture desk. Those who in his later years thought him cold and formal should have known the professor not yet in middle life who always had time to "swap yarns" with his students. With feet on the library table and hat and coat hung against the door at the hither end of the historical Seminar, he vowed he "would get even with that philologist who spoke of 'mere literature.'" In a year or two his volume of choice essays appeared entitled "Mere Literature" in which he kept his pledge. One day I asked Woodrow Wilson why he ever shaved off the heavy black mustache appearing in his earlier pictures, and I can hear him chuckle the reply: "When I went South the girls all set their faces against it."

It was at this stage that the shy young Newton Baker, in the class below me, lived in the same boarding house with Wilson, and perhaps passed the salt or bread. In a letter received from him many years later, he wrote me how very shy he was in his Johns Hopkins days. Wilson was jovial — but not undignified. He went with us "across the bridge" to hear James Schouler, two volumes of whose history of the United States had already appeared, give his first lecture to the Hopkins boys. It was Schouler's first appearance. An army officer, he was endeavoring to demonstrate that the pen is mightier than the sword. He was seized with stage fright. He could not get started. He floundered for some

## INSTITUTIONS AND MEN

minutes. Then he took a brace, got out his handkerchief, sought recess by the loud blowing of his nose. And Wilson laughed. A loud laugh it was. He laughed outright. He was the only one who did. He was the most human of us all.

Wilson had quaint ways. His lectures were not type-written. I often saw his notes. They were "steel plate" pen written abstracts, which he followed closely. As he grew more earnest and that index finger rose and fell more rapidly, his nose twitched "like a bunny rabbit's." In later years I had reason to believe he was still human. Every Saturday night in the spring of 1913 I dined at a cafe near Washington Square — first by chance, then by unspoken agreement — with an Englishman, whose name I never asked and do not know. The last time he indicated he was just sailing for his annual trip to England. "By the way before we separate" — he said — "I want to tell you that I have long enjoyed these Saturday dinners here with you Americans. Just before I met you there was one who often came when he was in New York. He is really one of the best informed and most charming men I have ever met. Last February he said to me goodby as well as goodnight, told me that he was going soon to Washington to live, and was in fact the President-Elect of the United States. I had never once suspected it from anything that he had said before. A very charming man your President Wilson."

I like to think that neither political differences nor the sadly estranging years made Woodrow Wilson forget his Hopkins boys who asked nothing from him save his best and read far into the night to keep up with his polished lectures; for the day I became a college president there came from the White House the following personal letter:

"My dear Powell:

I wish most sincerely and unaffectedly that it were possible for me to attend your inauguration, but it is literally

LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

out of the question. The pressure of public business here upon me is constant. I am just in the stage of learning what and how much I have to do, and so I have determined this first year to go nowhere where my public duties do not plainly command me to go. But I am

Cordially and Sincerely Yours,

Woodrow Wilson."

There were two men in the history department who changed the teaching of history and economics for all America. Herbert B. Adams, who passed away on the verge of middle life, not merely taught his students history but also inspired them to write it with such compelling enthusiasm that before I took my B. A. my thesis for my Ph. D. was finished. Everybody who could do anything did his best for Adams, and our name was legion. Richard T. Ely came back from Germany to popularize economics which long had been the "dismal science" in English speaking countries. It was an epoch in American scholarship when he wrote for *The Sun Paper* — as Baltimoreans called their favorite daily — his articles on "Problems of Today"; and when not so long ago a vote was taken it was found that the majority of economic teachers in our colleges and universities have at one place or another studied under Ely."

Evidently, under the influence of Johns Hopkins, not only had play been work, but with Lyman Powell, work became his play, as a bibliography of his student literary ventures in the Johns Hopkins Library discloses. Professor Adams had discovered the promise of an editor in his pupil. The young student began by editing the *Hopkins Studies* and papers of the American Historical Association. William Osler had come from England to prepare his once famous and still informing book on *The Practice of Medicine*. He needed editorial help on American construction and style.



## INSTITUTIONS AND MEN

President Gilman recommended Powell who spent his three months' vacation revising the manuscript with the man.

The biographer of Osler gives a sequel to this narrative, acknowledging the young student's help, and adds\*:

"In March 1902, J. Pierpont Morgan and John D. Rockefeller gave large sums to the Harvard Medical School. Mr. Rockefeller stipulated that a sum equal to his own should be raised by the community. Mr. Gates, Mr. Rockefeller's agent in charitable investigation, had read Dr. Osler's textbook and he became so impressed that he communicated his enthusiasm to Mr. Rockefeller; and in time, because of this, The Rockefeller Institute was established." •

Graduating with the A. B. degree and Phi Beta Kappa from Johns Hopkins in 1890, Powell was appointed as a University Scholar in 1891 and 1892 and was a Fellow at the Wharton School of Finance of the University of Pennsylvania from 1892 to 1895. Also during 1892, he was for a time a graduate student at the University of Wisconsin and University Extension secretary and organizer for the State. He was after everything within reach and sometimes things beyond reach. During 1892 to 1895, while a Fellow of the Wharton School of Finance at the University of Pennsylvania, he was University Extension lecturer for the American University Extension Society and Associate Director and staff lecturer on History of the Philadelphia branch. We shall return to this period in another chapter.

In 1895 came what appears to be a somewhat sudden change of course as he entered the Episcopal Divinity School at Philadelphia where he graduated in 1897 and was ordained to the ministry of the Gospel. As we proceed with this winding narrative, we shall find that while the Divinity

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\* "The Great Physician — William Osler." By Edith Gittings Reid, Oxford University Press, 1931.



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

School set the compass for the main bent of his life, all of the other objectives followed during these thirteen years maintained spheres of influence radiating from the central objective, the preaching of the Gospel and the healing of men's souls.

In a manuscript in his files, we may get more light on his years of education as he looked back upon the scenes and figures at another time:

"During my seven years of academic education, I had worked through the field of History, Economics, Political Science, Jurisprudence, Roman Law, Ethics, Psychology, Sociology, Theology and a few other topics.

Those were great days at Johns Hopkins. Gildersleeve was in his prime and his jokes flew fast and thick among the students. Rowland was just making his great discoveries, and when I braved the great man in his laboratory simply to be less ignorant of what the scientific world was speaking, he set me looking into a tube in which I could see nothing, and when I turned for information he had gone. Edward S. Martin and William K. Brooks were at their best, but I had nothing with them. Remsen's artistic lectures in Chemistry I never can forget, even if I was no star among the galaxy there studying Chemistry.

Great men came visiting in those days. Sidney Lanier, so feeble that it was said he could not stand, had given his lectures on Poetry a little while before I arrived and his name was still one to conjure with. Professor Caleb T. Winchester of Wesleyan University used to lecture sometimes two hours to crowded houses on modern poets, and I recall as yesterday my embarrassment when I bought my first copy of Robert Burns the morning after Winchester's lecture. He had the rare gift of making everybody interested in literature from its cultural side and never as mere

## INSTITUTIONS AND MEN

literature. The English mathematician, Sylvester, was there a while before I arrived, and the stories of how he forgot the meals set before him while figuring with a pencil on the table linen, and of his failing to meet a class because it had not occurred to him that by a lengthened step he could get across a gas trench, were the subject of much table talk.

Then his friend Sir Arthur Caley had come, presumably to lecture, but really to engage in strenuous debate with Sylvester, while the blackboard did its duty as a go-between. President Gilman, who seldom made mistakes in diplomacy, it was told me had brought together a large audience to hear Sir Arthur Caley lecture, only to find Sir Arthur so stage-struck that he had, after the proper introduction, to beckon to his friend Sylvester to come up and speak for him. Almost a decade before Oscar Wilde, in knickerbockers, strode through the halls of the institution to be observed rather than himself to see. Von Holst, afterwards to become a Professor at the new University of Chicago, had been giving brilliant, if not always acceptable, expositions of European History. Of course, President Eliot of Harvard and President Andrew D. White of Cornell came visiting because they had had some share in directing the choice of the institution at the beginning to President Gilman. Edward A. Freeman, the English historian, in unconventional blue linen shirt, with what looked like a gouty foot swathed in flannel, stayed long enough to give to the Historical Department its motto: "History is past Politics, and Politics is present History." James Bryce, later Viscount Bryce, stamped himself by several visits as few visitors ever did on the Historical Department, and when I met him in London some years later he was not sure of which American institution the man was President whose book on *Congressional Government* he had used freely in preparing his own book on *The American Commonwealth*.

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

I recall with what embarrassment I lunched at the leading hotel with Saigo, the son of the great Japanese revolutionist, whose manners were so oppressively correct that I could barely get through the soup without spoiling the cloth. Iyenaga was the orator my first year at a Japanese celebration, and though he rose to great popularity as a public speaker, I doubt if he has ever improved on that wonderful exhibition of oratory in English which he gave us on that occasion.

Ely, very shy in manner but brave enough with pen, and Herbert Adams were still young men and even though I never fully profited, grind as I was, from the work the two were giving us, the contact with the men I can never forget. Adams was the most inspiring teacher I have ever known and I suppose more teachers of History today in our American universities and colleges call him blessed than any other man. He hesitated in his speech, but he could make the dulllest subject interesting, and he did. He had a way of keeping his eye on men and finding out what he thought they could do best. After taking my Bachelor's degree I was dangerously near the study of Law, but a summer in the careful reading of Blackstone convinced me that the Law was not my *métier* and I returned for graduate study at Johns Hopkins, to be a member of that Seminar through which had passed a while before as students and come back to teach, such men as President Woodrow Wilson and Dr. Albert Shaw. During my last year I held what seemed to me to be the highly honorable position—which I fear made my hat a size larger—of Librarian of the Bluntschli Library in addition to my work as student. Albert Shaw would talk for an hour to a very young student about his personal experiences with Europeans and in establishing the *American Review of Reviews*, few numbers of which have I missed in twenty-five years. Dr. Shaw was the first man I ever knew

## INSTITUTIONS AND MEN

who seemed to know all about world affairs and to be willing to talk about them. Reams have been written and will be written about that Historical Seminar, but no one ever can determine what it did for us. Investigation was a serious thing. Herbert B. Adams thought even of style of expression as well as the content of each thesis, and when I presented my carefully worked out monograph for my Doctor's Degree he sent me back with the injunction to learn how to write better English. I recall the peculiar emphasis he laid on books which he thought would help me to learn how to write, and when a year later I brought him the result, he wrote me a letter which I have framed with his photograph saying: "Your style is now transformed." He was not the man to let a student think he knew it all. He simply gave a qualified approval with an exhortation to go on from good to better. It was to help me to this end without a word from me that he set me to editing the official papers for the American Historical Society, assisting him in the editing of the Johns Hopkins Studies, and at last recommending me to Dr. William Osler who was seeking some young man to aid him put into good form his now world-famed book on the *Practice of Medicine*.\*

That summer of 1891 when I spent the afternoons at the Johns Hopkins Hospital working over the manuscript of Dr. Osler's book will always be significant. It was a real Baltimore summer: none could be hotter. But the work went on. Scores of men who have made an international name for themselves in medicine were getting their start then. The supreme woman genius, Miss Isabel Hampton, whom Dr. Hunter Robb was evidently trying to induce to become his wife, was winning for herself first place in her profession. Few women have ever impressed me as Mrs.

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\*This experience started a trail of study which continued for forty years. See Chapter IX.



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

Robb did. She was an extraordinarily large woman, but with a gentleness and graciousness of manner that made men and women alike her slaves,—and without sentimentality. I never even had a word from her, but her personality was pervasive beyond all description, and no less a woman than Miss Adelaide Nutting of the Department of Hospital Economics at Teachers College, Columbia University, spoke of her after her untimely and tragic death as “the great woman” who organized the Johns Hopkins Training School, established its standards, shaped its traditions, and placed it upon the basis educationally which has enabled it to hold for nearly twenty years a leading place among the great training schools of the world.

The weather *was* hot — for even the nights can be hot in Baltimore; but my taskmaster was abnormally easy for it was his invariable custom that summer to be out of town from Friday until Monday, and when the secret at last came out about the time of his forty-first birthday that he was to marry Mrs. Samuel W. Gross, the widow of the famous Philadelphia surgeon, I realized that his consideration — which I would have received in any case — had a special reason for its exercise. But when in the Preface to his book which I knew almost by heart he proved himself the great man that he was by a wholly unnecessary expression of kindness to one who was rendering him a service for an honorarium, my cup of thankfulness that that task came my way was filled.”

Such was Powell’s life as a “student.” It does not end with Johns Hopkins where he had just begun a career that lasted all his life.

But again let us permit our subject to indulge in reminiscence bringing in scenes and figures new and old.\*

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\*From another set of notes discovered in a box in his attic.



## INSTITUTIONS AND MEN

"Perhaps it is unwise for any man to spend so many years as fell to me to spend in graduate study. Certainly, I did not make my mark in many fields though I covered a wide range from Economics to Medicine, and developed the bad habit of having no avocation as a change from the steady vocation of graduate study at Johns Hopkins, University of Wisconsin, University of Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia Divinity School.

Adams had so deeply impressed upon me the importance of writing that I developed the habit in my early graduate days of putting into writing my ideas upon subjects, and a year or two ago I had a merry time burning my abstract of Sir Henry Maine's *Ancient Law*, various books on Medicine, Economics, Sociology, Psychology, Theology, International Law, and other subjects. When I should have been out playing ball or working in the gymnasium, I was more likely to be putting in my time on Matthew Arnold, whose *Literature and Dogma* was first brought to my attention by a fellow student before I took my Bachelor's Degree and out of whose verse I have never yet emerged. Then Ely told us so much about the importance of John Stuart Mill's Political Economy that though others were more brilliant, I worked over the book so earnestly that even now when I never read it I recall the argument in various chapters. Then there was Hearn's *Aryan Household* all of us had to know almost word for word in our course in International Law in order to pass our first or second minor for Ph. D. The lecturer on the subject was George H. Elliott, an Englishman who knew facts but apparently not the spirit of which facts are always a symbol, and his lectures were always delivered with the expectation that we would take down every word he said. Still his voice rings out from the background of his muttunchops: "comma", "semi-colon", "full stop." He was good but he had no sense of humor except

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

on one occasion when the wag of the Seminar tried him out, only to get the reply: "I suppose you intend that for a joke, Mr. P." I confess that our attitude toward his lectures, though not our respect for the man, was somewhat changed when we found that many of his lectures were taken bodily, even to the commas and semi-colons and periods, from the very books he expected us to read. Somehow I never hit it off with him, kind as he was, because perhaps, with my life-long habit, something he would say would set me reading books he had not prescribed. In fact, my entire graduate period was partly spoiled by my bad habit of reading almost everything under the sun, from the latest magazine to Glas-son's *Histoire du droit et des institutions de la France*, a book, by the way, which I used as a means of trying out my new scant knowledge of French and read as I have read few books.

It was during that period that I came to know by mere circumstance some of the greatest men in this and other lands and they were good to me. There were, of course, no greater teachers than F. J. Turner and C. H. Haskins, long at the University of Wisconsin, and until his death at Harvard, though I was so busy with many things that I did not profit by my contact with them whom I had known at Johns Hopkins as an undergraduate knows a graduate there at a respectful distance. Then at the University of Pennsylvania I heard much and learned little from a man who has been an inspiration to many men, Simon N. Patten; Edmund J. James, later President of the University of Illinois, was in the early forties then and at his feet I was more apt. I understood his English. His dear wife, whom he had brought home from Halle where he had been a student, was a mother to many of us. She even made sure that we went to church, sometimes at least. James was then, as well as in later life, a master of diplomacy in the best sense

## INSTITUTIONS AND MEN

and a teacher by instinct and by training. His lectures on Political Science were sometimes hastily brought together but he always made his point. He took pains, like Adams, with the young men under him, to find out what they best could do and helped them find a chance to do it.

I left Hopkins a year before my Doctor's Degree was due because it was of the essence of the Hopkins spirit that the subject rather than the degree counts, and then besides, Hopkins men were in such demand that there was a year or two when even a degree was not necessary to secure a place. With Richard T. Ely, William A. Scott and Frederic W. Spear, I went to the University of Wisconsin to study and to give my University Extension lecturing a wider field."

Here we have a hint of what has perhaps been Lyman Powell's main short-coming. He kept so wide awake to all that was going on that he was often in too much of a hurry. Probably he by-passed the doctor's degree, because of the attractiveness of the immediate opportunity for active work in the field of University Extension. This awareness of new movements characterized his entire life. He was interested in what was happening. While almost always Powell was a keen analyst of such movements, he was bound to miss out on some among the many which lured him. This we shall see later. With occasional partial exceptions we shall, however, find him an incisive and reliable interpreter of human phenomena. He just got interested in too many at a time.

The previous narrative ends, leaving us at the University of Wisconsin whence Lyman Powell turned next to the study of "finance" at the University of Pennsylvania, where we shall rejoin him in another chapter.

Of his life at the Philadelphia Divinity School, he says: "We had great teaching there by as many teachers as there

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

were students. From first to last they were unmatched in any field with which I have been familiar. Micon dispensed systematic theology in a great way. History fell limp from Dean Bartlett's eloquent lips. John Fulton's profundity matched his gift of impartation. Gould was all gold in thought and golden in expression as he broke the bread of the New Testament to his students."

We get other glimpses of Powell's life at the Divinity School in our next chapter. He found one outstanding deficiency in the School which he shortly proceeded to set right.\*

From here we next follow the new trail which became, not the only, but the main path of his life. We shall, however, be brought back to Powell's university years as we find him pioneering in the modern field of education which became known as University Extension.

While, at first sight, these years of college and university life may appear to lack order, precision, perspective and sense of direction, they were preparing Lyman Powell for the fundamental concept of education which had an outreach into our social order throughout all his following life. The diversity in these student years set the pattern for his widely varying interests and spheres of service, in which he never ceased to be the student and interpreter of human life, men and movements. It is a pattern with many colors and designs, but the pattern is there. The acts are related, though there are different stage settings. The university does not best educate as a Procrustes bed, into which the object is fitted by amputation of its members. Powell's personality was developed better by his seeming diffuseness and I do not think that he could have been educated any other way or that any other way would have been better, — for him.

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\*See page 71.

## *INSTITUTIONS AND MEN*

Lyman Powell's service in education was recognized by the degree of LL.D. from the University of Rochester in 1914 and his Gospel ministry by that of D. D. from Dickinson in the same year. That both should have been in the same year is symbolic of the two comprehensive spheres of influence which always blended in his thought and life. In his mind they constituted parts of a whole.



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## CHAPTER THREE

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### *PIONEER AND PROPHET IN EDUCATION*

LYMAN POWELL, in every aspect of his life service, has been, in the broad sense of the word, an educator. His mother had been a founder of an academy. He became a school teacher before going to college. There his own courses of study laid ample foundations for initiative in the field of popular enlightenment — he was not primarily a “scholar” in the more technical sense but was from first to last a student and above all an interpreter. Hence his first professional interest was in the field of

#### UNIVERSITY EXTENSION

This popular movement reached the height of a major objective during his academic courses at Johns Hopkins University, the University of Wisconsin and the University of Pennsylvania. I have asked him to tell the story of his pioneering for us:

“The University of Wisconsin was making tentative efforts at University Extension when I went there before the middle of the nineties. The new idea that a University should go to people who could not come to the University gripped me long before the session of the University opened. When Charles Kendall Adams arrived to be the new President of the University in September, he appointed me to be Secretary of the University Extension Department which really meant the creation of a new curriculum, and I roamed about

## *PIONEER AND PROPHET IN EDUCATION*

the State when perhaps I ought to have been studying at Madison, establishing what were called local centers and making appointments for speakers."

Evidently the young student's fame spread. He goes on:

"By the middle of the winter President William R. Harper thought he would like me to start along University Extension lines a Summer School at the University of Chicago which had just opened, and telegraphed me to go to see him one evening at ten o'clock. I shall never forget the impression it made upon me to be asked to keep an appointment at ten o'clock at night, but then I did not know that to balance it Harper, who died in the early forties because he had not learned, apparently, to play, was sometimes wont to make appointments at four o'clock in the morning. When he talked to me about a Summer School of twenty thousand students, a shyness, for which I never have been given all the credit I deserve, overcame me. I felt that, at 26, I had not reached maturity. My own education was not yet completed. Hence I declined the offer and went back to Madison the next day, only to find a call awaiting me to work under Edmund J. James in the Philadelphia Extension Society where there was an unusual organization.

Dr. James showed real constructive ability in adding to the older men a group of younger men just out of college, like Edward T. Devine, who later made a world reputation in Philanthropy, and when he found that I was doing something in Wisconsin that appealed to him he called me at shorter notice and larger salary than I have ever had since, when expenses are taken into account, to be staff lecturer in American History.

The experiences we had about the middle of the nineties were interesting beyond description. I shall never forget the impression made on me when in the midst of a lecture

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

on Alexander Hamilton two Chinese laundrymen came down the aisle, perhaps believing they were coming to a "show."

The last real lecture circuit — for we were all on circuit in those days—began at Milford, Delaware, and took me as far as Marietta, Ohio, each two weeks for three months, with much changing of cars in the middle of the night and the broken rest which I had not then learned even measurably to go without. No matter what may be the final judgment of Theodore Roosevelt, I shall never forget how he, when he heard that I was rather tired at the season's end, offered me his ranch and a little later also his companionship in a letter first dictated and then interspersed with personal comments to such an extent that the man himself seemed to be speaking. But then Theodore Roosevelt was kind to so many young men getting started in life that this story, hitherto unpublished, is possibly of small importance.

University Extension did not go unchallenged. Some college professors tried college lectures on audiences only to find that a University Extension lecturer must be unique to hold an audience. When the movement became most popular scholarly men like Professor George H. Palmer of Harvard made their attacks on it even through the pages of the *Atlantic*, but what they attacked — though they did not know it — was not University Extension, but its mere framework, for University Extension was from the first in the mind of the great Edmund James who organized it in Philadelphia and a little later in the mind of the equally great man, President Harper, a movement to make education more democratic at a time when universities and colleges were supposed to be only for the elect.

The idea appealed to the newspapers and when I chanced in a railway car to meet Dr. Albert Shaw about that time he asked me to write an article concerning the possibilities

## PIONEER AND PROPHET IN EDUCATION

of the historical pilgrimage in this country and about the same time secured an article from the late William T. Stead, publishing the two side by side with his own comments. The result was that the next summer I found myself leading a historical pilgrimage for ten days of people brought together from all parts of the country to the places made famous by George Washington. In preparation for the pilgrimage I spent much time in Boston, staying at the St. Botolph where the versatile Edwin S. Morse put me up and where during the month of June I met many interesting people.

I suppose no pilgrimage ever quite attracted the attention of that itinerary. The Boston papers greeted us not merely with headlines, but Sylvester Baxter wrote an editorial for the *Boston Herald* in which he inaptly compared me to some good member of the Chaucer pilgrimage, and when we had a meeting in the Old South Meeting House, not merely did Hezekiah Butterworth produce an original poem which has never yet been published, but Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Edward Everett Hale, Edwin D. Mead (who carried on the idea with more success in and about Boston for several years), and others spoke the word of welcome. At Salem I remember how William C. Endicott, who had some years before been Secretary of the Navy in Cleveland's Cabinet, took me aside and with that graciousness which the New England Brahmin of the highest type can exercise, invited me to pay him a special visit. Naturally, I never paid the visit. In spite of a readiness to take the lead when circumstances indicated me for leadership, I was scared almost to death at the prospect of visiting that man who seemed to me to be the embodiment of the best New England could produce. Never can I forget that first visit to the cemetery at Concord and the site of the graves of Emerson, Hawthorne and others. Instantly I lapsed into verse — the only time I have been seriously guilty — and when my good



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

friend Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull read it he published it in the *Sunday School Times* and paid me Six Dollars, which was much more than the verse was worth."

These pilgrimages are further sketched in *The Human Touch*\* and are fully described in four volumes edited by Lyman Powell assisted by eminent contributors and by Gertrude Wilson Powell.

Such was the nature of Lyman Powell's wide introduction to the broad field of education. A Syllabus of his course of University Extension lectures on "American Politics," given when he was, at 27, a fellow at the University of Pennsylvania constitutes a concise encyclopedia of permanent value to students of United States History from 1643 to 1815. This period and phase of Lyman Powell's career in education ended by his preparation for the ministry at the Philadelphia Divinity School and his subsequent pastoral service to which we shall return in the next chapter.

However, while he was rector of the Episcopal Church in Lansdowne, the educator in Powell broke forth again. There had been a new movement in theological training which had evidently not yet found its way into the Philadelphia Divinity School, or had found there too little fertility. Our Lyman Powell Calendar records in 1902 a visit of the young preacher to London "to secure a lecturer on 'Social Christianity' for the Philadelphia Divinity School." As already seen Powell was ever alert to the impulses and movements of contemporary life. Whenever he got an idea

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\*Long later, in 1924, Dr. Powell was invited to give a dedication address at Massanutten Academy in the Shenandoah Valley. It was made the peg on which to hang another historical pilgrimage, ending at Staunton. Powell's biographer gave an address on Woodrow Wilson in the Chapel of Mary Baldwin Seminary, where the great president had been baptized. The entire pilgrimage was an impressive exhibit of the skill of its leader in giving education a popular appeal.



## PIONEER AND PROPHET IN EDUCATION

he did not rest until he sought to put it into action. It was in the closing years of the nineteenth century, when he and his biographer were respectively at the Philadelphia and Yale Divinity Schools, that the term "Social Christianity" found its way into theological education, under such leaders as Walter Rauschenbusch and Graham Taylor.

An overnight guest at the Lansdowne rectory was Rev. William L. Bull of Spokane, Washington. He and his host spent the evening in a discussion of this new aspect of theological training. Mr. Bull was, even though a preacher, a man of means and it was a costly evening for him, to the extent of \$10,000. He was advised to found a lectureship at the Philadelphia Divinity School, on "Social Christianity." Mr. Bull was in doubt as to whether the conservative Dean of the school would be sympathetic. Powell would see to that and the Bull Lectureship was soon a going concern, with Lyman Powell as secretary of its managing committee. Hence this visit to London for a lecturer. Unfortunately neither the Bishop of London nor Right Honorable Arthur J. Balfour, who were the first choices, was able to accept. The first lecturers were Jacob Riis and Bishop Henry C. Potter.

More than once, in this story, the biographer finds that his subject and he were thinking and moving simultaneously on contemporary progressive movements. At about this time, I was taking the initiative at Yale in establishing the Leonard Bacon Club lectures and later the courses in "Pastoral Functions,"\* both given largely to "Social Christianity." Among the lectures at both Philadelphia and Yale, Bishop Henry C. Potter's name appears.

While for a long period our subject bent his energies to

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\*See "The Christianity Ministry and the Social Order". Charles S. Macfarland. Yale University Press, 1909.

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

soul teaching, he never ceased to be an educator and after fifteen years in the pastorate\* we are to find him again in the field of University Extension.

### COLLEGE PROFESSOR

I can recall my reaction when, in 1912, I read the newspaper announcement of Lyman Powell's call to the chair of Business Ethics at New York University. It puzzled me until I looked up "Who's Who" and found that he had been a student at the Wharton School of Finance. It seemed to me a "come-down" from the ministry of the Gospel and a pastorate such as that at Northampton. But I had better let him interpret this episode of but one year's duration.

It looks as though Lyman Powell was at times ill at ease between two loves, shepherding souls and teaching them how to shepherd themselves. Regarding his call to New York University he says in *The Human Touch*:

"It was no break with the past when just before the War, as new responsibilities I had no right to ask a parish to share with me came my way, I turned toward New York University to teach Business Ethics and Economics in its growing School of Commerce. No students could be more alert or studious. Most of them had "down town" positions and had to come to class late in the afternoon and evening. One was with the Morgan House, about the time the elder Morgan told the Pujo Committee that he regarded "character as good collateral." No mere "say so" went in any lecture. I encouraged those live students to "check up" on me, and they did. Discussing the wheat situation in the Northwest, I found one of my students well informed because he had investments there. That man of 35 who had given up his drug store to "go late to school" and was supporting a

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\* See later chapters.

## PIONEER AND PROPHET IN EDUCATION

family by selling "Blue Jay Corn Plasters" at week ends, was naturally serious-minded. Lecturing on the railroad problem, I found my figures challenged by a man who proved he had the right to question since he had been a secretary to the Interstate Commerce Commission whose reports I was then using. My Immigration lectures were illustrated by taking my students to Ellis Island and at the end of a perfect day giving them a lecture as I stood on a deck chair in the bow of the little tug. The students were just through Van Antwerp's vivid book on the Stock Exchange when by the courtesy of its Secretary I let them view the operations on 'Change from the balcony and explained certain things which were not clear.

In such an institution the teaching had to be alive. Chancellor Elmer E. Brown had just added to a happy professorship at the University of California four years as United States Commissioner of Education. Dean Johnson, whom Bruce Barton now regards as one of the greatest men alive, had been a successful editor in the West, built up the School of Commerce, and was just starting — as he was nearing sixty — the Alexander Hamilton Institute which in ten years has made a place for itself. After years at Cornell, Jeremiah W. Jenks served a term as financial adviser to the Chinese Government and was then beginning his career at New York University. George B. Hutchkiss came straight from the George Batten Agency to teach advertising, and James Melvin Lee had been Editor of *Judge*. There was no dead wood on that staff."

At another time he writes:\*

"All the time I was keeping an eye on the development of the new ethical sense in America. In muck-raking on its own

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\* In an unpublished manuscript.

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

account I have had no interest. In consequence, without denying that there have been mistakes made, I have always been inclined to hold society at large responsible quite as much as individuals for wrongdoing. During my last two or three years in Northampton I had become deeply interested in Business Ethics. I knew, of course, of the interesting experiments conducted by Boutroux at Fontenay, and more recently by President Hyde at Bowdoin College in the teaching of Ethics. I saw the Pure Food Law beating its way to the front in spite of all opposition. I watched with keen interest the disposition of men like Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller to make good use of their enormous fortunes; and I became strongly convinced that what is really needed at this stage of our development is light instead of heat.

When, therefore, in the summer of 1912 a new Chair — the first in any American University — was created for me at New York University, entitled the Professorship of Business Ethics I undertook in the class room to do what I had been doing in my study and on the platform and from the pulpit, — namely, to make clear the growing idealism in business of all sorts. My department was in the School of Commerce, downtown on Washington Square, with the problems of Business Ethics within a stone's throw on every hand in their most acute form. My students were an inspiration. They came from the money centers; they came from the East Side; and they came from distant States. There were no beaten roads for me to follow. I had to feel my way to a discussion of the subjects. I tried to give them a sound basis of economic study, first of all, drawing both on seven or eight years of work under such men as Ely and Patten and Joseph French Johnson, and then endeavoring to throw ethical lights on economic questions which are, after all, business questions.



## *PIONEER AND PROPHET IN EDUCATION .*

Everything was unconventional. The lectures, usually given in the evening, lasted about two hours. I was on my feet all the time. I invited questions and heckling, and got both. I learned from the students, some of whom were mature men, experts in various departments of business, and I hope they got from me at least some moral enthusiasm. I remember one night in the discussion of the ethics of railroading being brought to book by a man in my class room who confessed to having been an expert in the study of railroad statistics. In fact, I was using some of the figures he himself had prepared. I was quite ready to admit that he knew more about the figures than I, but I had the advantage, as Professor of Business Ethics, that I could draw on the great storehouse of ethical feeling in the discussion of the facts which he presented.

When we were discussing, about the time of the Pujo investigation, the Stock Exchange, which men then were calling the "lair of the money devil", I explained to them the theory of the Stock Exchange. Then I took them down to the gallery for an hour one afternoon while the Exchange was in operation, and with the help of an expert made them acquainted with its mechanism, and then tried to make clear to them the ethical gains which have been made in the New York Stock Exchange in recent years."

Lyman has asked me again to call attention to a parallelism in our experiences. I too had been experimenting in Business Ethics in an industrial pastorate in South Norwalk, Connecticut, and later in the secretaryship of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America while he was at New York University. We went at it from different angles. While Powell was persuasively dealing with industrial corporations and the Stock Exchange and teaching them Business Ethics, I was conducting a militant move-



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

ment on behalf of Labor. We both sought the same objective, although I did not feel so confident as he did in the basic ethical motives among the directors of the corporations.

But Lyman Powell was not destined to follow this particular vocation long. Within the year came the call to the presidency of Hobart and William Smith Colleges.

### COLLEGE PRESIDENT

One can understand why elevation to a college presidency would appeal to such a man. His installation on November 14, 1913, at the Opera House in Geneva, New York, was carried out with considerable pomp and ceremony. Addresses of greeting were given by Dr. John H. Finley on behalf of New York University, by Talcott Williams for the American Colleges and Universities; and by President Marion L. Burton of Smith College for the Colleges for Women.

There were delegates from 78 colleges, universities and other academic institutions. Parts were taken by such men as Elwood Worcester of the Emmanuel Movement in which the new president had taken a deep interest, President Rush Rhees of the University of Rochester, President Harry P. Judson of the University of Chicago, and President Charles F. Thwing of Western Reserve University.

The president's installation address was characteristic of his conception of education, as revealed in these excerpts:

"The true college is my theme. The college must be cultural as well as Christian. The true college has in it more than students, even though the rest of us exist for them alone. I would plead for the teaching staff, that they have a freer hand to do their best for those committed to their care.

In the presence of God and this company, the thirteenth

## *PIONEER AND PROPHET IN EDUCATION*

President of Hobart College has dedicated himself to the service of Hobart College and its coordinate institution, William Smith. Thirteen is regarded by the superstitious as an unlucky number. To make it lucky requires more effort than one man can exert. Luck comes with cooperation. Its other name is team work. The new President of Hobart College and William Smith College bespeaks the cooperation of all in any way concerned. Trustees and faculty and students are already giving it in generous measures. Alumni have a peculiar responsibility, which they surely will not disavow. Friends everywhere of Hobart College will join us in renewed appreciation of the blessed heritage, preserved throughout the years by twelve good men and true, and handed on to me by a distinguished predecessor. They will help us make our college, now two-fold and placed with singular felicity in this charming little city, the true college it may in all respects become.

President, trustees, faculty, students, alumni, friends will do their best for the college of their love, — never once forgetting that ‘except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.’ ”

Dean Talcott Williams of the Pulitzer School of Journalism, in his address described the new President as a man of many contacts with the religious movements of the day: “He has shared its historical research; he has appreciated the necessity of carrying these questions into magazines and before audiences which represent those who are reached neither by churches nor by books. He has shared in the work of raising money — as a man who has built two churches; he has known the task of administration — as a man does who enters a parish with a deficit and puts its finances on a basis which leaves it meeting each year’s expenses in each year. He has come close to the organization

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

of a college in his association with President Burton of Smith College and in the task of raising funds for that institution."

Of his presidency of Hobart and William Smith Colleges, Dr. Powell says:\*

"Scarcely was I comfortably settled in my interesting work, (at New York University), when the call came to head up Hobart College, with its new coordinate college for women named after William Smith. The War clouds were soon to break. The goose step was tramping through central Europe. There was responsibility to keep what a Scotchman had called "the best small college in America" up to a high standard. The habit of inaugurating a new executive with much ceremony was then general. Lovely Geneva on Seneca Lake kept open house along with Hobart to the distinguished visitors who came one day to speed the new regime. Among the many eloquent speakers was the Commissioner-Elect of Education in New York, John H. Finley, at his happiest that fair autumn day. His was "a word of welcome to this mature young man whom I knew in his boyhood." President Burton pictured a college presidency as a transcendent opportunity, and President Thwing spoke of the sheer joy of the work. Talcott Williams, representing Columbia, analyzed the intrinsic values inhering in a well ordered college.

Those were the days of academic unrest. University Professors wanted more freedom. To me, as a member of the Committee of the Association of American Colleges, fell the writing of the report expressing the attitude of college presidents. The truth as usual lay midway. Plans were hastily improvised to raise money for the increase of teachers'

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\*"The Human Touch."

## PIONEER AND PROPHET IN EDUCATION

salaries; but before any plans could get under way, America was in the World War, Hobart men were swinging swiftly into service, classes were suspended on May 2, 1917, and diplomas given *in absentia*."

And in an unpublished manuscript we find these further reflections on one of the college problems of that day — and of other days both before and after. "The ethical problems of the college are wonderfully fascinating. Students want to do the right things, and will do the right thing if they are trusted. My own policy has been to deal with issues as they have arisen, thus following the inductive method and making the ethical significance of questions clear to students. Every college has its drink problem, and in many it is regarded as an insoluble problem. No problem is insoluble when you are dealing with responsive young people. I had scarcely begun my work at Hobart before I had to deal with the drink problem in a small way. I spoke frankly to the students about the dangers of the drink habit, and at the suggestion of a prominent alumnus we announced that any drinking would automatically deprive a student of financial help. There may have been a few outbreaks since, but the students and the townspeople and the alumni report that there have been desirable changes in the spirit of the institution. In a public meeting the students, by a unanimous vote, put themselves on record practically as excommunicating a student who should go wrong regarding women, and almost unanimously took the same attitude toward the drink problem. The best testimony concerning the drink question comes from liquor sellers who tell me frankly, in the inelegant words of one, 'There's nothing doing.' " This was a time when the question of discipline or freedom, perhaps regulation or indifference, ran high in col-

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

leges. Dr. Powell had to face opposition on the part of some members of the board, as have many other college presidents, but graduates of Hobart and William Smith Colleges have testified abundantly to Lyman Powell's impress upon the students.

The year following the induction to the presidency of Hobart and William Smith Colleges, came World War I, beginning a period in which all our educational institutions became dislocated, and finally in the early part of 1917 the entry of the United States into war, which either decimated colleges or closed them. To this period we shall revert later in this chapter. It was a dispiriting time for all educational institutions and their presidents. We shall see that President Powell made the best of it that could be done.

The disruptive effect of the war on the colleges and the burdens caused by it evidently had not a little to do with a serious illness, in 1918, which laid Dr. Powell low for several months.

The consequent resignation from the presidency of Hobart was followed by a return to the lecture platform and to other educational service which at once offered itself. During his presidency, in 1917-1918, Powell served as Vice-President of the American Association of Colleges and as the chairman of a Committee on Academic Freedom and Tenure of Office presented a report. It was a judicial statement: "Freedom is too often confused with individualism." While expressing the view that freedom should be allowed its largest possible scope, the good of the institution as a whole must be considered.

It is evident that Powell threw himself fully into the general problems of academic life. Giving the annual address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cornell University in 1918, he followed the trend of his early views of University Extension, on "The By-Products of the Modern Col-



## PIONEER AND PROPHET IN EDUCATION

lege." "1. The point of view toward life; 2. its contribution to Democracy; 3. its attitude and influence on business; 4. its recognition of the dominant claims of character; and 5. the development of personality." The President of Hobart was a special pleader in behalf of the "small colleges." It should be made possible for them to have faculties and equipment equal to those of the great universities.

### PROMOTING EDUCATION

In 1918 Lyman Powell found himself free. A free lance he continued from 1918 to 1926. He secured a home at Mountain Lakes, New Jersey, lectured often and widely, and wrote constantly for the *Review of Reviews*, *Atlantic*, *Good Housekeeping* and other magazines.

Our subject always saw great ideals in practical terms and bearings. During the falling temperature following the First World War, he visited schools and colleges, which were preparing "drives" for support. He discouraged such efforts from outside. The only certain method of success was "the development of inner resources and local and alumni support."

Powell was in wide demand as an adviser for both schools and parents. Indeed he discovered what he then believed to be his *métier* in the creation of "such public understanding of our schools" as would bring support to them. He found his medium in the *Cosmopolitan* for which he contributed monthly educational articles, edited a bulletin for the schools and counseled with both schools and parents. The same type of service was rendered in the interest of summer camps.

School advertising, in his judgment, was worthy of a place among the arts and sciences, and he agreed with Calvin Coolidge that "Advertising is . . . a great constructive force," but as a last word he adds "Service has to supplement all

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

advertising." As Director of the *Cosmopolitan* Educational Department, he prepared articles, brochures and advertising pages on such subjects as "So This Is School," "Schools and the Man," "The Good School," "Understanding the Misunderstood." In 1924 he went to Bermuda to make a study of education for the *Cosmopolitan*.

Foreseeing the possibilities of education in "Business Ethics" by great industrial, business and financial corporations, in 1925 he predicted "a no distant day when no real service will lack educational significance," another prophecy which has been measurably fulfilled, especially in the field of research.

Again came the interest in "movements." While the ill-fated Interchurch World Movement was in what appeared to be full-swing, Dr. Powell saw in it possibilities for the support of education. But the effort to unite the denominational and sectarian with the educational appeal he terms "an artificial tie-up."\* The same characterization proved true of this tragic episode as a whole. Dr. Powell gives this graphic description of the enterprise; "There was a tie-up for a while between education and religion, and when the Interchurch World Movement was most promising some college presidents helped to raise enormous sums in the proceeds of which education was to share. School and church had much in common. Denominationalism in some places was so rampant that nothing prospered. Private schools could scarcely flourish in such chaos, and the heavy foot of politics was often placed on the neck of public education. Under the "forced draft" of denominationalism, the Interchurch went out to secure in a few months more than a hundred million. Teams made up of educators, preachers, writers covered the country with speeches and literature no one

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\*"The Human Touch".

## PIONEER AND PROPHET IN EDUCATION

could dispute. The cause was just. But public opinion could not be created on a falling barometer. The Federal Council of Churches had, for ten years under the direction of Dr. Charles S. Macfarland, been making haste slowly, both in education and religion. By 1919 the ball had by the Council been advanced well down the field. Suddenly a brilliant runner snatched the ball and dashed forward toward the goal, when a curious complex of public reaction and sectarian separatism interfered. The ball went back to Macfarland and the Federal Council which is now moving quietly along, educating public opinion for that millenium which state and church will one day reach together."

At the same time it should be said that the Interchurch World Movement left some partially developed measures which were of great value. Dr. Powell led groups of public speakers who were explaining and interpreting the movement and conducted class and mass discussions which followed. But it all fell far short of the objectives as Lyman Powell saw them.

### THE LECTURE PLATFORM

The Lyman Powell Calendar discloses particular periods when the urge to popular education found its expression on the lecture platform. Also during Powell's pastorates and professional academic employment, he flitted back and forth to the popular audiences which were always awaiting him.

His subjects took wide scope, historical, biographical, social, economic and others of a distinctly popular character. He seizes upon occasions of moment. At other times, he interprets contemporary movements. Here are some of the subjects after Lyman Powell's return from Europe in 1917: "A Parson at the Front," "The Abomination of Desolation," "Salvation from Poudamnation," "Winning the War to End All War," "The Rebuilding of the World," "Women in the War," "The Church's Acid Test," "Helping Uncle Sam,"

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

"The Melting Pot," "Educational Reciprocity," "The French Girl Over There and Over Here," "The Deeper Meaning of the War," "Campaigning East and West," "From St. Dunstan's to the Grand Palais." Other later titles are: "A Spiritualized Democracy," "The Upward Sweep of Education," "America's Greatest Woman,"\* "The Better Part of Life," "The Great Ones of a Generation," "Washington and Lincoln." "Contemporary Cults." From first to last about twenty-five main titles appear.

Powell was ready to voice human needs in about any emergency, to enlist popular support for the Red Cross, Liberty Loans, the purchase of War Savings Stamps, Councils of Defense, the League to Enforce Peace, and other agencies during the War. In his mind the extension of education, both academic and popular, persisted as a constant aim all his life. He had marvellous skill in blending study and exhibits. On a Shenandoah Valley Pilgrimage\* he placed the schools of the valley on exhibition in an attractive framework. This was a large element in his popularity as a lecturer and he was seldom at a loss for engagements.

Perhaps the hey-day of lecturing came during and following the First World War. On his return from Europe in 1917 he was classed among those whom Harry Emerson Fosdick (including himself) later accused of "blessing" war. If Dr. Fosdick's use of the term be accepted, Dr. Powell might have merited Fosdick's severe characterization. As one of the directors of the National Committee on the Churches and the Moral Aims of the War, I followed his addresses from place to place. He threw an elan into them which on occasions hardly accorded with our rules calling for the exercise of restraint.

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\*Mary Baker Eddy.

\*See note on page 70.



## PIONEER AND PROPHET IN EDUCATION

*The Danville Register*, Danville, Virginia, of April 12, 1918, says:

"Dr. Powell has a splendid command of English and a powerful delivery and the cheerful enunciation of the man accustomed to make himself heard so that the weight of his words carried to every part of the tabernacle during the next hour in which time he held the throng as though it were avid for every word he should utter. There was no mincing words in his treatment of the theme which was nothing more or less than a stirring reminder of the things for which this great nation is fighting, and a prod to the memory as to many events which have happened since the autumn of 1914. He came nearer arousing the righteous indignation of the people against Germany than any other one speaker heard here since hostilities commenced for his visits to France have enabled him to secure first hand data on his subject and he knew of what he talked.

"As Dr. Powell advanced with this theme his arraignment of the Hohenzollerns became more vivid and striking. He caused a ripple of laughs when he depicted the emperor ineligible for Heaven and too bad for Hades and there was much amusement when he suggested that the Kaiser should be interned on Ellis Isle and Hooverized.

"'Can we tolerate this degradation of civilization after it has been raised to a higher standard by Christian peoples?' he asked. 'We've got to fight this war like Christian Democrats. We won't allow the spirit of individual hatred to prevail, it must be a righteous wrath and the same moving spirit that prompted the Crusader of old.' With a fine tribute to the altruistic spirit with which America entered the war and a rousing appeal to back up the American fighting men, Dr. Powell brought his address to a close."

In the *New York Times Magazine* of October 28, 1917, we find advice to the American people, not only on the moral



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

issues of the war, but on problems of military strategy which he describes in order to induce America to "Hurry up."

But we have\* a fuller and rather more thoughtful analysis of the meaning of the war:

"No man has a right in these days to speak upon the subject pressing on the heart of all unless his record is in mind. Every audience has a right to know what has been the speaker's course during the events which, after two years and a half, have culminated in America's participation in the war not only greatest in history, but greatest in its political, economic and scientific significance.

Though there were times when, with such knowledge as I possessed, I believed the country was justified in going to war, I tried to remain neutral.

Our President, no matter whether we all agree with him or not, has certainly never been rash. He pushed pacifism to its extreme. He followed polite notes with stern reminders. We are now engaged in the greatest war the world has never known. It is our duty here and now to see straight in respect to this great issue. America is in the war because she could no longer keep out of the war.

What has happened is this: We have entered the war convinced at last by the thinkers of America that our moral responsibility can no longer be dodged. The issue has been clearly drawn. The world is not at war with the German people as such, but with Prussian militarism, with a diplomacy which has failed of high attainments, with a national spirit which has drawn a line between private morality and public ethics and has said repeatedly through the Kaiser as a mouthpiece that Germany must be over all, or, as Bern-

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\*In another manuscript of a speech.

## *PIONEER AND PROPHET IN EDUCATION*

hardi put it, the issue for Germany is 'world power or downfall.'

I am proud of my country. Out of all the conflicting issues and the doubtful arguments America has at last taken her stand not merely for self-defense, certainly not for any kind of aggrandizement, but simply, after two and a half years of serious thought, to place righteousness at any cost before peace at any price. So clear has it become to America in the last few weeks that the cause of the Allies is the cause of justice and truth, so clear has Germany made it that no country can be neutral without the abandonment of its self-respect, that at last we are in the war. We have abandoned Washington's advice to avoid entangling alliances because issues have arisen of which Washington could never dream. To a complicated situation patience and brains have been applied and the American people, after endeavoring under the leadership of the President to keep out of war, have at last entered in interpretation of the ideals and aspirations of the most thoughtful Americans.

Of course we make our mistakes. We play politics now and then. We have not solved all of our problems. There are divisions between labor and capital. The slums need improvement. Germany has far exceeded us in certain reforms. But in regard to all great moral questions when the issue rises our "heart's right there" and it is there in this great crisis. We have thought ourselves through to our decision. We have felt our way to the present issue and we are going to win. We may not set so great a store by the goose step, but the history of our country shows that we know something of the quick step, and America is doing the quick step now.

I know that the question sometimes has been raised as to our pacifism. But I submit, that at a time like this the pacifist must not be confused with the slacker. The pacifist

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

will fight. I am one myself for I believe peace to be so dear as to be worth the fighting for.

In order to prevent any misapprehension on the part of Germany in this hour of trial, in order to shorten the war by such a display of potential ability as the world has never seen, the volunteering system cannot be relied upon. We must have conscription. A few people may be obliged to sacrifice freedom of speech in order that the country as a whole may mobilize most quickly and deliver its charge most swiftly against the enemy.

The die is cast. The war is upon us. It is not a slight affair. All the resources of the country must be mobilized to meet the terrible emergency. Every man must do what he can and in true American spirit.

We have twined our flag, the Stars and Stripes, with the flag of Belgium and of France and of England and of Russia, and together the standards will go forward until they float over the palace at Berlin and America will take her place at the council board to determine even in the German capital how best the peace of the whole world can in the future be preserved and war no more arise. This is the mission of America. She will discharge her mission as she has in every crisis in the past. And in consequence, government of the people, by the people, for the people, will not perish from the earth."

Such was Lyman Powell's "Americanism," until later on, when we find him grievously disappointed, if not disillusioned by the debacle which ensued in the utter failure of the United States to win the peace. He long employed his talents in behalf of the League of Nations, upon which his America turned its back and allowed government of, by and for the people to perish, in Continental Europe and Asia, from the earth.

## PIONEER AND PROPHET IN EDUCATION

A study of the subjects of all this lecturing reveals a pattern that embraces Lyman Powell's interests, men and women, human movements, popular education, business ethics, political idealism, social reform — all suffused with the spirit of religion.

### LYMAN POWELL'S PERSONAL PILGRIMAGES

Powell not only made much of the "Pilgrimage" in the University Extension Movement, he himself practiced what he preached. When the war temporarily closed Hobart College in 1917, he took the next steamer for Europe to study *The War and Education*.<sup>\*</sup> When in 1918, I went to France by invitation of the French Government, I met several great personages who spoke of "a Monsieur Powell" who had visited with them. He had greatly cheered them, especially by his enthusiasm for education. Brand Whitlock said, "He impressed us by his big-heartedness." Educational leaders had been deeply interested in his concern for their institutions.

When Lyman Powell saw a need and an opportunity he did not wait for some official or agency to appoint him to fulfill it. He just designated himself and took the next train or steamer. But again let us hear his own colorful story:

"A day or two after Hobart closed May 17, 1917 — Dr. Shaw inquired: 'How is the War affecting college? Write me an article for the July *Review of Reviews* about the matter.' Scarcely had I read the proof when a larger vision came to me. No one had reported adequately the effect of the War on European institutions. While the "Yanks" were first marching down Piccadilly and Londoners were turning back from bitter talk of "Uncle Sham" to enthusiastic con-

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<sup>\*</sup>Sectional title in "The Human Touch."

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

fidence in "Uncle Sam," I was starting overseas on the same steamer which took Admiral Mayo for his conference with Sims, so frankly worried at such a frightful monthly loss of Allied tonnage through the submarine that he feared the War was likely to be lost by the following November.

At the Embassy and among the English educators I made my mission clear. Every door swung open. Prebendary Carlyle gave me a luncheon where I sat next to Lady Paget, and was promised every aid. London University laid before me all the sickening statistics of the awful sacrifice of student life. Cambridge men could scarcely do enough for me. At Mr. A. C. Benson's little Magdalene College normally of 130 students, only 9 were that year in attendance. Oxford's story was as melancholy. I sat one afternoon in the Lodge with the Master of Balliol in the very chair where years before Woodrow Wilson had studied out his preceptorial plans for Princeton, and Colonel E. M. House had but recently made more friends for us. By sheer good luck I found there Baron Friedrich von Hügel, of whom the Militarists were not then fond enough to make it wise of him to stay upon the Continent, and into whose ear trumpet I poured my answers to the stream of questions he was asking about education and religion in America. The gentle old man was already "the leading exponent of spiritual religion" — says Professor Rufus M. Jones today — in the world, and it meant much that he approved the purpose of my visit.

Before my first week ended, I had been at the centre of the worst air raid London had in the whole war, and Mrs. Smith, whom I jostled inadvertently in the darkness and the crowd, accepted my apology and with her hand upon her forehead hoped I had not noticed that in the hurry to get out of the hotel she had left her "front" behind. As though anybody thought of hair or clothes at such a time and place.

Colonel Lascelles already had under way plans for educa-



## PIONEER AND PROPHET IN EDUCATION

tional reciprocity between Australia and England, and in my visit foresaw the same outcome for America. *The London Times* gave me the run of its educational department, and wished me all good things. The Rhodes Scholarship people wanted me to push ahead. My telephone rang often, even at midnight, and the voice of Mr. Charles H. Grasty of the *New York Times* assured me I was on the right track. Reciprocity became increasingly the keynote of discussion, and newspapers played it up. I wondered if I ought to cable to Washington the turn affairs were taking and await instructions. Mr. Walter H. Page, whom I was seeing every day or two, disapproved my cabling. "Let things develop as they will," he said. "Make public opinion in every way you can. Don't take any risk of getting tied up in red tape. Those people over there don't understand the situation here. When you go home bring over a hundred leading educators — including George Vincent — and follow up the opportunity you have created." In the letters of Page which Burton J. Hendrick has edited, the reader will find for himself the background of the friendly counsel given me at the Embassy in that critical summer.

The first day on the Continent I spent with Brand Whitlock. A temporary illness had shut him off from visitors for several weeks. Though not garrulous, he seemed glad to see another visitor from home. Since we were in the War he could talk freely. His official report lay on his table ready for the steamer. He seemed reluctant to let go some of the secrets it contained. Did I think the time had come? He was so courteous and considerate of the opinion of a fellow citizen recently arrived from home, that in the months which followed I realized why a Belgian gentlewoman one day said in Paris: "We have three great men in our land — the King, the Cardinal, and the Minister."

I was rapidly to learn that true greatness is indicated by

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

humility and appreciation of the less important. Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock were concerned that day about the Cardinal. He too had not been well. He was at last showing the long strain of shepherding his flock against the many. "In all their affliction he was afflicted." Since we had come into the War, the private benefactions which had earlier enabled the Cardinal to relieve those too sensitive to take a place in the bread line, had been falling off. Why could not Americans understand that governmental aid rarely covers special cases? Without a word I sat down at Mr. Whitlock's desk, described the situation in letters hurried off to several eminent editors, besought them — without mentioning my name — to advise their readers to resume their gifts direct to Cardinal Mercier. Something happened. From the Royal Palace there soon came a letter thanking me for helping Belgium and the University of Louvain, and then a large photograph of Majesty itself with a signed inscription.

The great-hearted Cardinal also sent me his autographed photograph and when he was in this country my small boy was bidden to a special audience with him, sat upon his knee, was encouraged to tell him both of school and home, received from him good counsel to grow up a Christian American — no better blessing could a Cardinal bestow; and when the boy reported to his parents, he properly described the Cardinal as "a fine old guy."

Those weeks in France! How can one describe them in a paragraph or two? The War had already taken its fatal toll of a million young men. The young women felt their new responsibility. There was already need of giving them the best training for their enlarging duty. When I reached Bordeaux Professor Charles Cestre, later called thence to the Sorbonne, had already enrolled four to go to Bryn Mawr on scholarships the college generously provided under the

## PIONEER AND PROPHET IN EDUCATION

convoy of himself as the new Exchange Professor at Harvard.

It was therefore easy after I came back to induce some fifty of our institutions to furnish ample support for the 129 young Frenchwomen in academic residence here the year that followed. The Serbian Educational Committee, organized by Dr. Rosalie S. Morton has gone even farther, and we have just sent back the last of sixty young Serbians studying here these four years past.

In Paris everybody seemed to know about my unofficial mission. Our Ambassador gave me a hearty welcome, though at first glance he seemed to think I must be Korniloff, who had just defeated Kerensky. Marshal Joffre was glad to see me, and would do anything to help along after the reception he had had the spring before on this side the Atlantic. M. Joseph Reinach, cool, competent, and well informed about our educational affairs gave me a whole afternoon amidst his duties as editor of *La Figaro*, and as I was leaving thought perhaps it would interest me to know that I had been sitting at the very table where in his youth, some fifty years before, he had often seen Gambetta and the younger Lafayette play chess. James Hazen Hyde kept open house for me on two occasions to tell me what I could not have learned elsewhere about the devastation war had brought upon all French education. With Lowell Thomas and his young bride I dined at their hotel, heard his plans to film the war from airplanes and then to come back to lecture in America on his experiences, which finally included "With Allenby in Palestine," "With Lawrence in Arabia." As correspondent of various American and Canadian papers, he sent articles about my observations back to the homeland, and when at last I landed in New York, there seemed little new to tell.

The most important of the conferences, luncheons and

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

dinners staged for me in Paris had to be called off because that very day the Ministry of Foreign Affairs started me for the front, with Professor Dolléans of Dijon as my geographer and Captain Lyons of Paris as my military guide. We breakfasted in Compiègne whence Guynemer, ace of aces, had just flown forth never to return, and a substantial French housekeeper was complaining that the Zeppelin which had been brought down in her back yard had spoiled her garden. In that abomination of desolation which the devastated region spread before us there was no thought of school, though a little farther south a valiant young French teacher had kept her school going through months of bombardment, herself calling for the children and carrying them home between the shell attacks. The University of Bordeaux was typical. It kept up a bold front. But as I talked with the *Recteur* he admitted that there were few indeed to teach. His own son had been killed at the front that very month, joining the million of young men France lost in the Great War, and of our own boys we later lost and of whom we still are thinking in the lines of Grantland Rice.

When after anxious days at sea during that time when the submarines were at their worst and were believed to have increased their numbers off the Garonne, we reached America, churches, societies, lecture bureaus wanted to use all my time in telling a story as distinctive, perhaps, as anybody could that year relate. In promoting educational good will I spoke at least a thousand times in all but a half dozen states. Once in an emergency I took (but did not fill) the place of Irvin Cobb. A lovable Frenchman who presided at one big meeting grew so excited as I brought him news from his home town that he used up my time and forgot at last to introduce the speaker of the evening. At Cincinnati some of the "best people" shared with the University the



## PIONEER AND PROPHET IN EDUCATION

bringing of the French girls over and made a home for them while there. Down in Kentucky, hospitality outreached even all Kentucky bounds and an aged listener assured me "they would make me sheriff of the county" if I would only settle down among them. Exception was taken by a Frenchman visiting Lafayette College to my humorous suggestion, in the presence of the college boys, that perhaps not all the French girls would ever be allowed to go back home. M. Monod hoped I would not again put such notions into young men's heads. "We will send our girls to America to study, not to marry," he remarked. "We shall need them all in France when war is done."

At the annual meeting of the Association of American Colleges, my informal report was cordially accepted. I was made Vice-President, and also Chairman of the War Time Education Committee. My suggestions were embodied in the report finally accepted. A Secretary of Education with a seat in the Cabinet was also voted. A Committee went down to Washington, and through its efforts the machinery was constructed for handling the immediate educational problems which the War brought. The National Education Association has ever since been stressing Cabinet representation for education. Bills looking to that end appear in every Congress, and President Coolidge is now on record in favor of the great idea. To have had even a small share in starting something so important is itself worthwhile, and there is already glory enough to go round."

These pilgrimages included three others to Europe, all directed to study and the interests of education, one including Russia, of which we shall hear further on.

During the period covered by this chapter, I met Powell one day in Mountain Lakes. He had just published *The*



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

*Human Touch.* I said, "Powell, I have just been reading the sketches of your ministry." I then told him a little of my own reactions since I had entered upon an administrative task and how often I looked back upon my pastorates as the happy days. He replied that he was in that state of mind himself and I was not surprized when, some years later, I learned that the educator had again become the teacher of souls, at St. Margaret's Church in the Bronx, — although, to be sure, even long after that, he could not keep away from the lecture platform.

His latest official service at Mountain Lakes was as a member of the Board of Education for five years, a position which he resigned in 1944 because of the serious illness of his wife, who needed his constant care. Here again his special field was that of keeping schools, parents and public in touch with one another, through the newspapers and by consultation. His last active service was thus in his life-long field of popular education.

Lyman Powell seldom thought in segments. He tried to see things in circumferential terms. While this temperamental tendency at times led him to hasty and partial conclusions, it was in the main, the basic element in his influence on human life. He did not think of "Education" as something for the chosen few, except as they should impart it to the many. He thought of all human beings as belonging to the super order of Educabilia and of each in his capacity as an Educand, whether rich or poor, white or black, gifted or ungifted. All had the right to the best in education so far as they could take it in, and he believed that the latter capacity depended as much on the teacher as on the pupil.

To estimate Lyman Powell as pioneer and prophet in education, in the latter days of the nineteenth century, one has only to make comparisons between the attendance in

## *PIONEER AND PROPHET IN EDUCATION*

our high schools and colleges in that day with the present. While the term "University Extension" is used less, one can find it in the enlarged scope of the college and university catalogue, and in the host of evening and non-resident students in universities. A similar comparison of the subjects in the curricula yields like results. Lyman Powell made much of history in those early days and while the schools were slow in grasping his conception of its priority, today the teachers of the world have learned, with Schiller, that "world history is world judgment." And Lyman Powell's last service in education went to the root of the matter, which lies at the door of the parent, in family and home.

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## CHAPTER FOUR

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### *PREACHER OF THE WORD AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS I.*

**I**N 1936, when Lyman Powell and his biographer reached their seventieth milestone together, I wrote these words: \* "Let not the reader be illusioned as he reads my later life. Were I to live it over again, I do not believe that any opportunity, much less any ambition, would tempt me to substitute anything for the pastorate. The faithful pastor has a place in human life that is above any honor this world can bestow. Those sixteen years are the high places, the deepest and the most sacred and enduring memories of my life, as I look back across the years."

There have been not a few interesting parallellisms and synchronizations in the paths of Lyman Powell and myself; our graduation in Divinity the same year and our preoccupation with identical interests at that time. We had also similar experiences in veering between the vocations of education and the Gospel ministry. I, too, while on the faculty at Yale, started what I thought would be an academic career, which I soon reversed. Likewise at the same time that Powell was leaving a pastorate at Northampton for an educational task I also was leaving a pastorate to educate the people in Christian Unity.

The words which I have quoted at the beginning of this

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\*"Across the Years." The Macmillan Company, 1936.

## *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS I*

chapter, are, in my judgment, applicable to Lyman Powell. I am, therefore, with little concern about possible cross references, enlarging upon his life as a "shepherd of the flock," because I believe those years are "the high places, the deepest and the most sacred and enduring memories" of his life.

At some time, while evidently in a reminiscent mood, Powell put down some notes, which like others we have used, were doubtless vaguely prepared either for just a book or for a life story. Of his transition from an academic vocation to the Gospel ministry, he says:

"I soon discovered for myself that in University Extension there was one great lack before the days of Edward Howard Griggs. The University Extension lecturer ought really to be a preacher no matter what his field or subject. He had to kindle the enthusiasm of his audience by appeal to heart as well as to head if he was to win out. And so when I came somewhat under the friendly influence of Henry Clay Trumbull, I turned to the ministry and under the preaching of the greatest master of the homiletic art I have ever heard Sunday after Sunday, the Reverend Dr. Samuel R. McConnell, then at St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, I decided to turn teaching into preaching from the Protestant Episcopal pulpit. I shall never forget my first meeting with Mr. Trumbull. He was conducting a remarkable Bible Class for adults every Sunday afternoon in the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, and a chance remark sent me there once to listen to as expert teaching as one ever could expect in life. For those Sunday afternoon teachings Henry Clay Trumbull, saint and sage and looking like an Arab Sheik, made the most elaborate preparation, busy though he was as Editor. His subject — though the teaching was mostly by question and answer — was the difference between

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

Jacob and Esau, at the close of which the impression left on all of us was that Esau was the easy-going person who prefers a good dinner to a man's chance to do a man's work in life. As we filed past him at the close of the hour I yielded, as I have often done since, to a youthful impulse, and said as he gripped my hand and searched me with those memorable eyes, "I like you." There came back the swift reply, "I like you. Come and have tea with me tonight." There was seldom a Sunday night after that when I was in town that I did not have tea with him, and I shall not tell the ghost story of the little gray man whom everybody that frequented the house knew but who had no real existence. After my marriage in 1899 and my removal to a suburb, the responsibilities of home and church prevented me from seeing him often; but when I heard that he had suffered a paralytic stroke from the waist downward, I went to see him and found that from the waist up he was the same Henry Clay Trumbull, as spontaneous and keen and spiritually-minded as ever. When I ventured to speak a word of sympathy his reply came instantly: "Powell, I would rather lose three legs than one head." He was always the same Henry Clay Trumbull. No trouble was too great for him to take to help somebody in distress. Men of national reputation went to his bedside to pay him a tribute of affection and respect, and it would surprise the gentle reader to know who some of these men were. I shall not betray a confidence by citing a Cabinet officer who knelt in prayer beside the bedside of Henry Clay Trumbull and received his blessing, but I shall venture to say that he took into his great heart and kept there until it ceased to beat his friends as well as relatives, and often kissed us good-bye, though we were grown up.

Then through Christine Terhune Herrick, with whom I have had many a talk about the deeper things of life. I came to know her wonderful mother, and was one of the first ad-



## *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS I*

mitted to her sick-bed when she was able to receive visitors. She was then almost ninety years old, but making plans for work like any of us not half her age; and incidentally, I learned that she was keeping two secretaries busy turning out material for publication. If someone should chance to cast an academically critical eye on some of her work, I respectfully remind them that it is not merely the form—however important that may be—but the work itself that counts; and if any reader whose life is prolonged to ninety still has the disposition to work, I think the judgment of the critic will be tempered by admiration of the spirit. For after all, in life it is work that counts.”

Ordained as a deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1897 and as Priest in 1898, Lyman Powell’s ministry began as Rector of Trinity Mission at Ambler, Pa. During several years following our graduations in 1897, while I was pursuing graduate studies which he had completed before taking his course in theology, I began to hear of him, first as a preacher with budding new ideas and as a builder of churches. Then came an interim of about five years. In 1904 while in a pastorate in Massachusetts I married a graduate of Smith College. The thread of association was taken up as my wife and I made pilgrimages to Smith and again I began to hear of Lyman Powell, this time as a curer of sick and perplexed souls.

Before I attempt an analyzation of this versatile and often surprising subject, I can do no better than to share again with my readers his own story\* which he calls, “Just Doing Things for People,” beginning as he always does so generously, by telling of his debt to other men. He says:

“In my Philadelphia days there was a preacher, then in

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\*From “The Human Touch”.

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

middle life, who stood a living witness to the living faith. Through the Civil War he had sabred his way on horseback even in his teens. Then to Philadelphia he came to preach for a generation essentials critics always miss, and to "go about doing good." What kind of Churchman he was he never told. No ecclesiastical label fitted him. He had the urbane presence and precise speech of Arthur Balfour, whom he closely resembled.

Dr. Samuel D. McConnell, to audiences thoughtful and discriminating, was switching Christianity away from technicalities to the deeper things suggested by such words as: "The real hunger of life remains unsated after the mind has done its best. The only food for this hunger is the spiritual manna which comes by unknown process from God."

I had been brought up in a home where there was little talk about religion; much living of it. "Just doing things for people" has dogged my conscience all these years. It turned my steps in University Extension days, wherever I might be, toward the Wednesday evening prayer meeting, as yet undisturbed by "movies" and "bridge parties." In my bag I usually carried round and round the country F. W. Robertson's *Life and Letters* and Anna Robertson Brown's *What is Worth While*, which deserved its half million circulation.

From educational lecturing to the ministry was more a transfer than a break; though running true to my upbringing there were some psychological convulsions. My years at the Philadelphia Divinity School were the more profitable because of the great teachers there. Among the students there were men now bishops, educational heads, model pastors, exquisite verse makers, and one of great ability "a little queer" of whom I once remarked to good old Professor James "That man would die for a conviction"; to

## PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS I

which the dry reply was made: "Yes, a mighty small conviction."

My first Bishop was O. W. Whitaker. Almost an old man when he came to Philadelphia, he had spent his life in the far West. He had known Mark Twain and the man whose friendship Mark Twain lost by dropping on his head from a third story window a watermelon just by way of greeting. In his Philadelphia days the Bishop had difficulties he had never known before. There were parties in the Church.\* Richard Vaux, the young American who had danced with Queen Victoria at her Coronation Ball, still lingered on — defying storm to make him carry an umbrella, cold to put on him an overcoat; and Philadelphia society, exclusive as the St. Cecilia down in Charleston, was symbolized by that social leader who on her deathbed said: "Bury me in Old St. Peter's, so I may rise on Resurrection Day in my own set." When to Bishop Whitaker's sharp question why I wished to come into the ministry at all, I quickly answered to spend all my time "just doing things for people," he put his arm around me and left it there until he died. Austere and aloof some thought him. To me he was always modest and responsive.

I bothered him with many a detail. I was so interested in "just doing things for people," I assumed his interest as well. "Would he help me bring a fine fellow back from drink?" He would and did. In fact, he had us visit him at Eastertime in his Atlantic City hotel. "Would he help me by a letter to some unfortunate girl in the grip of self and circumstances?" He would, and I learned later he wrote the letter at midnight, and walked to the post office to have

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\*The biographer recalls Bishop Whitaker as one of the Protestant Episcopal Bishops who cooperated in the development of the Federal Council of the Churches at a time when the Protestant Episcopal Convention voted down a proposal for its membership in the Council.

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

it catch the first outgoing mail. "Would he suggest the last man to give me \$500 to complete the quota necessary to the building of a lovely church?" Sitting at his desk, he looked at me and through me for a moment, with deliberation took off his spectacles, and replied: "I have for our vacation \$637 in bank. I'll take the risk. Here is my check for \$500. No, not a word. Obey your Bishop. Good luck to you. Come again." In a few days I found a man to take the Bishop's place, and I returned to him his check.

My first charge was at Ambler within easy reach of Philadelphia. We had our services in a room over Joe Angeny's drug store. I preached the best I could, but my sermons were too "bookish" to be widely helpful. Seven years of graduate study had made me a "bookworm." Most of the day I was on my "wheel," calling, calling, calling. The first Christmas Day I called on every family of my flock. The next Easter I presented my second class — mostly adults — for Confirmation. I had on my mission roll at least 75 who were with us. That first baptism scared me witless. I was still a bachelor. I had never held so young a baby in my life. I practised with a pillow. I called at the house and wrote down the baby's name. I left nothing to chance. All went well until I challenged: "Name this child." The reply did not agree with the written record — "Violet Sue" — I had made at the house. The adoring mother bethought herself — the baby was number seven — of another name to add, and the little girl started into life as "Violet Sue Rosebud." Evidently I did not disgrace myself; for when the father died a little later he left to me his considerable family, and it took me quite a while to settle each one properly.

Before the end of the first year we outgrew that upper room. We relinquished aid of Diocese and Mother Parish down the "Pike," the scene of much of Weir Mitchell's Hugh Wynne. We talked of building a little church to cost



## PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS I

\$10,000. Dr. Richard V. Mattison, who had long been waiting for the hour to strike, suddenly but graciously took the whole responsibility from us, in memory of his daughter Esther he built on a spot conspicuous the country round a church that ranks among the most beautiful in the country. A rectory and sexton's house went with the church. At the time his gift was not by any of us appreciated as it should have been. Now it can be told. Within a year, on my good Bishop's counsel, I accepted a call to become Rector of the growing church at Lansdowne, which the angel-faced Manning, now Bishop of New York, was leaving with an impress I have rarely seen made by any man.

Those Lansdowne years! They are beyond description. To the Lansdowne parish I soon brought a wife, a Wellesley graduate I had met in Ambler, who had long been interested in my work and writing. Those fine Lansdowne years were hard and happy. No man could have been more difficult to follow than my distinguished predecessor. One deaf saint frankly told me that the prayers I poured into her ear trumpet were not as good as Mr. Manning's. Like my mother I never have been "good" at praying without book. Perhaps that is why I took instinctively to the Prayer Book. I wonder if I am altogether wrong. That prayer I once heard of an expert making which began "Paradoxical as it may seem to thee, O Lord," brought from an irreverent listener the comment "that man can't even pray in words of less than five syllables." Bishop McVicker once said to me: "If everybody could pray in public like a Phillips Brooks, we should need no Prayer Book. But most of us if we use the Prayer Book right can strike a higher average." Our fathers have chosen for us. The Prayer Book is — as Edmund Clarence Stedman said — "the voice of human brotherhood." It is common prayer.

Mr. Manning by tact and wisdom had brought together



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

elements that differed, and built up a real parish. More wanted to hear his helpful sermons than the little church, on the edge of that Philadelphia suburb, could hold. In the center of the town a lot had been bought and half paid for. Then the Rector received a just promotion. My reputation as church builder turned the Wardens and Vestrymen my way. I soon perceived that I was wanted to carry on the building plan. The whole parish was behind me. But it is harder to attach people to you when they know your hand may be reaching for their pockets. My predecessor had a spiritual house to build. My task was to enlarge it and to build besides a house of stone. Those Lansdowne people were good to me beyond my just deserts. But there were dark hours, and even today I realize that

“Not till the hours of light return,

All we have built do we discern.”

It took me six months to get acquainted with the parish and community. The first spring from the pulpit I launched the movement for the building of the church. I asked that every penny be in hand before the corner-stone was laid. Everybody was of course to give. In my climax I called for someone — I had my man in mind — to start the giving with a \$10,000 pledge, conditional on the entire amount being in the bank one year from that day. My man was not that day in church.

The next Tuesday, Henry C. Statzell, of the firm of Cluett, Peabody & Company, hailed me on the street: “I’ve heard about your sermon. Rather ambitious, aren’t you? Surely business-like. Do you really think you’ll find a man to give \$10,000?” I whipped my answer back: “You’re the man. Come into Harry Davis’s store and put your pledge in writing now.” “I like your nerve,” he said. But he signed that \$10,000 pledge. The work began. Never people worked as worked those Lansdowne people, in the church and the community.

## *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS I*

Down toward our time limit we all came with almost every cent in sight. On \$3,000 we needed to cash in a while before the pledges could be paid, I went to see Provost Harrison of the University of Pennsylvania. He was a past master in the art I then was practising. I wanted him to lend me on my life insurance, with the usual interest, the \$3,000 on the spot. "I will do nothing of the sort," he answered. "You have no business to be assuming such a burden for your church. I'll tell you what I'll do. Bring to me three of your most responsible men and I will lend them for the church the money without interest." We did it, and a few months later when he met Mrs. Powell at a social function the Provost looked her over for a moment and then said, "I'm glad to meet the woman who can live with such an enterprising husband."

Just as we were making our touch-down, the sale of the old church fell through. We had to have \$4,000 in cold cash almost overnight. In Philadelphia I formed a stock company of eight, each to pay at once \$500, that the \$4,000 might be in bank within two days, with my personal promise to sell the church and return the money soon. As he was getting on a trolley car I held up the head of the Philadelphia branch of J. P. Morgan and Company, asked him for \$500 for the church, overrode his hesitation and objections. With my visiting card and pencil thrust at him, I said: "Write me your I O U on this." He caught the following car, and I cashed his note in thirty minutes at the nearest bank. The head of the sugar interests was not interested. "Every missionary Bishop in the land is after me. I won't give you a cent." But he did. He gave me his check for \$500, and when he warmed up to the project he added \$500 more for a friend of his who was at his country home that Memorial Day and had no check book with him. One big financier stalled. He had been worsted in some contro-

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

versy with my predecessor, whom he described as "having a jaw. He'll be a Bishop yet." Committed to the policy that "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver," I first "called the bluff" he tried to put up, and left him with the final word: "I don't want you in my stock company. There are others." Meanwhile Mrs. Powell was keeping open house. Gifts, big and little, poured into the Rectory, and she telephoned each to me in Philadelphia. At noon on the last day all the money was in bank. Mr. Statzell's pledge was promptly paid.

Then the church was built. Silas McBee of *The Churchman* called it the best specimen of suburban Gothic in the land. It is today as beautiful as any in old England. Every pew but one was taken. My "wheel" used up more tires than ever as I circled round the parish. Though still smelling of the oil, my sermons did improve. Every Saturday I had besides a preachment in the local paper under the heading of *The Parson's Outlook*. Organizations flourished. Next year we built a parish house. My stock company was in my mind. One hot day Mrs. Powell suggested that we drive down to Ridley Park, and try to sell the old church to an aged man with vested interests in Lansdowne. No, he did not want to buy a church. Who did? He followed me — crestfallen — to the buggy where Mrs. Powell and our baby, four months old, were waiting for me. "Is that your baby? Let me see it. I have young grandchildren. I like babies." In a moment he forgot all else but the baby which smiled and gurgled in his arms. As we were leaving, he came back at me: "About that church! How much do you want for it? Why, yes, I might as well buy it. I'll meet you at your lawyer's office in the morning, and we'll fix the matter up." We did. The baby sold the church. My stockholders — some of them to their surprise — all got their money back. Business is business. Promises must be kept.

## PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS I

The days flew by. The parish has gone on from good to better. Manning, Powell, McBee, Tuke — all proud of that good parish. Now it is at its best. If there was anything that was omitted for our happiness in that five year's rectorship I cannot now recall it. The income went automatically. The Wardens and the Vestrymen and people all took care of us, and I just went about doing things for people. That Englishman who wrote me up elaborately in *The Churchman* for July 5, 1924, when I was making a Baccalaureate address in Washington, said: "There was one feature of Dr. Powell's philosophy that struck me as rather curious. His attitude of life seemed a singular blend of optimism and pessimism." What else should it be? We must keep our head among the stars and our feet upon the ground. There can be no service unless vision goes hand in hand with the hard facts of life. Even in Lansdowne I made mistakes but never the irreparable error of the "ungirt loin." I have always come back.

Parish life is interesting. One now holding an important post in South America, then in his teens, was so embarrassed at some casual display of family affection at our dinner table that he disappeared behind his chair, and when I brought him up — face flushed — he was diligently polishing the legs of his chair. One woman used to keep tab on me as I passed her house, and when I called on someone else — and not on her — she was not pleased. Edmund Garretson Cook who fell on Flanders field that we might live was in those days an overgrown boy, always afraid he was in my way, but always my good pal. Ned Simmons, already well established as an architect, shocked the conventional by going on the stage only to find that Mrs. Powell and I cared all the more for him because he seemed to need our friendship. I recall the night when he was playing with Wilson Barrett in *The Sign of the Cross*, and behind the scenes we shared be-



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

tween the acts his dressing room with him and "Nero," and helped him eat his fruit cake, carved with the stage dagger. Del Puente used to sing for me the roles he had made famous in *Carmen* and *Il Trovatore*, and died a little troubled that I could not stage a benefit for him in the church in his last days. One evening a couple came a long distance to be married. Grave, almost lugubrious, they were. The suggestion that in every worthy marriage the best is yet to be, brought from the groom the melancholy words: "You never can tell."

The heads of a big family had reached the nerve-racking stage where they quarreled all the time. The husband promised me "to hold his tongue." Three weeks later the wife besought me to lift the embargo. "He has not said a word. I'd rather hear him swear at me than not to hear him speak at all." She was of the same type as the woman found singing at her washtub one Monday morning and explaining to the minister: "My old man's all right now. This morning he called me 'old stick-in-the-mud!'" Two five-year-olds a few years later pawed our threshold one wintry day impatient to be married. I would not hurt their feelings, I asked to see the license. The boy stumbly admitted that he did not know he had to have one. Then his face brightened as he said: "I'll go get one, and then I'll use it for a dog license."

Had we known before we left Lansdowne for Northampton, where we spent nearly ten years, that

"Parting is such sweet sorrow,"

I doubt whether we would have ever gone at all. Our roots were struck down deeper than we realized. Yet it was best to go in the first flush of youth and of success. The rut is always waiting for those who get used to any combination, or for whom the temptation of slippered ease may be approaching. It is sometimes good to hear the new voice, to



## *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS I*

feel the new touch, to have one who can reach people his predecessor could not interest. No public man appeals to all. The risk is just as great in staying overlong in one place as in going when the going's good. Talcott Williams and his Philadelphia salon brought me many outside friends. Beware the day when the dear old ladies love you for your "throaty voice" or your pronunciation of "Mesopotamia." Mrs. Gummidge is as perilous to your usefulness as Mrs. Potiphar. Any parish can grow both, — given time enough.

The thermometer was near zero when we reached Northampton, Mass. The deep snow was to stay with us for three long months. Forethoughtful parishioners had already set the furniture and books somewhat in order in that beautiful and spacious Rectory. The last touch had been given to the preparation of my first sermon, when fire broke out, and for several weeks we boarded round, receiving many kindnesses and making many friendships. No church, save Trinity in Boston, was more beautiful in all New England than St. John's, Northampton. There was besides a model parish house and a \$50,000 endowment, which made the financial problem almost incidental in retrospect.

But to preach to a congregation made up more of college girls, used to the best preachers in the land, than of townspeople within a stone's throw of the place where once upon a time Jonathan Edwards had warned us that "their feet shall stand in slippery places," was no easy task. If any speaker ever had stage fright, the new Rector at Northampton surely had it his first year or two. Nor did it ease the situation to have a new friend say at one of the many dinner parties graciously given us that winter, "I confess I have wanted to see what you are like." President Seelye, whose kindness never failed, could not say of me what he recently said of our neighbor, Calvin Coolidge "I never knew him to make a mistake in judgment." As I look back

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

upon that self-conscious period, it seems to me I lost few opportunities to make mistakes, — of the head, not of the heart.

Nevertheless I carried on. My preaching did improve. I had also a weekly department in the historic *Hampshire Gazette*. I burrowed deeper into people's hearts. One week, besides the mornings in my study, I paid 75 calls on my "wheel"; and was so pleased with myself that I reported to a new friend, only to be made to realize that I had committed a *faux pas*. I can still hear her merry banter, "Really! How funny!" One must not talk too much — above New York. The parish included several towns around as well as Northampton, and learning soon that there was little social responsibility to the college, I got acquainted with the more permanent parishioners. The organizations almost ran themselves. New England's obverse of individualism is leadership. At the Mother's Meeting built up by a remarkable woman, I was always welcomed as a guest. The leader knew his business. The Sunday School had for its head one of the best teachers in the land today. The Girls' Friendly Society was directed by women of national experience, who knew far more than I about the work. The Church Club, started just before I came, reached a membership at last of 250 college girls learning during their four years at Smith how to do everything about a church, and today represented everywhere by experts of service in church work. Elsie Kearns, more recently with Walter Hampden, was one of them.

In such a parish there was time, with the help of the Forbes Library — most useful of all such libraries I have ever seen, — to keep on the watchtower and observe the new developments with which some at least of our college girls, coming from all parts of the country, were apt to be familiar. All the pastors in the town were on good terms

## PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS I

and helped each other much. When the interest in Christian Science and the cults grew epidemic in the magazines, instead of preaching much for them or against, I studied them, wrote books and articles about them, and when the Emmanuel Movement developed to make it unnecessary for people to go outside the Church for any kind of spiritual aid, I kept office hours for two years to do what could be done within the parish. Preachers came to learn the "trick"; but of sixty only four did I encourage to try the thing at all. The others could not see the forest for the trees. Ray Stannard Baker made his usual careful study of my work, even visited without me many of my people, was with me when I tried to aid some men to break the drink habit, and then wrote about me in a book he was preparing. Frederic B. Hodgins wrote a comprehensive article for *Putnam's Magazine*. I figured anonymously in a novel or two. I gave up the work not because it was not worth doing, but because the results sometimes were so immediately startling that they interfered with what I owed my parish, which after all was furnishing my living. I could not control that work.

To my pulpit service I added frequent visits from the best preachers in the land. Often after speaking for me Sunday morning they preached at the College Vesper Service. Bishop Lloyd's simplicity and quaintness brought him often to us, and to the College. Some of the great stories Dr. Floyd Tomkins told us are still my stock in trade. Bishop Nathaniel S. Thomas got a grip on every one and for a conservative New Englander President Seelye was almost enthusiastic over him. Dr. Van Allen's coming was always a red letter day. His good preaching he reinforced by such brilliancy in conversation as won for him in college circles the term "Our American Chesterton." An English Archdeacon, arriving when the Rectory was

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

already overfull of visitors was entertained in a college house, whose head was a grand lady. He left his boots—of course — outside the door at night to be shined. She did the job herself. He never knew. The Sunday dinner was already on the table when Father Huntington arrived. He fell to with a will, but he would not talk. The dinner circle was a trifle ruffled. Suddenly he raised his head. That winsome smile irradiated his ascetic face. He broke out with: "I'm Fletcherizing. I count every chew. There is nothing like the 250th chew of a choice bit of fruit cake."

One of our most popular visitors shall be nameless. I would not have him answer back, — a habit which has grown upon him in his later years. He was so interesting in the Lenten service that he consented to speak at the College prayer meeting one hour later. There was scarcely time to have a bite of dinner. "It does not matter anyway," he said. "I never eat till I have done my speaking for the day." Following the college meeting he spoke from 8 till 9 to a College Bible Class, and then we spent an hour or two visiting a college teacher, whose father he so markedly resembled that "she just had to see him." It was almost midnight when we sat down at the Rectory dinner table, and past one when he broke off from his good stories, asked me to run through the manuscript of a new book he was writing, and added: "I always rise at four o'clock to work on my new book. I carry my own coffee and coffee machine with me. Just show me where to find the milk. I like to visit round among my friends. I make so little trouble for them."

Yes, I knew Calvin Coolidge. He lived around the corner up the street. He had been living in Northampton some ten years when we arrived. Already "Tim" Spalding — no one else apparently — saw him on the way to the White



## *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS I*

House. Mrs. Powell used to say that we could set our clocks by his passing. No one expected he would ever do less than his best. He appeared always to be an able, thoughtful, useful citizen who seemed to get elected, no matter who else on the ticket was defeated. His success was growing almost into mystery.

It was Mr. Cable, astute in his perception, who first made me realize that there was more in Mr. Coolidge than most people thought. Going on July 27, 1920, to Northampton to see him notified that he was wanted by the Republicans to be the next Vice-President, a little woman living in a suburb said to me: "We're proud out our way of the Governor. He's always kind to us." He was a member of Mr. Cable's little Economic Club of eight, but he never shone. His light was steady but not brilliant. He read the paper when his turn came round, but took little part in the discussion. He was always kindly. He and Mrs. Coolidge were marked out among the neighbors for their kindness. He never was caught complimenting any one. But no compliment means more to me than his word of introduction of me at a public meeting not long ago in Northampton: "Dr. Powell, for ten years a beloved minister in Northampton." In going over recently my letter files I find that no one has sent me friendly messages oftener in recent years about things I've written for the public. In our Christmas mail not long ago was a telegram of Christmas greeting from "Grace and Calvin." And we are merely one of many who have felt this impact of inconspicuous kindness. The American people have surely found out Calvin Coolidge, and pronounced him "good and faithful servant."

The years slipped by. I tried to do my best in my Northampton life. Increasingly, those quiet, loyal people gave me of their best. Into their homes and lives I entered deeper every month. They proved their love for me by



LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

giving me a chance to serve them ever more and more, even since I left Northampton. They actually loaned me once to Smith College for three weeks to help President Burton raise money for his endowment fund. I do not go back often. What's the use? From the station up there are hands to shake and much to talk about. I find the dear familiar faces a little beaten by the years, forms somewhat shrunken as they trudge along the path of duty, all doing what they believe to be the right, — but less conspicuously than Governor Coolidge who told me the night following that great rally in his honor at Northampton on July 27, 1920: "I must be off at 5:30 tomorrow morning to reach my desk by ten in the State House at Boston."

The night is late. For two days while I have recalled these memories of parishes, the rain has beaten mercilessly down on our Grey Boulders. They gave me love and much forbearance. I gave them love and service. The Great Divide of the World War now parts me from that past. But not even the World War can separate me from those spirits I almost saw leave the flesh — the black boy in Ambler with whom I watched his last night through, in Lansdowne, Morley Underhill and Henry Statzell who fought the good fight till the end and assured me, "We shall meet again," Charlie Purseglove and "Aunt Jean" who in Northampton lived the faith they bade me preach, and all

'The unknown good that rest  
In God's still memory folded deep;  
The bravely dumb that did their deed,  
And scorned to blot it with a name,  
Men of heroic breed  
That loved heaven's silence more than fame.' "

Came another interim from 1912 to 1926, during which

## *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS I*

Lyman Powell and I became associated while, as elsewhere recorded in this volume, he pursued the avocations of lecturer, college professor and college president.

My own itinerary was taking me across country and overseas, but we met frequently as the paths of our interests crossed and recrossed. Together we often reverted to our pastorates. One day — I do not recall just when — I again said, "Powell, don't you ever look forward to the exchange of this hectic life for that of our once personal ministry? Wouldn't you like to get back again?" "Yes," said he, "I do feel that way sometimes." Well, I never fulfilled that hope, but he did. I began my ministry in a Home Mission church in a crowded city; he ended his in just such a church. The once Professor and President was destined to end his active service as a Home Missionary in a larger field than any he had yet occupied. In our next chapter we shall find it a fitting climax.

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## CHAPTER FIVE

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### *PREACHER OF THE WORD AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS II*

ONE day in 1927, on meeting a mutual friend he said to me: "What a pity; Lyman Powell has been buried by Bishop Manning up there in the Bronx!" I replied, "Well, he may have been buried, but he won't stay in the grave long. Don't go to that graveyard by night. Something will be going on there." My prophecies were soon fulfilled, we began hearing from the Bronx.

In 1929, I was invited to appear in my uniform as a Commissioner of the Boy Scouts of America to address the anniversary gathering of a troop at St. Margaret's Church. I found Lyman Powell very much alive and so was St. Margaret's. The lure of the ministry had taken hold again.

Thus, as a sequel to the rectorates at Lansdowne and Northampton with their abundant share of aristocracy, wealth and erudition, Lyman Powell's life in the rich years from sixty to seventy were spent in a Home Mission field "where cross the crowded ways of life; where sound the cries of race and clan." Was Bishop Manning wise to place this educator and lecturer in the leadership of this parish of the "people"? I too had wondered, but I saw enough in that one Sunday evening hour to answer the question. Let us again ask Lyman Powell to become his own biographer, as he wrote in 1933:\*

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\*"The Better Part." Bobbs, Merrill and Company and Cassell and Company.

## PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS II

"At St. Margaret's in the Bronx, where I am rector, in all modesty we are endeavoring to demonstrate the possibility of a widening usefulness by discharging the threefold task of spiritualizing our organizations, of establishing closer personal relations in the home as well as church with people of many a type and race, and of converting year by year the entire parish into daily Bible readers.

Farthest north of the five boroughs of the biggest city in the world, the Bronx — in easy recollection of the middle-aged — has grown from Wordsworth's gloomy wood to a population of 1,265,258 — in itself a larger city than Boston, Baltimore or St. Louis.

Today no European city has more congested *Juden gassen* than the Bronx. Nor has the Roman Catholic Church elsewhere, anywhere perhaps, made more headway against difficulties which have taxed even Rome's resourceful activity and matchless ingenuity.

Other religious groups here and there have endeavored to keep up; but their efforts have frequently been fruitless. Rarely has there been the deeper thought, and larger planning. "Forced draught" has often come; but not to stay. Religion has not been upbuilt on that broad foundation of observed and classified facts, without which nothing substantial and enduring is constructed. The wide-reaching plan, the far-flung battle line for most denominations up this way is still apt to be no more than careless talk or pious sentimentalizing. That is one reason why many a Bronx church where the minister is faithfulness itself, is barely able to exist.

With 60,886,000 people in America accredited to the Church and at most 60 per cent. of members believed, except on feast-days, to darken the church doors, one subwaying up from Manhattan to the Bronx need not overstrain his eyes to read above the Harlem River Dante's sombre

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

maxim: "All hope abandon ye who enter here." For of the 1,265,258 people in the Bronx, only 170,000 are reported to be officially attached to Rome, or Judaism, or any other fold. With less than 20 per cent. habitually attending services brings the total of the dependably religious down to perhaps 4 per cent.;\* and makes the Bronx as worthy to be called a missionary field as India's coral strand or Afric's sunny fountains.

No wonder many churches up this way are too discouraged to respond, except sporadically and feebly, to the denominational cry to "come on"; or to cooperate effectively with the Greater New York Federation of Churches, which is doing all it can to help along. No wonder that, conscious of their arrested development, the utmost some churches dare report to their denominational headquarters is: "We are holding our own." No wonder some churches here are dead, but do not know it; though as the conspicuously dead multiply they become more evident.

The Slovak minister across the street from us made a brave struggle to last out against the odds; but finally he wisely went to fields more promising. Almost around the corner the Methodists were caught in the tangle of too much overhead; and now their church is a synagogue overcrowded, at least in Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur days. Worse than dead are the nondescript and unclassifiable religious enterprises to which any fleeting taxi will whisk you where such substitutes for the real thing as so-called religious clubs, not saturated with that certainty of God which Walter Lippmann says will always bring men to worship, annoy the neighbourhood with their raucous cry:

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\*These proportions are based on the latest figures available; but there is no reason to believe there has been any substantial change since they were obtained.



## *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS II*

“The Young Men’s Club will meet again  
On Thursday next at seven;  
Please bring a friend to dine with us.  
Lead someone else to heaven.”

Up to the Bronx the young minister brings high hopes; sometimes, too, he brings a bride. He builds him up his congregation. He settles down in self-respecting honesty to what one has described as “a real job.” The future looks inviting. Enthusiasm grows by what it feeds on. Then, perhaps, when off on vacation, a new tide of Judaism sweeps high up his beach. He comes back to find his church stranded. At the crucial moment when the larger body which he represents should give him the substantial aid required to withstand and to be all the stronger for the strain to which he has been subject, he is left to fight it out alone; and not infrequently his own flock, though unable to pay salaries, goes in for the unnecessary or the merely ornamental. In consequence he, too, passes on to conditions which appear more static, to people who promise more appreciation of the trained “human” in the ministry, to the larger hope that he may one day reap the crop for which he counts it a proud privilege to sow the seed and spend himself in faithful cultivation of “first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.”

Men whose hair may be greying but whose hearts are young with missionary eagerness bring to the Bronx clearness of vision, ripeness of judgment, wide experience, seasoned health, considerable technique, unflagging patience, inexhaustible resiliency, steadiness of purpose, and a consecrated faithfulness undistracted by the claims and ambitions which frequently interrupt the interest of the young. They ask no favours, and they seek no honours. They suffer fools gladly, and they try to tolerate those who use the Church

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

to "put money in their purse" by indirection, by commissions, "they do say" by graft.

But often all they have, at last, to show for their endeavours is a chance to stick it out, improperly housed and living on precarious incomes which steal away their prestige and turn them toward the class which Bruce Barton, brought up in a preacher's home, describes who "live shabbily, worry about the education of their children and the burden of old age, and live of necessity a life without natural appeal to a high-spirited man."

But the Bronx is very far from the impossible. It is simply New York still amorphous, racially cosmic, awkwardly adolescent, boisterously immature, and noisily unfinished. Vina Delmar runs true to Bronx form often enough to give the responsible cause for reflection. If she overstresses the Bronx faults, there are faults here to be in time corrected by de-committeeising churches, by spiritualizing their organizations or else eliminating them, by personalizing all religious effort, by grounding every church on personal religion.

It was not the Bronx — though it might have been — whose venerable lady complacently inquired: "Why should I travel? I am here already." One reader of the *Home News*, the household organ of the Bronx, once inquired: "Nature intended the Bronx for apartment houses, and who are we to to interfere with nature?"

Whether a million live in apartments or in homes, they need the final touch which personal religion gives. The Bronx churches will not come to spiritual maturity, until reinforced by the Young Men's Christian Association, nowhere conceivably more useful than in the Bronx, they attack their problem with better understanding of its distinctiveness, with the denominational support such missionary work requires, and thus cheered on go forth to meet without

## *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS II*

dismay the challenge of Sir Philip Gibbs: "We must believe in God, or go to the devil."

Rome stood on her seven hills. St. Margaret's stands where cross six crowded ways of life more Bohemian than most of Berlin, London or Paris, and where the population changes so frequently that it sometimes is more difficult to sing: "Onward, Christian soldiers" than "Where do we go from here?"

The steady building up goes on because the policy is to serve the whole community, and to make friends. Political leaders of various camps and creeds are our good neighbours. The head of the hospital across the street helped me to keep "carousels" from getting their license with which to make night hideous for us all; and naturally our people need no prompting to go to his hospital. The police on our beat have been as wise in counsel as they were in handling the "gang," who made one of their members bring back a Cape Cod windmill reported to have been stolen from the back porch of the rectory, and also in preserving our artistic grounds from chaos and confusion. "Mike," a good Catholic, has his own way of befriending us; and I am learning from Jess Willard's one-time trainer — whom I have watched at work — how to fight the good fight. In spite of our precautions Trotsky and other Communist neighbours have at times put on our side-walk their mark in letters which long defied erasure.

Into St. Margaret's many families and types have long dropped. They worship together. They tarry after service. They visit together. Many who miss the home atmosphere in their apartment life seem to find it in our church and parish house.

Each day brings illustration of the pathos and tragedy, the gravity and humour of our life together. There are souls here rich in things spiritual who in things material are in

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

direst poverty; for this precinct, Number 41, was long the centre of the unemployment situation in New York City; and to his other parish privileges the then rector long ago added that of job-seeker for his people. Our Woman's Auxiliary, whose members are widely scattered, never think of staying home from any meeting because of the inclement weather. The heaviest downpour of rain brings almost a one-hundred-per-cent. attendance, and one member for whom times have been hard indeed, wept as she put her quarter in the missionary box — but she put it in. Hers was the widow's mite, though she is no widow.

Many of us are learning to talk together about God without embarrassment. Many of us now pray with confidence. While the answers have not always come by voice or word, yet in some way they have been direct and positive. The number steadily increases who find prayer the key to true success. When one of the dearest girls, brought up in the parish, "signed up" for an important role in vaudeville, as a matter of course she not merely asked her rector to pray for her success, but the day before her show opened in Chicago, she also telegraphed him to pray at the Sunday services that her "act might go over." We did. And it did.

One Sunday morning an unusual voice was heard in the congregational singing, and after service when meeting the owner I expressed regret that she was not in the choir; she promptly joined, to the permanent enrichment of our service. Needing secretarial employment, she found the way through her new church connexion to a position which she still retains with a great metropolitan daily.

The little West Indian coloured Roman Catholic sexton of the near-by synagogue came to us as long as he lived near. We became good friends; and I was sorry not to be able to accept his cordial invitation given me before he moved away, to go with him to one of the major prize-fights of the



## *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS II*

season. But I did have the privilege of seeing "Strangler" Lewis — another good friend — take on in quick succession the same evening two famous wrestlers endeavouring in vain to despoil him of the national championship, in one of the most exciting wrestling bouts ever put on in Madison Square Garden.

In our policy there is no place for politics. It will be many a day before we forget how, more than once at Christmas time, when our funds ran too low to purchase all the Christmas baskets needed in the unemployment stress, one of the political leaders of the Bronx, not of our fold but with an understanding of the spirit in which we try to help our neighbors, appeared in the nick of time and furnished all the baskets which we needed.

A stock story in the parish is of the little Jewish girl who came one day to see me and looking wistfully into the parish house where joy and gladness were in evidence, audibly observed: "I like your synagogue better than ours."

In an environment like this one neither cherishes antipathies, nor expresses aversions. One loves human beings because all are at heart akin to man made in the image and likeness of God.

"Ole," well along in middle life and reported to be at odds with his wife, presented to me one evening at a social function an attractive young woman, and then a little later he took me aside and said: "Parson, how do you like her?" My admission that she seemed a quite unusual young woman was not given grudgingly. "I thought you would say that," was his reply. "Now, if you will help me to get free from my wife, I will give you the job of marrying me to her." I did not entertain the proposition, but the way was later opened for the Christian solution of the problem in the best interest of all concerned.

"Tim" and I were long understanding friends. He has



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

spent his whole life in the Bronx. He has seen it grow in a generation from a group of villages into one of the largest cities in the country. He knows who's who. He has an instinct for friendliness. He is much liked in the neighborhood. But once in a great while when he gets a little extra money he disappears — to return only when he has no money left. Endeavoring after one of his long absences to alleviate the family strain which had resulted, I was made acquainted by the wife with her side of the story. Then Tim told me his, ending with the question: "What would you do if you came home one night with nine hundred dollars in your pocket, and your wife took it without ever asking you?" My reply may not have been brilliant, but it was at least adequate: "Any wife who can find nine hundred dollars in a preacher's pocket should be welcome to it."

"Yes," I consented to conduct the funeral service, as requested by the aged widow, of the husband who had passed away after many years of marriage. Arriving at the undertaking parlours at the time appointed, I found that a service conducted by a minister of another fold was nearing its conclusion. Waiting outside until the service ended and the minister departed, I then paid my respects to the bereaved widow, expressed regret that I had misunderstood the hour, and that in consequence she had been obliged to call in another minister. "Why no," was her reply, "we are going to have your service now. I wanted my old man to have two services to make sure that he is buried right. Now it is your turn."

A few days later the bereaved widow, arrayed as though for marriage, brought a young man to see me and cheerily observed: "I gave my old man a good funeral, didn't I? This young man has helped me for a long time to take care of him, and my old man has no 'kick' coming. I want you to marry me today to my young man." Having certain objec-

## PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS II

tions which it was unnecessary to discuss with her, I sent them away with such expressions as seemed appropriate; and at four o'clock that afternoon, her voice rang merrily over the telephone, acquainting me with the news which she evidently thought would be welcome, that she and her young man had just been married and would appear in church the following day.

One good Presbyterian came to our services for several Sundays. She did her best to feel at home with us. She was faithfulness itself. Then, deeply disappointed, she went back where she belonged, and — as she went — observed that "St. Margaret's is too religious for me."

Though Gentiles near the church are rare, most of them we know; many of them we serve; and at least a few of them, sometimes weary of the movies, worship at St. Margaret's because — as Channing Pollock says in *The House Beautiful* — the church is "the only place left where you don't have to hear about money or sex."

The late Dr. Caleb R. Stetson, when rector of Trinity Church, New York, was convinced that "pastoral work is what is most needed in the Church today." We, too, are so convinced; and we prove it by incessant calling, year in and year out, at the rate of one hundred calls a month. The value of parish visiting is with us not open to discussion. Nothing can substitute for it. The parish paper, often misnamed *The Parish Visitor*, has its place. But it lacks the human touch. It has no "bite." It is at best a supplement to the visit of the minister.

If any think we visit overmuch, we admit there are two sides to the question. But we have no time or inclination to argue. We think "the King's business requireth haste." We do not always find our people in. Nor does the newspaper man invariably get the story he goes after. But he goes after it. He keeps going after it until he gets it. We

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

have good news to tell instead of get. We are after people; and no trouble is too great for us to take to find them, even in these days when men are rarely home in day-time and many women have a "standing engagement" at the movies in the afternoon.

No apartment stairway is too dark or too high for us to climb. The older Bronx has few elevators. The dogs — for almost every family keeps a watchdog — often know our steps, and bark a welcome at us. Through kitchen and bedrooms, to the front window, from which, seven flights below, one spring day I counted in one block fifty baby coaches, one passes to real visiting.

Men as well as women I find at home; for as the years go by I arrange my calling schedule with increasing intelligence. Not yet have I had "Dick" Sheppard's experience in London of seeing "Old Bill" open the door and, when in disappointment he finds it is the rector at the door, disappear down the hall, calling as he goes: "Missus, here's the parson." Nor have I as yet overheard any neighbor say, as the parson rings the bell: "Don't blame him, because he's a parson, It's not his fault. It's 'ard luck — that's what I say."

Sometimes St. Margaret's rector heads up a procession of young friends who volunteer to visit with him, as he makes his way round and round the Bronx — one day walking and subwaying sixty-seven miles to pay ten calls. Once the procession was so large that special chairs had to be brought into the front room to seat us all. Even then there was no chair for the little Jewish girl. She had halted the long line with the question: "Mister, can I go to your Sunday-school?" and had received the unproselytizing answer: "Ask your parents." "I have asked them," she said, "and they say you are a Gentile and they are Jews. Mister, am I a Jew?"

Without taking sides with Jung and Freud, without use of any technical terms, sometimes we psychoanalyze. Diagnosis

## PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS II

precedes prognosis. But we keep it to ourselves. We never talk about it. We know too well that we face life's grim realities in all human service and also that we get no results unless we help people to discover what Hugh Walpole says he found for himself in the Great War: "the existence of some other life" besides what we commonly call the physical, and also learn like W. E. Orchard to make "God identical with goodness as well as love."

The best in religion and psychology the rector uses in his pastoral service, from steering couples away from bigamy to helping in the riddance of obsessions of

"Hot anger, sullen hate,

Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great."

"Social readjustment" is a big phrase for an everyday experience. John is ever chasing Mary till she catches him. St. Margaret's hopes that every marriage will be happy. We do all we can to ensure that every marriage shall be based on intelligence and character as well as on mutual attraction. We send every bride and groom into their new life together with confidence that our friendship will not fail them, no matter what may come their way. We distinctly encourage them to maintain their family and financial independence even against those well-meaning in-laws and friends who are not always prompt to perceive or wise to deal with the new family unit. St. Margaret's always stands by, and more than once has prevented a family smash-up.

The queer one is in every parish.\* To call her "devilish" is to betray ignorance. The psychiatrist says she is ill, and even calls in experts to determine what the ailment is. Mental inheritances and moral tendencies can sometimes be tracked

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\*In the author's book, "The Emmanuel Movement in a New England Town," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, there is an entire chapter on this type difficult for many a pastor to handle with discretion and success.



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

to their lair. Dental lesions, eye strain, intestinal infection, orthopaedic irregularities, adenoids and tonsils usually speak for themselves. Whatever the cause of the queerness, it must be handled with intelligence and patience, consideration and kindness, along with scientific expertness. Frank speaking there must be, but scolding, berating, "high-hatting," and ostracism are as antiquated as the ball and chain, the stocks and ducking-stool. I wonder what the friends of the queer Pascal said when, after misunderstanding him through life, they learned when he was dead that the autopsy disclosed "within the skull, besides the ventricles of the brain, two impressions like the mark of a finger in wax." If at St. Margaret's we sometimes err in dealing with our people, it is not because we are not interested in them.

Pastoral efficiency is not confined to calling. Often I have called a year or two before coming to know people. In addition to calling there must be frequent letter-writing, much use of the telephone, contacts through the Church School and other organizations, visiting together after Sunday services, collaboration in good work of all kinds, the studied and incessant effort to make the human touch as arresting and compelling as the radio and the movie. One must be spend-thrift with his time if one is to get acquainted with people. But time thus spent is never wasted. It makes preaching more effective. It unmaskes what lies behind people's faces. It feathers the swift arrow of many a sermon. People are more likely to come to church if they know the preacher knows them, and believe they also know the preacher. Certainly people are more apt to turn to him in their hour of trial. By what seems to some a waste of time he may qualify to become

"The cup of strength in some great agony."

But the minister must be human. He must be downright and forthright, as well as prayerful and understanding. He



## PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS II

must take risks. He may even have to fight. Bootleggers across the street, through several hot weeks, made day and night unbearable for us and for our neighbours. The time came, without the aid of the police, to talk straight. The neighbours held their breath as they saw the minister approach a task they feared might bring him harm; might even cost him life itself. But nothing happened to him. The bootleggers' wives came to his side. They did most of the talking for him, and next day of their own accord the bootleggers moved away.

A family was for a while broken up by the influence of the "high up." By going higher up, the minister was able to reunite the family. The isolation and the poverty of a fatherless family furnished the chance which graft and greed are ever seeking to "devour widows' houses." But St. Margaret's was to be reckoned with; and now all is well. St. Margaret's task requires understanding, patience, courage and loving people, even though you do know all about them.

The public is quick to discover when any church takes seriously its responsibility for its members. The rector of St. Margaret's has at his side a deaconess who not merely is efficient in her own way but also supplements and generously reinforces the rector.\* Between us few cases ever slip beyond reach — and final disposition. Jew and Romanist — too often for their good unattached — sometimes turn our way when they have need of friends. We never proselytize. Sometimes we have reattached them to the fold where they belong. I have prayed with dying Jews and avowed atheists. Amid the dim lights of burial candles I have in emergency said the last rites over a Catholic woman with beads folded on her breast; and yet never proselytized.

The rector has his prayer plan in paying parish calls. The

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\*See page 243.

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

deaconess has hers. We have made in the parish prayer groups; now and then, especially in Lent, praying daily that "we may have a right judgment in all things." At one vestry meeting honest difference of opinion seemed to be leading to an impasse. Suspension of discussion for five minutes to give time for brief Bible reading and a few appropriate prayers changed the atmosphere. Then the voting was unanimous — and right. St. Margaret's tries to make prayer immediately available.

We are not saints. We take turns in wearing on one another. But we do know better. We agree with Bernard Shaw that there is "no way out of the world's misery but the way of Christ's will." Anchored to the historic faith, St. Margaret's is as comprehensive as New York itself, where, if anywhere the compass, both of faith and practice, is well boxed. This parish is the Church in miniature. We use in worship the same Prayer Book as other churchmen use throughout the land. At every service we read the Bible, which Immanuel Kant long ago described as "the greatest benefit which the human race has ever experienced," and which King George says "has done more, perhaps, than anything else on earth to promote moral and religious welfare among old and young."

We come in steadily increasing numbers to the Holy Communion which brings God more intimately near to many than any other agency of the Christian Church. Those communicating practically agree at every service with the total in attendance. Nobody goes out before the service ends. Our Sunday morning breakfasts in the parish house immediately following the first Communion of the day are blessed memories to many young and old who are thus enabled to remain for the next service.

We get on with other Christians. With a sacramental system involving more services, more visiting, more routine

## *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS II*

than most Protestant churches, St. Margaret's cannot always cooperate in definite plans made to suit other types of Christians. But we always wish them well. We find other Christians, as President Thwing once said of Cleveland, "so pleasant" that we cannot keep away from them. There is, for all, ample common ground on which to work together for the best and biggest. John Wesley, an Anglican until the end, set for all the standard that day he said: "I desire to have a league, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ."

We generally get on with one another. Yet there are here, as elsewhere, good people who sometimes have their feelings hurt, who pick up things which do not belong to them — even slights. Every parish has its frictions. We try to keep ours down to the lowest point. We try to stamp out disaffection at its birth, to snuff out mischief-making before it gets fairly started, to suffer each other gladly even when some of us play the fool, and, as in the synagogue, to seek the wailing place. When I first came here I introduced one innovation — only one. I requested the people to place the blame for anything untoward that occurred, not on one another but on me. I invited them to come, when anyone had a grievance against another, to the rector, to let him be their wailing place. One day the casual remark was overheard: 'Nobody gets any kick out of scrapping at St. Margaret's. The rector always takes the blame.'"

The biographer has been a persistent advocate of the use of active ministers as lecturers on Homiletics at our schools of theology — the students needed a live touch which the academic professor could not impart.\* He increasingly de-

\*See "The Christian Ministry and the Social Order." Charles S. Macfarland. Yale University Press. 1909.

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

plores the weakening of the pastoral sense in our modern ministry. There is a section of Goldsmith's "The Deserted Village"\* which every theological student should stamp upon his memory, and I am recommending *The Better Part* and *Five Years in the Bright Spot in the Bronx*, by Lyman Powell, as text books in theological schools. I wish they might also be in the library of every pastor. They constitute an impressive study in Pastoral Relations.

In this latter narrative, Powell the educator steps into the Bronx. Baptism, the Creeds, the Prayer Book, the Church, and Parish administration are all interpreted and "church behavior" is inculcated. This unusual handbook contains an almost all-inclusive series of prayers to meet the needs of human life and living from youth to "beyond the vale," many of them from the Rector's own devotional books. There is a radio sermon on "The Joy of Living." Two years later, in a similar form, the people have *The House by the Side of the Road, Sermons preached here and there by the Rector*.

No, Bishop Manning did not inter Lyman Powell in the Bronx.

At St. Margaret's the valedictory sermon was preached on February 3, 1935, and its rector passed into "retirement" devoted to activities and objectives both new and old. And could anyone, in the hours of trial and discipline that afterward came, have had a happier retrospect than that of these years of ministry? I think I know how he felt. During my twenty years as an administrator with a world itinerary, how often my wife or I used to say, "Why did we ever leave the pastorate?" And as Lyman Powell and I have been exchanging confidence these summer days, we find ourselves reminiscing in unison.

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\*See page 180

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## CHAPTER SIX

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### *PREACHER OF THE WORD AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS III*

WHILE the reader will have already caught the genius and spirit of Lyman Powell's pastoral service, I will venture my own analysis.

#### LYMAN POWELL'S THEOLOGY

Lyman Powell has not the mind of the systematic theologian, although he gives ample evidence that, with his ever inquiring spirit, he knows the classic theories of sin and the Atonement.

I do not know that one can define Powell's theology. Its range seems too wide to gather into a creed. He does not appear to have attempted any systematization. It is a preaching theology appealing to faith and emotion rather than to the mind. At the same time we find that he was by no means unfamiliar with the accepted theologians. But he was more familiar with the thought of great preachers. In *The Better Part* he again tells why and how he turned from University Extension lecturing to the ministry of the Gospel:

"Samuel D. McConnell gave me a new vision of the Episcopal Church as intrinsically spiritual and also so comprehensive and so hospitable that — as he once said — "she has thriven among Puritans and Quakers, Baptists and Presbyterians, Dutch, Germans and Irish; has taught them all something, and learned something from them all."



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

During the years which have since passed I have never lost a chance to speak and write the mediating word among religious folds of many types. The points of agreement rather than of difference between Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, have arrested my attention and absorbed my interest.

My first real sermon, long before I was ordained, was preached in a Jewish synagogue, where by invitation I was speaking on the spiritual contribution the Jews have made to civilization. In Methodist, Baptist, Congregational and Presbyterian churches, I have sometimes preached, and joined in many a union service. I have sometimes written articles for the magazines and also books in appreciation of such eminent religious leaders as Jonathan Edwards, John Wesley, William Ellery Channing, Horace Bushnell, Phillips Brooks and Mary Baker Eddy.

Presbyterians, who have noted my writing on Jonathan Edwards, have now and then amiably, perhaps facetiously, indicated that they regarded me as a Presbyterian in disguise. On both sides of the ocean, Methodists, after reading my appreciation of John Wesley, in my book entitled "Heavenly Heretics," have made haste to assure me that though in form I may be an Episcopalian, I am at heart a Methodist. My many Unitarian friends now and then remind me that no one could thus write of William Ellery Channing, the founder of the Unitarian movement in America, without going all the way with him.

While I long since learned that argument is unprofitable, now and then I lapse long enough from my habitual attitude to quote Professor Edward S. Drown, of the Cambridge Theological School, who once wrote that: "Channing would, if alive now, find himself more at home in the Episcopal Church than in many of the Unitarian ones."

### *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS III*

At least once I have quoted to my Unitarian friends, over-insistent on claiming me as one of their own, Channing's own words that:

"Jesus was what he claimed to be, and what his followers attested. Nor is this all. Jesus not only was, he is still the Son of God, the Saviour of the World. He exists now; he has entered that heaven to which he always looked forward on earth. With a clear, calm faith, I see him in that state of glory; and I confidently expect at no distant period, to see him face to face."

After my appreciation of Horace Bushnell appeared, first in serial form, the late Dr. George A. Gordon, for many years the foremost Congregational preacher in the land, indicated that he thought it about time I packed my bag and came over to the Congregational pulpit, where he was confident I belonged."

In both Lyman Powell's writings and preaching there is a vein of mysticism. He has already told us of a visit to a European mystic. Again he says\*:

"In the late summer of 1917 it was my rare fortune to be a fellow-guest with Baron von Hügel under the cosmic hospitality of the then Master of Balliol at Oxford. Those were the days when Englishmen were whistling to keep up their courage; when Admiral Sims was predicting that at the increasing rate that summer of alien destruction of Allied tonnage the Central Powers before the end of 1917 would sweep the seas of all resistance; when enemy air raids — much more serious and frequent than newspapers indicated — were turning vast areas of natives and of visitors into insomniacs.

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\*In "The Better Part."

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

Hurriedly, but with the rapt devotion of a mystic and a saint, Baron von Hügel talked to me for hours and hours about the deeper meaning of the world tragedy. It is — he said — a call to personal religion; nothing less than that. If men do not heed the call the world is lost. The Baron minced no words. Never have I known any man who more clearly perceived the emerging essentials of that personal religion which all must have if the world is to come through its present troubles, and all be “better than well.”

Vague impressions, general allegiance, doctrinal assertions appeared to Baron von Hügel of no more consequence than Dame Quickly gave to God when she remarked of the dying Falstaff: “After I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers’ ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and ‘a babbled of green fields. How now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So ‘a cried out — God, God, God! three or four times; now I, to comfort him, bid him ‘a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet.” Dame Quickly spoke for us today as well as for the merrie England Shakespeare loved, when she endeavoured to cheer up the dying Falstaff with words at the expense of God’s essential nature.

When all is going well, more of us adults than would admit agree with Dame Quickly that there is no need to trouble ourselves with thoughts of God. In the classroom, the student with life brightening before him, may doubt with Paul Hutchinson “whether any theistic argument now on the intellectual horizon will fully satisfy the examination of modern man”; or may even assent to John Dewey’s words that “God is the most colourless and indifferent word in the English language.”

The last place in the world for anyone to look for God is

### *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS III*

at the end of a syllogism. No one in his right mind even looks for God at either the beginning or the end of any argument. The very atmosphere which argument creates disturbs one's thinking about God, and jostles one's relationship to things spiritual. Even in my own unimportant life, it is now almost twenty years since, after much hardship, nervous instability, frequent mistakenness in judgment and some unpardonable impatience, I learned to say with truth: I, who am anxious about many things am not anxious about God. While for me life has never been "one grand sweet song," for many years life has usually been free from petty striving, foolish controversy, idle struggling to satisfy ambition's claims, and with few interruptions filled with that "peace of God which passeth all understanding." I know whom I have believed, and nothing else has mattered, save perhaps for the regrettable but passing moment.

Whether youth or old age would venture to rob one of the Divine Comradeship, every man who seeks a "right judgment in all things" finds invariably that, as Maeterlinck once said, "There are in man many more fruitful, more profound, more interesting regions than those of reason and intelligence." Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree spoke for more men well on in years than for himself, when toward the last, he once observed: "The reason old people believe in God is because they have given up believing in anything else, and one cannot exist without faith in something."

What faith is, no one can define with accuracy for anybody else. But faith we all must have, unless we would be stupidly content to trail after the inconsequential hero in Stephen Leacock's "Nonsense Novels," who "mounted his horse and immediately rode rapidly in all directions." Faith keeps us heading somewhere in particular and not riding everywhere in general. Faith saves us from muddling our way from one muddle to a worse. Faith keeps us mindful



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

of the counsel of the wise Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, who observed: "that the one thing worth aiming at is simplicity of heart and life; that one's relations with others should be direct and not diplomatic; that power leaves a bitter taste in the mouth; that meanness, and hardness, and coldness are the unforgivable sins; that conventionality is the mother of dreariness; that pleasure exists not in virtue of material conditions, but in the joyful hearth; that the world is a very interesting and beautiful place; that congenial labour is the secret of happiness; and many other things which seem, as I write them down, to be dull and trite commonplaces, are for me the bright jewels which I have found beside the way."

The way leads on to God. The farmer in faith plants his wheat when autumn comes, confident that the seed will come up in the spring. The girl who leaves her childhood home to go out with a strange man — as every potential husband is — to make a new home for herself and him, shows faith in him she chooses, as well as in her God. The man who puts the savings of a lifetime into a partnership with one he thinks he knows, but knows he knows only as he sees in him the qualities of God himself, is both giving an illuminating illustration of his faith in God, and is also pushing on and on to God.

Always, the way of faith leads on to God because, no matter what we think or do not think of God, He is our All-in-all and "In Him we live, and move, and have our being." For all of us, God is the centre and also the circumference of our everyday existence. Now and then we have our little "try" at getting away from God. Some of us wander off into the far country of ballyhoo and whoopee. We substitute husk for things that satisfy. "Life is just a bowl of cherries" for too many of us. Still we are a bit breathless from hurrying from the second payment on the



### PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS III

radio to the third payment on the costly car we never should have bought at all. We like to go into a huddle and brag about bootlegging and night clubs. Still we make money only to waste it, and not infrequently we stupidly believe with the witless Topsy in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; "Golly, I's so wicked."

Never, however, do we get so far away from God but that when we come back there is the fatted calf awaiting us. Amused indifference toward the cosmos, gestures of contempt flung carelessly at the universe, Mr. Krutch's calm assurance that "ours is a lost cause," and the humanistic suspicion, never more than half-concealed, that we human beings are merely casual phenomena like the phosphorescence glittering at twilight on the sea, all flutter out of sight when the plain woman comes crying out of "Middle-town": "Land's sakes! I don't see how people live at all who don't cheer themselves up by thinkin' of God."

Faith in God is an emerging essential to us every day we live. It is ever coming forth even when we least expect it. Says the Psalmist: "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it. Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." Every little while, when we least expect Him, God emerges out of these depression jitters, as a while ago out of the Great War, and like the once incredulous Thomas we exclaim: "My Lord and my God."

It is many a year since Richard Chenevix Trench was consecrated Archbishop of Dublin, but one present recalls the impression the entire ceremony made on him and the instant quickening of faith which he felt as he looked upon the beau-

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

tiful and saintly face of the new archbishop: "From that one moment" (he recalls) "all things, eternal and unseen, seemed invested for me with a depth of reality they had never had before. Since then I have passed through many experiences of spirit and of heart. I have had flashes of doubt. I have had hopes and fears. But I can truly say that the countenance of Archbishop Trench as I saw it during that one moment of my life, expressing as it did, the deepest devotion and the most perfect realization of the Unseen, and rising, as it does, entirely unbidden before my mental vision, has dispelled doubts, soothed sorrows, sanctified joys, strengthened hope, and calmed fear, by leading me to realize for myself, as nothing else has ever done, the personal existence of that living God, whose power and Spirit were so vividly portrayed before me in that one moment of my life."

Prayer, also, is an emerging essential, because prayer is, and always has been, the direct path to God. No people are on record who have not sometimes prayed. It is still veraciously accurate to sing:

"The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone."

In that quaint museum in Berlin nothing was more interesting than the abounding evidence that men have always prayed from the Stone Age to these days of aluminium. The all but prehistoric mother who finds she cannot nurse her new-born baby instinctively asks God to help her function as a normal mother should. The Bible is the story of the upward march of prayer. In prayer Jacob wrestled all night long until the morning broke. Jesus prayed with every waking breath. Jesus kept the way to God wide open by habitual prayer. Not only did he make prayer the eternal essential to all who follow in his train; but also, leaving nothing to chance, he taught disciples how to pray.

Prayer has long since passed out of the realm of the spec-

### PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS III

tacular. Prayer is an everyday essential. George Meredith counselled his son: "Do not lose the habit of praying." Inclusive as prayer is, prayer is always leading on to a wider knowledge of God, and reconvincing us that prayer is an emerging essential which none of us dare neglect without damage to his inner life."

Passing to the Scriptures: "The Bible is a revelation, uninterrupted from the first page to the last, that as God's Son dwelt in the Man of Nazareth so He dwells today in every man who tries to make the best of life, filling us with that spiritual vitality which makes us irresistible in our war with sin, which saves us from despair when temporarily we lose in any fight, which renews and reinvigorates us for the hearing of the distant triumph song.

Is there any other book which can do as much for us? Is there any other book which has in it such stored up vitality as God pours out of the Bible's pages into human hearts? Is there any other book which can touch moral truth with fire from heaven and man's conscience with that heavenly emotion which establishes our capacity to appropriate the best there is in all the universe? Plato and Marcus Aurelius have their charm for the choice few in every time. Shakespeare and Balzac mirror for a man his inmost self and reveal to him a cross-section of humanity. But none of them, like the Bible, makes appeal to men of every time and every clime. None of them has the power to lift a weak, sinful man up out of his misery and his despair and to convince him that God does care for him, and that life is always worth his living.

None of them can do for a man what the Bible did for the sole survivor of the *Bounty*, whose crew mutinied in 1790, took possession of Pitcairn Island, made it such an orgy of bloodshed and of wickedness that in ten years every man of them except one, was dead of dissipation. And he,

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

John Adams, found a Bible, by mere chance read its pages eagerly, came promptly to himself, turned him home to God, and in the years which followed, through the new power derived from the Bible, made the island a paradise of gentleness and kindness, of virtue and uprightness. That is what the Bible can do for a man. Do you know any other book which can do that for any man? for any group of men?

On his deathbed, old Andrew Jackson whispered: "That book is the Rock on which the Republic rests." In these latter days, Ray Stannard Baker breaks out: "What a book it is!" and John H. Finley says: "We must make it a part of our daily life."

The truth which rings from Genesis to Revelation is the truth which knows no change. It is a constant. It is the Bible's very heart. Criticism simply helps us to determine what the heart of the Bible is by clearing away or setting in the right relationship all incidental questions which the Bible raises by the way. When a man understands the central message, when he finds out for himself that God and man do somehow meet in Jesus Christ, the Bible is for him secure. It is high above all harm. Nothing can sweep it from its place as an emerging essential to higher living.

Each successive age finds its own way to God. Faith, prayer, the Bible have proved to be the way in ages past. The technique of the Quiet Hour, always understood and practised by the "religious," has now become for all essential to personal religion. The Quiet Hour now finds wider welcome because at last it fits into the scheme of things.

No one questions that in all of life's vocations there must be daily training to achieve success. The "track" man through the year does his daily "hike" to keep "fit" for the annual "meet." Staying one summer in the same hotel with Paderewski, a friend of mine found him every day, for many hours a day, practising on the piano in the pavilion at the



### PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS III

foot of the hotel grounds. Edison worked in his laboratory, even on his wedding-day, at the experiments which have at last made the world liveable for us. The artist mixes his paints with brains and also *daily* plies the brush before he qualifies to paint his masterpiece.

Now we understand that to become Christlike we have each day to set aside some time to "practise the presence of God." The responsibility for our daily living cannot be turned over to the minister any more than the track "team" can shift the responsibility for daily exercise to the trainer. Personal religion requires us to keep fit every day, and the Quiet Hour helps. We need more of personal religion back of all denominational differences! A clearer apprehension of the better part."

While not a theologian, Lyman Powell's faith is thus grounded in theology. At three score and ten, he says\* once more partly in different and partly in the same words as the foregoing:

"God and man belong together. "In all their affliction He was afflicted and the angel of his presence saved them: in his love and in his pity He redeemed them; and He bare them and carried them all the days of old."\* Without us God is lost, as we are lost without God. This is true of the worst as well the best of us. There were ninety-nine safe in the shelter of the fold. Surely ninety-nine present out of a total of one hundred was a high average. Business is content with profits from 99/100 of its trade. God, however, wants all that belongs to Him; and all of us do belong to Him.

One missing out of a hundred makes God lonely. In the divine economy even one percent discount is unwelcome.

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\*"The Second Seventy." McRae, Smith Company, 1937.

\*Isaiah 63:9.



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

So will it be with us if, ever so vaguely, we understand the implications of St. Paul's testimony that "in him we live, and move, and have our being."\* Made in God's image, we shall have God's image, we shall have God's point of view toward others made, like us, in His image. To us, therefore, as to God, common people — every one of them — must appear uncommonly desirable. We must love common people every one, as God loves them; with whom in fact God is meticulously careful to keep the world well stocked. With God for our Friend, with common people for our friends, we can never be lonely."

If I were to attempt to classify Powell in theological terms, I should call him a "Ritschlian," with touches of Schleiermacher, even though these two great minds are all too jauntily discredited by the "dialectical" theologians of our day. With them Lyman Powell finds man's relation to God in human experience.

In the earlier days of the current Barthian and dialectical movement, Powell was far from concerned with its outbursts. While many once liberal thinkers had become disillusioned, his mind was not disturbed; he had never shared their illusions. Even World War II did not shake his faith in the possibilities of the divine inherent in human nature.

And if the biographer may once more use his own words on Lyman Powell, I, too, at seventy, wrote these:\* "I ask myself, first, what I should do again as a pastor? So far as I can see, it would be much as before, but to higher degree. I should make even surer that I knew and entered into the life of the children and youth, and deepen the personal touch with the hearts and lives of the people. I sometimes

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\*"Across the Years."

\*Acts 17:28.

### *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS III*

hear ministers speak contemptuously about what they call 'doorbell ringing.' If this means that pastoral contact ought not to be casual and artificial, well and good. I feel sure, however, that I should ring doorbells far more than I ever did. As to preaching, it would be more personal and persuasive, in its appeal to the heart, conscience, affections and emotions, but always with the thought that these need to be guided into human life and service.

"I made a visit recently to a doctor who had been a friend for many years. As we drove about in his community, we passed another physician carrying his medical case, and my friend remarked: 'There goes a man of whom there are altogether too few today. He is one of the oldtime general practitioners. We physicians have so specialized, that we are leaving multitudes of places unserved, in which there can be only one of us.' In the ordinary community the pastor needs to be a general practitioner. I shall never forget my first visit to Bedford, England. I stood with Dr. John Brown, a successor of John Bunyan, before the statue of the great Puritan preacher. 'His eyes were uplifted to Heaven. The best of books is in his hand. The law of truth is written on his lips. The world is behind his back. He stands as if he pleaded with men.' I sometimes feel that we are losing the art of pleading with men; to think of God, to search their own inmost hearts, to judge themselves and to seek Jesus Christ in humility and faith. In the confused thinking of our day, we have failed to keep our eyes uplifted to heaven in the presence of our people; the best of books has lost some of its compulsion. We have missed the landscape, in our critical study of the trees; a hesitantly uttered truth has paralyzed our tongue; and thus our pleading is enfeebled and the new largeness of our human impulse is without power, because of no commensurate sense of certitude. Two things the Christian church and the pulpit of our day and

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

generation need. The one is human love and sympathy. The other is the note of spiritual authority, as we seek to find again the buried talent of pleading with men.

"I do not mean that I should *substitute* personal religion for social Christianity. We must learn to paint our pictures by mixing our colors. If we assume a spiritual authority without a burning fire of human compassion, we become what our master called 'whited sepulchres filled with dead men's bones.' And yet, be that human sympathy ever so profound with passion, and there be no sense of spiritual certainty, we can do little more for our humanity than lift a limp signal of distress with a weak and pallid hand. The deeper man's spiritual experience becomes in the realm of the temporal, the profounder is the earnestness of his interest in the infinite and the eternal, as 'deep calleth unto deep,' in his search for those imperishable verities which are the speech that day unto day uttereth, and the knowledge which is shown forth from night to night. There are some spiritual affirmations of which we may yet say 'Thus saith the Lord.'

"I think it has been made clear that my earlier interest in *systematic* theology is waning somewhat. I find myself becoming more and more a mystic, and an ethical intuitionist. I feel less and less need of the present-day validation of religion by men of science. I am more and more conscious of intangible realities. I have learned to live on memories. When I re-read some of my own books I go back to *The Spirit Christlike*. I walk more and more by faith."

"Yes," said Lyman Powell, when I read these words to him, "put that in the book for both of us. We are both trying to say one and the same thing."

### THE CHURCH

Lyman Powell was a "Churchman" with a capital initial. And, broad as was his conception of the Church for others,

### PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS III

for himself he knew what he meant by the word. He refers to the Protestant Episcopal Church as "The Church," but explains that he does so purely "in conformity to Anglican usage and tradition."

Again we turn to *The Better Part*. While always cherishing his training in a Methodist family and church, he says:

"More and more the Episcopal Church has had for me a charm beyond my power to describe. I like its common worship in which all share, and with the historic Prayer Book before him everyone can take part. No wonder Edmund Clarence Stedman observed of the Prayer Book: "Its wisdom is for ever old and perpetually new. Its calendar celebrates all the seasons of the rolling year; its narrative is of the simplest, the most pathetic, the most rapturous known. There is no malefactor so wretched, no just man so perfect, as not to find his hope, his consolation, his lesson, in this poem of poems." The "Book of Common Prayer" alone would be adequate to give the Church a charm not elsewhere to be found.

I like what scholars call its historicity. There are "men behind the mountains." It is good to live in a well-ordered home which also has a pedigree. To me the Church seems as old as Christianity. "A sower went forth to sow." But he was no fitful sower. His was not a careless hand. Though Jesus never built an organization, he did plant the seed of an organism. The Gospels appear to me to bear a churchly stamp. Jesus chose and trained, organized and commissioned a little group to carry on under the guidance which he promised of God's spirit after he was gone. Variations there have been in all the ages since. Much that is truly apostolic has been at times abandoned, and the Church in consequence has paid the price. "Church history," says Doctor Glover,



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

"is not pretty reading, but the leaven keeps working." Periods of upheaval and reformation there have been, when in sackcloth and in ashes the devout have bitterly repented them of their forgetfulness of apostolic truths. Heresies and schisms, even in these days, now and then break out. But taking the long last look down the ages, the Church has generally kept the path of peace and purity and power; and today as in the days of Cyprian and Augustine, the Church is still

"Blessed City, heavenly Salem,  
Vision dear of peace and love."

I like also the organization of the Church. Even though it does not function as often as we wish it would with full efficiency, nevertheless the Church does adhere to an authority centralized. It does develop a democracy localized. Every parish is a microcosm of the Church at large; and with the adjustment and the readjustment ever taking place, the centrality of the Church grows clearer, while the people's rights are legally and spiritually conserved.

I like, too, the doctrinal inclusiveness of the Church. There is room here for all sorts of Christians, ranging from the near Methodist to the near Romanist. We have our little differences, and big. We get too much into the papers; and some of our church papers allow too much space for controversy. But many think we need a safety-valve. At least a heresy trial is almost as extinct as a pterodactyl. And Richard Hooker's wise counsel given some three hundred years ago is still for all Episcopalians who will have it so the guiding principle: "In essentials unity; in non-essentials liberty; in all things, charity."

Our sacramental system appeals to me. Obeying the words of Jesus. "This do in remembrance of me," I know no agency more spiritually useful than the Holy Communion received in the early morning before the wear and



### *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS III*

tear of another day of worldliness has a chance to come upon us. In fact the larger doctrines of the Church derive much of their significance from our sacramental view of life. Whatever be the final word concerning the relationship of mind and matter, Christians now generally believe that God is Spirit, that God is All-in-all, that in Him, as St. Paul says, "we live, and move, and have our being"; and as Professor Kirtley F. Mather of Harvard recently observed in one of our Boston churches: "Scientists are more and more coming not only to acknowledge the existence of spiritual forces, but to give all phenomena a spiritual interpretation."

The Church does seem to me the extension of the Incarnation of Christ Jesus. "Lo, I am with you alway" were his very words. He bade us follow in his train using to the utmost the means of grace provided for us and our salvation from what St. Paul called the "carnal mind," which is still tempting us to sell our spiritual birthright for a mess of material pottage. All this, too, lends charm ineffable to the Church I love.

But with such ample background and with such inspiring historic customs in our worship, there is room for growth in understanding. Nobody knows it all. Jesus said to his disciples: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." I accept his words in all their literalness. I add to them the specific pledge Jesus gave: "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth." Deeper and deeper, I believe, we are led into the way of truth; and all along the way we may learn a little here, a little there — if we keep the open mind.

When Jesus emphasized the Fatherhood of God the modern Christian family was as yet unknown. Of Christian motherhood men in the days of Jesus had but little notion. Now that we have reached a time when biology admits woman to an equal place with man in the perpetuation of

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

the species and pedagogy makes her specially responsible for the proper training of our future citizens, it does no damage to the Fatherhood of God, as preached by Jesus, to think of God also in terms of Motherhood. Parenthood in heaven as on earth is big enough to include Father and Mother too.

Says Mary Burt Messer: "The maternal attribute of the divine is thus advanced in connexion with the paternal attribute — not as in the poetic overtones of Virgin worship, but with the living potencies of an operative truth."

The Church is also profiting by a larger understanding of the healing movement, which is nothing more than a return to both apostolic teaching and apostolic practice."

But we have a somewhat more ecclesiastical treatment of the subject prepared and published in 1910 while Dr. Powell was pastor at Northampton, on *The Credentials of the Church*. It was intended in part for Confirmation classes. In the preface we read: "The issue between Low Church and High is not now acute. The contribution of Broad Churchmanship to the interpretation of the Scriptures and to the enlarging conception of the Church's mission can no longer be denied. The contribution of the Catholic party to the enrichment of the service of the Church and to the establishment of the Church idea on a sound sacramental basis is now evident to all who keep informed about the trend of things." He begins with "The Charm of the Church," and says: "I became a Churchman because I ceased to believe that it does not matter which church one is in and that one church is as good as another. I came into the Episcopal Church and her Priesthood because I was persuaded that she has claims found nowhere else on the confidence of men and that the proper presentation of those

### PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS III

claims is adequate to win men everywhere to our conception of the Church of Christ."

Contrary to most modern scholars, Dr. Powell believes that Jesus lodged in the minds of those about Him a conception of the Church as a living organism and even "hinted" at the Episcopal order of "Bishops, Priests and Deacons," at the same time admitting that it is difficult to find that order clearly demarcated before the third century.

The Rector of a Parish "has an authority not claimed or exercised outside the Church" and "all lines of spiritual usefulness" must "radiate from him." No policy may be initiated without his *approval* (not just consent). The safeguards against abuse of this authority lie in the election of Wardens and Vestrymen by the people. The Rector himself is Prophet, Priest and President. Thus the government of the Protestant Episcopal Church is fully explained.

"The Church" doctrines get their significance from her "sacramental view of life." Jesus, however, did not make St. Peter the "foundation" of his church, according to Dr. Powell's study of the Gospels.

"The Church's Creeds" are historically interpreted. The Apostle's and Nicene Creeds are the bases, but "fixedness of interpretation is not of the essence of the creeds."

"We of the Church on whom the twentieth century has dawned hold to the Creeds in a large sense welcoming the light which scholarship sheds from time to time upon them, repeating them with reverence each Sunday, holding to the facts which lie behind them and to which they bear witness, agreeing with that man who wrote, 'The old Creeds are nothing to us except so far as they answer the heart's desire.' " But the (Protestant Episcopal) Church should hold these two historical Creeds to the end, however they may be interpreted. The Apostles and Nicene Creeds "picture Jesus Christ so standing midway between God and man" sharing

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

the experience of each. While Rector Powell's spirit is broad and free, he accepts and teaches the orthodox doctrines of the preexistence of Christ and the Virgin Birth.

The Prayer Book is interpreted in similar vein. Jesus initiated it when he gave the disciples the Lord's Prayer.

While Dr. Powell says nothing specific about Apostolic Succession, he appears to accept that theory of "The Church," but without giving it any interpretation. Lyman Powell is a "Churchman" in the large, of the Phillips Brooks' type. On one occasion, to my knowledge, when a lay reader criticized him for not using the archaic pronunciation in the use of the Prayer Book, he was severely admonished. The lay reader had no right to criticize a Priest on his priestly duties. First and last Lyman Powell is a "Churchman."

From another unpublished manuscript we again get a view of this churchmanship from another angle:

"Lunching one day in London with Beatrice Webb, the conversation drifted to the Church. She said, as I recall her words: 'Of course, I do not believe in the teachings of the Church, though the former Bishop of London was one of our best friends and I was brought up in the Church. I go regularly to service because I believe that everybody ought to hold some kind of spiritual metaphysic and it seems to me the Church furnishes the best there is. My only objection to the service is that it is in English and not in Latin for I should like it to be as historic as possible.'

Dr. Brinton a few years ago dispelled the common notion that some primitive peoples had been found without a religious instinct. He says there is no well authenticated instance.

Combining the testimony of these two remarkable people it would seem as though the things for which the Christian Church stands are constants and not variables in human life,



### *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS III*

and that, therefore, everybody ought to be interested in the Church. My own ideal, after much experimentation, insists on the historic. Everybody knows more than anybody in the deeper things of life. This statement, of course, is open to question, but not, I think, if one has reference to the fundamental human experiences. The lack of church unity in this age of organization is abnormally expensive and the eloquent plea I once heard made by a clergyman that "all clergymen are like hack drivers at a station trying to induce incoming passengers to take their vehicle" seemed when I first heard it, and still seems, vulgar.

Where the deepest interests of life are concerned there ought to be some kind of common worship. The sense of human brotherhood, the blended voice of rich and poor, old and young, wise and simple, statesman and clown, should have a hearing. Prayers should be lyrical and historical and only a Phillips Brooks on a certain great occasion at Harvard can prove an exception to the rule and completely satisfy this longing of the human heart. The Church should have, after all these centuries of experiment, a model government, centralized authority and localized democracy. The sacramental point of view naturally should have place in the making of the Church because life is essentially sacramental and it is only as the spirit makes good use of the body that life is worthy the living. Much ink has been needlessly spilled in proving the divinity of Jesus Christ. Nobody can define divinity and nobody can extricate Jesus Christ from the divine life of these centuries past. This is not theological language, and it does not need to be.

After all, the test men always will apply to the Christian Church is the pragmatic test of service. Whatever fold one may be in, the wish for unity must find expression. The Church must reckon with it.



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

'This thought of God stands crystallized below  
Amid earth's swirl of darkness and despair,  
A cloistered masonry of constant prayer.' "

Lyman Powell was also a real "Churchman" in his conception of ordered administration. The two printed handbooks to which reference has been made indicate that his churches were organized, for instruction, inspiration and above all for service, both to the constituency of the church and to the community. In a volume which I wrote in 1933,\* I referred to St. Margaret's as having gone a long way in revealing the possibility of making a Protestant Episcopal Church "an house of prayer for all people," and Dr. Albert Shaw, in *The Review of Reviews* described it as a "common denominator for people whose religion bears many labels." The entire administration of the church was clearly directed to these ends as "Rector, Deaconess and people" tried to do what they could in a "radically cosmic, boisterously adolescent, and noisily incomplete region of New York."

While undoubtedly Dr. Powell held to the idea of "Faith and Order" as essential to true Church unity if not indeed to true Christian Unity, he warmly accepted, as a stage on its road, Christian and ecclesiastical cooperation as exemplified in The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Here he parted from his one-time predecessor in the pastorate, later his Bishop, and always his intimate friend, William T. Manning. He openly advocated Episcopal membership in the Federal Council and practiced church cooperation many years before his Church reached this vision and view.

In his own pastorate he pursued a policy of friendly and fraternal relationship with his fellow ministers in Protestant

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\*"Christian Unity in Practice and Prophecy." The Macmillan Company.

### PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS III

denominations, at times I expect, stretching the rules of *The Church* to the utmost limits and reached to Roman Catholic and Jewish fraternity whenever opportunity offered. It was in this interest that when the ill-fated Inter-church World Movement arose after the first World War, he rendered service on its staff for a time.

Was he a High Churchman or a Low Churchman? I should say neither, although it might better be said that he was at one and the same time High Churchman and Broad Churchman. But one never needs to classify Powell. In all things he was in a class by himself and as with all such geniuses, it is a waste of time to discuss his seeming contradictions.

To all his brethren in any and all ministries, he has been a brother beloved, whether with Roman Priest, Jewish Rabbi or Congregational Minister.

#### PASTOR AND HEALER OF SOULS

While always an educator and as such always the preacher, Lyman Powell is, it has always seemed to me, at his best as a pastor, to learned and unlearned, to rich and poor, to cultured and uncultured, to successful and unsuccessful, to children, to youth, to middle life and to old age. At a time when he estimates his parish calls at a hundred a month, he again says:\*

“It was the coldest night of a very cold winter when the rector was called out of bed to go miles up the Bronx to the sick-bed of a parishioner. All a doctor could do, said the anxious husband, had been done. Over the telephone, the doctor assured me he was “through.” With the influenza epidemic raging, every hospital was already over-full. My midnight effort to gain for her admission to a hospital failed. Pleurisy had followed grippe. Save for a rare cat-nap, the

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\* In “The Better Part”

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

patient had not slept, the husband said, for a whole week, and then had suddenly gone blind.

Sitting by the bedside, the rector leisurely spoke the spiritual words which led to relaxation and the quiet mind. He read the Scriptural passages and prayed the familiar prayers which bring inner peace. In God's name, repeatedly he assured her that sleep would come, and blindness go. At two o'clock he went out into the frosty night, leaving the patient sound asleep. The next morning he was happy to hear over the telephone the husband's joyous word that sight had returned; and now after many years of good health, it would appear, returned to stay. If ministers would cease controversy about matters of small, or no, consequence and be busy doing God's will with the faith, which Jesus promised would bring greater results than came to Him, the world would the more quickly accept Edna St. Vincent Millay's stout statement: "The Church of God is not a candle. Blow on."

There have been some "years of the locust." A good man, not conventionally religious, came to me when the country was in the throes of a presidential campaign, dejected by a business failure, sadly saying he had lost his "nerve and health." Being no habitual church attendant, the usual church ministrations could scarcely be suggested to him at the start. The mention of them might have put up a barrier between us which would bring an abrupt end to the confidence he had shown by coming to me.

And man to man, I listened — listened long to his long story. Carefully refraining from offering advice, I turned his thoughts toward faith and confidence. The response to my friendliness, irradiated as I trust it was with faith, sent him away with peace in his heart and somewhat expectant of a better day to come. Almost of his own accord he turned to his Bible, found God's way to prayer, and later wrote me out

### PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS III

of a full heart the following homely but honest lines which I shall always treasure:

"I pray that I may have a grateful heart  
For all the blessings that are sent to me;  
That Thou wilt always fill my soul with praise,  
And that my heart from envy may be free.  
What if my neighbour has a greater share  
Of this world's riches or of earthly fame,  
I only ask for a contented heart,  
That I may daily praise Thy holy name."

The matter with that good man was not any business disaster; it was the temporary loss of his morale. God used me, as God uses anyone who lets himself be used, to discover for himself that the Lord "lifteth up all those that are down."

Back to business my new friend soon went, with a Vash Young optimism. He had got what he later pictured to me as "his second wind." But he had got something else besides; a confidence in God as All-in-all, helping him in business as well as in the Church, to which he finally became attached.

Lacking many other virtues, I have rarely lacked in faith. Nothing has ever permanently taken faith away from me."

Lyman's service went deeper than that of pastoral visitation. In his student days, when assisting Dr. Osler in the writing of *The Practice of Medicine* he had found that this physician and scientist had a "larger faith in what some now call the spirit's dominion over the body." Here as we have seen, began Powell's interest, first in the Emmanuel Movement and also in Christian Science. In *The Better Part* we have a revealing glimpse of him as a healer of souls. Ray Stannard Baker, in *The American Magazine* in 1910, said: "I visited one of Dr. Powell's patients who was afflicted with a malignant internal growth and often suffered the



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

most excruciating pain. She had been more or less bed-ridden for years and had taken all sorts of medicine for relief. Dr. Powell has been treating her now for many months, not promising a cure but merely freedom from suffering. The pain instantly disappears under his treatment so that the patient rests in perfect comfort or is even able to get up and walk. In four or five days, however, the pain returns and Dr. Powell gives another treatment. This summer a remarkable thing happened. Dr. Powell was away on his vacation for several weeks and during a part of the time the woman suffered acutely, but on the day she heard that Dr. Powell was returning so great was her faith in his power to bring relief that the pain stopped before he arrived. He is thus able to make the life of a suffering woman comfortable and even happy where it was formerly wholly miserable."

Drunkards and hard drinkers were among the "patients." Others were the "queer" people. In all his pastoral service Lyman Powell added letter-writing to people in need — and his friends, including the writer, know something of his art in thoughtful correspondence. Above all he says "the minister must be human," that his people may not hold their breath at his approach. We ministers must know that "we are not saints." At St. Margaret's "we generally get on with one another." Above all "religion must be personal to be religion at all."

But, whether at St. Margaret's or any other parish, the communicants must have a national and world view, including that of missions: "Personal religion is religion which one instinctively gives away." Hence Powell followed sympathetically the Laymen's Foreign Mission Inquiry which aroused so much controversy and in his analysis he voices a judgment on the approach to the mission field: "Denominationalism will not win the world to Christ. It has had its



### PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS III

chance, and in part failed. Denominationalism as such has too much to explain to those of world religions for the denominational-minded missionary to get a hearing for the Christ he preaches. Denominationalism at heart is too competition-minded, too money-minded, too membership-minded."

"Never ought any fold to have permitted Pearl S. Buck to slip out of its missionary group. She may not be conservative in her theology. She may not even pronounce Shibboleth to satisfy all sects. She may bear few marks of denominational affiliation. But her every word discloses a genius for Christian friendship and a loyalty to her Christ."

#### PREACHER OF THE WORD

When fond congregations speak of their pastors they are apt to say either, "He is a fine *pastor*," or "He is a great preacher." Many if not most ministers are apt to be just one or the other. Lyman Powell sought to be both. An examination of several of his manuscripts reveals careful preparation. He read his sermons until his wife took a hand, after which he either spoke extempore or used notes only.

I have seen some of these notes. They are confined to one page, so that they may lie on the pulpit and need not be handled. The outlines of the sermon are there in such form as to readily yield the substance through a glance of the eye. There are popular touches even in sermons that reach to the depths of the mind. For the most part, however, they are directed to the heart.

We also get some idea of Powell as a preacher from *The Better Part*:

"Rethinking our religion, enriching our understanding of religion, widening our outlook of religion requires us to personalize our religion. We have to make it ours. Religion never becomes religion until it becomes personal. For per-

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

sonal religion no substitute is possible. Religious speculations never lastingly allure. Argument convinces none who need convincing.

How we accomplish such a necessary but extremely arduous task always makes an interesting story which everybody wants to hear. Whether we tell it from the pulpit or the soapbox, we shall have an eager and responsive congregation, an audience keen and sympathetic. Personal religion is invariably good news, and people want good news. Everywhere, and always, men have cared to hear the true story of a personal religion. Nor is it longer necessary to report the conventional and traditional. In recent years men have found religion for themselves who never knew before, or once knowing had long ceased to believe, that there was a personal religion for anyone to find.

The final justification of the Church must be sought in its power to develop personal religion. If the Church in these uncertain days scores even moderate success in the development of the life of God in the soul of man, its general usefulness will go unchallenged; its members will invariably be found on the right side of every public question. They will cease to get rich at the expense of the unprivileged. They will completely recover from the American itch to get money without making it. All the consideration which the Church deserves for its admitted usefulness the world outside the Church will give with gladness and with gratitude.

Across the ministerial desk comes floating every day the call to preach almost everything except the good news which Christ Jesus brought. Ministers are solicited to talk learnedly about public movements which in these days of the daily paper in every home and the radio at every ear, many of their people understand as well as they.

Dragooned into taking sides in political issues concern-

### *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS III*

ing which there may be room for honest difference of opinion, what ministers say may now and then have value; but what they say is rarely news; it is too often only controversy. What people come to church to find is inspiration and power to live the life of God within. If they live it within, they will express it without in their family, their social and their political relations. Their voting then will match their preaching. They will not retag themselves by every new name which comes to their attention. They will stay where they belong. But they will give a large spiritual meaning to what they have.

Sometimes it seems as though the minister were on the verge of becoming the unpaid agent of the curious for fact-finding and fact-reporting, as though the preaching of good news were to be held up until we determine precisely how much we know about the relatively unimportant and then report our inadequacy to those who have no right to know the little which we know.

Those who value churches simply because they create a wholesome atmosphere, or make a community more worth living in, or render their loyal members somewhat immune against the worst of sins, need always to remember that, whenever these things are true of any church, it is because back of them there has been somewhere in the past a vivid personal religion, as in the early days of Methodism, which fired the imagination and energized the will."

#### THE OUTLOOK ON HUMAN SOCIETY

This is perhaps the point at which we may consider Powell's view on the human society whose life he touched at so many points, although these touches could just as well be included in our portrait of Powell the educator. Once more we find stray observations whose particular purpose is

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

not clear, but which were evidently put down during his days as a pastor.

"Much of the discussion of recent years has revolved around the question of the family. The problems concerned have not been faced, perhaps, as bravely in this country as in Europe. To be sure, the reports of Chicago and Pittsburgh and Dr. Flexner's investigations in Europe have shed much light where there was darkness before on the pathology of the subject. The writings of Ellen Key, Havelock Ellis, H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw and a score of others are forcing on American as well as European attention the dynamic character of family life in many sections. The *Mutterschutz Bund*, whatever its membership, has more followers than is ordinarily believed.

It has taken centuries to lift woman from the position of creature to that of companion of man. This is a mere truism of Sociology. But if you talk, as I have, with some of the leading personalities of this country and Europe who have studied the certain effect of the war, even if it were ended now, on woman, you would shudder at the prospect. I do not know whether Mrs. Havelock Ellis spoke more than an individual opinion when she said that "Polygamy will not be a result of the slaughter of men in Europe today, for the simple reason that polygamy already exists \* \* \* because it is mixed with deceit, luxury, cruelty and self-pleasure." Undoubtedly, the so-called Woman Movement has its perils for the family as well as its freedom for the individual. The time may come when women may fancy that they will or will not bring forth fodder for cannons, but there are certain racial exigencies and indeterminate national pressure already felt in Europe pushing woman down from her exalted position to that of a mere breeder.

There can be no real marriage where friendship and love

### *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS III*

are not mingled. It is the special mission of this country to keep woman, as Europe cannot, above man rather than to degrade her to a position below man. The real fact in evidence can be briefly stated. The protoplasmic experience considered from Henry Drummond's point of view is the ideal toward which men and women of America will aim. There will always be shocks to conventionality. Regularity may easily become unreality. Propinquity has its place, but the total of instances in which propinquity has been helped along not merely by moonlight, shady walks and shimmering lakes, but also by the conscious or unconscious influence of older people, is much larger than most people believe. Not as many marriages are made in Heaven as was once believed, nor, on the other hand, are they made in the lower regions of the Calvinistic past. The normal boy has toward the normal girl — except perhaps his sister — a unique attitude. No amount of writing on the subject will ever change this fact. Even those who like to extenuate what they call 'boyish pranks' with the words that 'boys will be boys' stand aghast at the impossible possibility that girls will be girls; and so long as the average man takes this point of view, so long will there be in the attitude of men a little element of devotion toward the other sex. I have had many a man confess to me his life experiences and they almost all admit that they cannot remember the time when they were not in love with some girl. To be sure, the girl in actuality was not always the girl of their dreams, and the man who has not made a fool of himself over girls of his fancy who might not have reality is not a real man. I hear a friend who differs radically from me on this subject protesting that men ought always to recognize that while there is a difference in sex girls have their faults as truly as boys. But I am sure that all the talk about there being for a man but one woman in the world in the development of boyhood into manhood



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

misses the mark. Every normal boy has his dream sweetheart and he tries to find her in many a girl along the way of life. Lucky is he if the dream becomes even measurably an actuality. But the fact remains the same, — that the psychological and biological process of the coming together of man and woman in marriage is practically identical except for those rare instances where there is morbidness or infirmity or some other unmentionable obstacle.

I write thus frankly because, being a firm believer in the equality of men and women, I am sure the day is not far distant when, without sacrifice of idealization, men will come to a better understanding of women in general and of the woman to whom they are particularly drawn by those unknown circumstances or inexpressible attractions which lead up to the family life.

But there is an element of amusement in it all; for no matter how efficient women may become in the management of homes through the study of Biology, Domestic Science and other subjects which are claiming an increasingly large place in the curricula of women's colleges, the day dawns for every married couple when no matter how real the love may be and how it may be strengthened by parenthood, the management of the family income — in which, of course, women have the same rights as men — the necessity of making a living and of living together, the problems which arise when the cook serves notice — or goes without this slight consideration which is observed by some, the discovery that men and women are human beings, as well as man and wife and that it is only in the give and take of personal relationship that happiness is possible — all throw the light of practical sense on the action of that husband who after the honeymoon had unhappily passed its full dropped back to the bad habit of reading the morning paper instead of making love to his wife, only to find his wife dissolved in tears and to be accused

### *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS III*

of ceasing to love her and of satisfying his conscience with the sage remark, after he had given the usual morning greeting overlooked for once, 'Of course I love you as much as ever; now let me read my paper.' "

As one follows Lyman Powell's life through its many pathways he appears to have emulated the Apostle Paul: "I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." No human interest was foreign to him. All human beings came within the circumference of his sympathetic heart.

While, as has appeared, Dr. Powell preached to the heart, the imagination and the affections, rather than to the intellect, and sought to be persuasive rather than to be philosophically authoritative, a reader of his books finds him at home with the great thinkers of the ages and of his own day. And his quotations indicate that he followed — or declined to follow — the trends of his time. In this respect he was a liberal with reservations. And above all he sought to meet the more human needs of his people. His sermons at Northampton were not all suitable for the Bronx in New York.

As a preacher Dr. Powell was characterized by an evangelistic fervor expressed in his voice, which had a wide range, from soft quiet persuasion to an exhortation sometimes rather stentorian. He was always in dead earnest. He could voice indignation. Members of his congregations tell me that he preached with a sense of his authority as the messenger of God and Christ, as perhaps he sought to exemplify the poet's characterization:

"Though meek and patient as a sheathed sword,  
Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong  
To human kind; though peace be on his tongue,  
Gentleness in his heart — can earth afford  
Such genuine state, preeminence so free,

*LYMAN PIERSON POWELL*

As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,  
He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand;  
Conjures, implores, and labours all he can  
For re-subjecting to divine command  
The stubborn spirit of rebellious man?" \*

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\* "Pastoral Character" William Wordsworth.

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

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### *PREACHER OF THE WORD AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS — IV*

I HAD “retired,” or rather reverted to an avocation in 1931, and was contentedly pursuing it, mostly in my study. But I kept on hearing from the Bronx and St. Margaret’s where my friend was still going strong. One day word came that Lyman Powell was coming back to be my neighbor again in Mountain Lakes — I suddenly remembered that the next year would bring us to three score and ten, — I had almost forgotten it. Our paths would again be merged. We have been going along together ever since, looking now towards “the second eighty,” as we share our recollections and our experiences and do such work as failing strength permits.

Alas, how many ministers we have known who ended a once great life and ministry with a tragic anti-climax because they did not know when or how to retire; And how often it has been because they had developed no avocation to which they might turn!

#### THE PAINS OF RETIREMENT AND THE JOY A NEW BIRTH

Lyman Powell had spent the last ten years of his “first seventy” as pastor and preacher. Retirements from other fields had come gradually and transitionally. In his charming volume, *The Second Seventy*, he tells his story. He describes this narrative as “the modest effort of a man writing this word on his seventieth birthday, in the first stage of

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

voluntary retirement, to create for his readers the atmosphere of retirement and to suggest some of the conditions which must be intelligently, cheerfully, and courageously faced that usefulness and happiness may continue in the Second Seventy." He "hopes that this little book may help some to escape the dreaded inferiority complex of later years, to pass from their First to their Second Seventy with serenity and confidence." I commend this story to all ministers between 65 and 70.

"It was Sunday morning, February 3, 1935. The people he had for years been shepherding were at church to listen to the last sermon of a rector, leaving them, — not to shepherd any other flock, but to accept the retirement permitted ministers of his church approaching their seventieth year.

Why retire? There was no compulsion. No gong sounded to call time on him. Health was not failing. If the arteries were hardening, he had no reason to suspect it. No circulatory changes were indicated. None of the ailments which weaken and cripple appeared to be his. The eyesight was not dim. The voice was not cracking. Not even rheumatism has annoyed or handicapped him. There was no abatement of buoyancy, no lessening of resiliency, no diminution of enthusiasm.

Not for years had he lost more than a Sunday from his pulpit on account of illness. He was speaking more than ever, far as well as near, without sacrifice of parish routine or neglect of that parish calling on which in a long and happy ministry he had specialized. He was feeling "swell," to quote Frank A. Vanderlip, concerning his own withdrawal from the headship of the National City Bank. Like Lucrezia Bori, taking leave on March 29, 1936, of Metropolitan Opera after twenty-six years of service, he too could say: "I want to finish while I am still at my best."



## *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS IV*

As though in confirmation of his own impression, one friend with unusual knowledge and special right to speak, wrote him on receiving the news of his resignation, "The spirit of youth has certainly not been absent from the parish under your rectorship."

But it is when all is well in a parish and the rector is enjoying his work among the people whom he loves that, on the arrival of the allowable retiring age, he puts on his thinking cap. There is something to be said in favor of retiring before people begin to pity the parson, or to make allowances, or to spare him from routine, or to shield him from those hardships which he is pledged as a good soldier to endure, or to observe, as in the story of the Oxford don who gave no thought to retirement at the retiring age, that he had all the Christian virtues except resignation.

There is something to be said about the claims of the young men coming on. With ten million persons beyond the age of sixty in 1930 and by 1960 perhaps twice as many expected to pass sixty, young men may be somewhat concerned about their chance for usefulness unless there be a generally recognized retirement age in more fields of human activity than today. Possibly it was, at least in part, the forethought that the future of young men should be kept in mind by their elders which caused Mark Hopkins, as at the age of seventy he resigned the Presidency of Williams College, to remark: "I retire that it may not be asked why I do not retire." On April 5, 1936, coming up to sixty-five, after almost a quarter of a century as the distinguished Rector of St. George's Church in New York City, Dr. Karl Reiland announced his approaching retirement with the discerning observation: "In this age younger men are being summoned to leadership more and more and the Church needs young men who see visions rather than old men with their dreams."

The widening usefulness, often to the credit of older men

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

young in spirit and mature in wisdom, may widen more than ever under a more youthful touch, and also prove self-perpetuating. The sacrifice hits, which life brings us all a chance to make as years go by, may be to our credit as well as helpful to the larger cause for which we may have tried to do our best in our day and generation. From none do sacrifice hits come with better grace than from the captain of the team who ought to know better than anyone else when the hour strikes to make his sacrifice hit, even though it be the supreme sacrifice of giving way to a new captain.

No better word can be said of a rector who has gone than that he left his people of a mind to carry on without lost motion, to rally to the standard of his successor, and in every way possible to make it easier for him to attach to the parish some whom his predecessor had not reached.

In the ministry there may be circumstances — there often are — when retirement on the meager pension, or on none at all, provided by the fold he represents, is not practicable. One, in consequence, has literally to die in the harness. There is, in many a case, nothing else to do. All right-minded people understand this, though deploring the inherent necessity in many a fold of what at best is now regrettable.

But if there is any choice, if there is some economic freedom, if there is possibly incidental income from an avocation or inheritance, is it best to stick on and on, till however youthful one's heart may feel the signs of slipping, one by one, emerge in sight of others; the body visibly begins to register the on-coming of the years; ceases to appear "streamlined" and becomes a "used car"; young people prove more difficult to interest or to hold; duty loses some of the aroma of spontaneity; the terminal facilities, both in public speech and private conversation, are not what once they were; and those who love us best may become embarrassingly solicit-

## *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS IV*

ous about our health, or overkeen to save us steps, or bid us watch our step as we take to the icy street to pay a few more parish calls before the day is done?

If we die in the harness, what chance have we to "see all"? We need to live all we can of life in order to see life, to understand it, to enjoy it. We need to make the most of every stage of life as it comes along. We must no more allow ourselves to be cheated of advancing years than of childhood, youth, or middle age. Life, if we are to know it, can no more be truncated at the end than at the beginning.

There are books we meant to read, but we never found the time. There are letters, too, which we always intended to write, but which we never did.

There were friends with whom we long ago intended to talk out matters of mutual interest and deep moment. But they were busy and we were busy. Of home too, we were always getting ready to make more.

For those who try with many hardships to "see all, nor be afraid," the later years may have distinction, even charm. Things ill as well as good we may observe with a more discerning and objective eye. Changes of opinion taking place around us with increasing rapidity no longer upset or alarm us. The Second Seventy may be a vacation time.

If we elect to die in the harness, we may miss the last of life, for which the first was made. When retirement comes, it ought to be spontaneous, natural, a matter of course, the next step forward. The ties of affection can be overstrained. Absence does not always make the heart grow fonder. No man is all there is of him. Friends help make a man what he is and build themselves into his personality. One must, therefore, try to keep old friends while he is making new ones.

One must not cast regretful glances back. One must not squander energy in moulting. Peace of mind is a thing too

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

precious and desirable to be disrupted. Wherever he may go, one must take serenity with him; one must carry on the peace that passeth knowledge. Man need not be so lonely in retirement. He may have friends enough if into the Second Seventy he brings that habit of making friends which stood him in good stead in the First Seventy.

With us, too, God will be all through our Second Seventy. He has to be. God always needs us, whether old or young, as we need Him. God and man belong together. The time can never come when this will not be true. God is never through with us, nor we with God. Into each other's most intimate experiences God and man enter on terms which God Himself predetermines. We must love common people every one, as God loves them; with whom in fact God is meticulously careful to keep the world well stocked. With God for our Friend, with common people for our friends, we can never be lonely.

Old age is no more to be taken lying down than youth. Courage and fortitude are necessary in every stage of life.

By the time we reach the Second Seventy, we too may learn the secret of life's ups and downs. All along the line the word ought early to be passed that it is the part of wisdom in plotting life's curve to allow for the rhythmic periodicity of the ups and downs, to discount in advance the tax they make on us, and to be neither unduly elated by the ups nor deeply depressed by the downs. We must forget the petty annoyances that come to all. We must never recognize a slight."

Next "Being In" is described:

"We are expected without relinquishing resiliency to develop reticence, serenity, dignity, authority, seasoned maturity and freedom from personality. We need no exhortation to let pretense go. We should also drop discontent. Self-

## *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS IV*

seeking is never worth while. Fear, too, we should let go. Fear brings misery. It spoils the disposition. It makes us cross, ugly, difficult to live with.

Along with fear we should have done also with meager-mindedness. No man has inner wealth till he is through with pretense, discontent, worry, self-seeking, fear, meager-mindedness, and other excess baggage too costly and too worthless to carry. The thing most worth while is interest in people. Appreciation keeps us looking for the best in others and keeps them looking for the best in us, — and in themselves.

We can all find happiness in thinking happiness, in talking up happiness, in taking it to others, in looking for it in them. Appreciation is the open door to happiness. It is the winning card in life's complex game. It makes a fine art out of love.

The Second Seventy is the season for enthusiasm to flower out in full. The vicissitudes and vagaries of inexperience are at an end. As the years slip by, we should accept our limitations as a matter of course.

Of all the work which life sets for us to do, to none is it more essential to bring intelligence than to spiritual work. To get results in the most important field of human endeavor most people are content merely to drift. Or else they live on catch words, or on fitful experiences, or on a one-time "conversion," perhaps long ago, — like the profane soldier who, on being rebuked by his officer and asked whether he had had no religious bringing-up, replied in some dismay: "I was converted thirty years ago, and I never can forget it."

Whatever name we give to God, we must have, as years go by, a working faith in Him. Proof of God's existence is sought increasingly in experience. "I accept Him," said Earl Barnes, "for the same reason that I accept belief in



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

myself or in objective existence." His friend and biographer, Edward Howard Griggs, inquires: "Who can look upon the stars and not believe in God? Who can watch the unfolding of human hearts, the struggle and sacrifice of man through the ages, and not believe in the eternity of what is deepest in the soul of man?"

The Second Seventy brings us more time than ever for the reading of the Bible. Prayer grows simpler with the years. It begins in petition. God has a stake in its thus beginning. He is our Father. He wants to hear our baby talk before our grown-up language. He is on record: "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." Inexperience wants prayer answered as inexperience desires. God gives us what we need, not what we unintelligently want. It is a memorable day in our prayer life when we become grown up and echo the mature reflection of Sir Wilfred Grenfell facing seventy-two: "His answers I never venture to criticize. It is only my part to ask. It is entirely His to give or withhold as He knows best. If it were otherwise I would not dare to pray at all."

Who can forget the day when he realized that he was grown up, that in consequence his true relationship with God was no longer perpendicular but horizontal and that with Jacob at Peniel he at last could say: "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved." Henceforth he walks and talks with God, he shares God's secrets with Him, and prayer merges more and more into meditation and mingles with soliloquy.

How understanding old Richard Baxter was when he observed: "In our meditations, to intermix soliloquy and prayer, sometimes speaking to our own hearts, and sometimes to God, is, I apprehend, the highest step to which we can advance in this heavenly work. Nor should we imagine it will be as well to take up with prayer alone, and

#### *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS IV*

lay aside meditation; for they are distinct duties, and must both of them be performed. We need one as well as the other, and therefore shall wrong ourselves by neglecting either. Besides, the mixture of them, like music, will be more engaging, as the one serves to put life into the other. And our speaking to ourselves in meditation should go before our speaking to God in prayer . . . Speaking to the God of Heaven in prayer is a weightier duty than most are aware of."

Nor is prayer any easier now than it was three hundred years ago in Richard Baxter's day; for the late Bishop Slatery out of the richness of his own prayer life, wrote: "Prayer is exceedingly hard work. It is not, as the vain ones suppose, merely words, or merely thoughts, or merely contemplations."

These little doors are but entrances to an absorbing work. Prayer is the ruthless breaking-down of selfishness; it is stiff climbing; it is rising into the majesty of the life of God. Prayer means all that a man has, all that he is, all that he hopes to be; it means his whole heart. Prayer asks everything, but it gives the all-in-all.

The Christian in any Seventy of life always tests himself by the one question: What would Christ Jesus have me do? To none is the Easter message in all fulness gladder than to those in the Second Seventy who, unhurried and unfretting, move steadily along toward

"The last of life, for which the first was made."

We pass on to "Looking out":

"But what of those in the Second Seventy whose hands are getting shaky, whose steps falter, whose eyesight is not what it was, whose hearing calls for a "speak louder, please?" Planned consideration of the problem of the aged and their proper care is now at hand. It is high time.

The aging members of the family must be encouraged

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

to keep up their interest in things in general, and also in the particulars around them. One day the clear call comes to all of us to follow sunset and evening star. To me the end does not look so black and so forbidding. The world will give to most of us, when we are through, the praise of its forgetting. Things will go on just the same.

As our knowledge of it increases, the Second Seventy may, like the First Seventy, be for many of us a time of action. With mind and soul, if not with body, there may be things to do until the end. But with more serenity and more skill, we shall more easily let go the things not worth our while, and lay hold of the things in doing which we shall be happier and more useful.

There is also time at last to get better acquainted with God. The mysticism at the heart of everyone may now express itself in aspiration, meditation, adoration. We can wake each morning into God's presence. We can walk unhurried with Him through the day. We can listen to His loving admonition in the cool of the evening. We can fall asleep in Him. Aging men are now ceasing to be regarded as roadside relics in the way of progress and are taking on the look of lighted torches along God's highway, to light us on and up until the end."

Dr. Powell begins his Second Seventy with "A Program":

"To live wisely and well at any stage of life one must have a program, carefully chosen, planned with high intelligence, and followed with scrupulous fidelity. Any program for the aging is bound at best to be sketchy and fragmentary. Though there is no break between threescore years and threescore years and ten, the Second Seventy may be regarded as another starting point in life; a new period in which to gather up loose ends, to mend bad breaks, to heal old hurts, to strengthen existing friendships, to make new friends.

## PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS IV

The high spots in such a program are growing more conspicuous as new light streams on them.

1. *The persistence of the sense of personal responsibility.*
2. *The duty to keep well.*
3. *Maintenance of the mental life.*

Never let the brain grow lazy.

4. *The claims of friendship.*
5. *The habit of usefulness.*

In later years ambition can be made to stay put in life's smaller corner.

However far along a man or woman may be, yet with reasonable health, almost every waking hour may be spent in helpful service. A shining, beautiful, disciplined old age tempered by the fine art of loving is a noblesse oblige to those who come after. And such an old age practises the presence of God and prays on until the end: O Lord, let my eyes always see, though they be blind. Let my ears always hear, though they be deaf. Let my mind always comprehend, though it does forget. Let my love never fail or even falter, no matter what neglect or indifference may be my portion at the last."

And in this mood Lyman Powell retired, returned to Mountain Lakes where he had previously lived during an intermittent period of lecturing. I have elected to tell this story in the chapter devoted to Lyman Powell's ministry, because it was in that ministry that he reached the high points and in which ended the first seventy and began the second. While during this latter period other avocations were pursued, Lyman Powell is thought of among us in this little Borough, as a spiritual influence and guide. He followed his own advice. His ministry, Sunday by Sunday, enlarged to many pulpits and congregations. He wanted to

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

continue it into the eighties if he could. I recall an occasion when he had a slight illness. Would I please ask my son James, a newspaper man, to see that it did not get into the papers — the churches might think he was not able to preach. For several years, the supplying of pulpits often necessitated early rising and long rides to distant shrines. Cessation did not come until the illness of his companion and his own failing strength combined to mark the last milestone in more than thirty years as preacher of the word and physician of souls.

In his Lyman Beecher lectures on "The Cure of Souls" John Watson (Ian Maclaren) said, "What the ideal pastor sees in every member of his congregation is . . . a soul that is given him by Christ." "His people are ever in the pastor's heart." "He claims identity with them in their joy and sorrow and endless vicissitudes of life."

"Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And ev'n his failings leaned to Virtue's side;  
But in his duty prompt, at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.  
Even children followed with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile."\*

Such I think was Lyman Powell's pastorate. These combined thirty years in the ministry should be the choicest and most enduring memories of his life, and he may rejoice and say, in the evening hour of life:

"Not heaven itself upon the past has power;

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\* "The Deserted Village." Oliver Goldsmith.



## *PREACHER AND PHYSICIAN OF SOULS IV*

But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.”\*

As William T. Manning, his Bishop for ten years, has said, his characteristics have been “spiritual earnestness, keen intellectual ability” and “friendliness toward all men.”

In 1927 an ornate bronze gate was presented to the Lansdowne church. It bears the following inscription:

Gateway to St. John's.

To the Glory of God and in Loving Tribute to

Lyman P. Powell, D. D.

1898 — Rector — 1903

“Whose Work Is Fit to Survive in the Memory of Man.”

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\*Dryden: “Imitation of Horace”

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## CHAPTER EIGHT

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### *INTERPRETER OF LIFE, MEN AND MOVEMENTS*

WE found Lyman Powell beginning his career as a writer in his boyhood, when he wrote editorials for a local newspaper. He gives the reason for the cessation of this engagement in a narrative which forecasts his later life. He says: "In editorializing on questions of the time, I came to an issue with the Editor (who was supposed to write the editorials, but only really set the type) when I tried to deal from the moral point of view with a political question. He was very kind to a boy just learning to write, but he hinted that if he were to publish my moral treatment of a political question it would reduce the subscriptions of his county newspaper — with no subscribers to spare — and so we parted the best of friends. To show that he had no illwill toward me, he presented me at Christmas time with a cigar case, which became a huge joke in the family, because I was not allowed by a good Methodist mother to smoke, and my only experience on the sly a few years before had made me so deathly sick that I did not want to smoke. In consequence, I used the cigar case to keep notes of my reading."

At Johns Hopkins University there is also a Bibliography of Powell's writings up to 1901 indicating a remarkable productiveness during and shortly following his student days, which would have done credit to many a writer in years of maturity. There is an article on "The English, Dutch and Spanish Explorers" in the *Home Study Circles* in 1900; on

## INTERPRÊTER OF LIFE, MEN AND MOVEMENTS

"The American Economic Association" in the *Chautauquan* in 1902; on "University Extension" in the *Christian Union* and another on the same subject in the *Congregationalist* the next year and a series of "Studies from Life" in the *Sunday School Times* from 1894-1901.

Whether as preacher, writer, lecturer, traveller or student, Lyman Powell appears always to have had his pen poised. It may be to give a sermon a wider congregation or a lecture an ampler audience. Some new movement appears which calls for popular interpretation. Or it may be just an ideology or an idea. He meets some man or woman of distinction, often on his own initiative. An historic event of either past or present is studied in order to understand its meaning and significance. Human problems become the subject of analysis. Institutions are worthy of being better known and often of being promoted. Contemporary influences on human life are evaluated. Above all, Democracy needed to be better known and better understood by the people. Powell's own individual interests, tastes, and undertakings, especially his personal experiences, have large places in these categories. The amplitude in variety of his literary productiveness is almost amazing and yet at times it bears the marks of patient study. He prefers to write on movements and people of his own liking and, characteristically, is ready to commend and slow to condemn or even criticize. His aim as a writer is to be constructive.

Under these impulsions there has appeared, from college days and through his retirement a steady flow of magazine articles, pamphlets, editorials, and reviews in which are edited and coordinated the thoughts of many men and finally a "five-foot shelf" of books. There are few years in which his name does not appear in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*. To describe or even select from this literary output is not easy. All of the subjects have popular

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

interest, none is trivial and for the most part they appear to be part and parcel of their writer's broad conception of University Extension, the thread of which runs through all his public service, even to his column in a weekly rural newspaper, several years after his "retirement." One mark of Lyman Powell's versatility was his way of using many channels for conveying what he had to say on nearly all his subjects and therefore this review of his contributions to literature will of necessity involve some repetition in order to follow him as he wields his pen and present an ample picture of this segment of his service.

### "THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS"

Personal and professional relations have often synchronized. Among lifelong closest friends has been Albert Shaw, long editor of *The Review of Reviews*. Throughout almost the entire life of this magazine, — the best of its kind that we have ever had, — Lyman Powell contributed constantly. Dr. Shaw writes: "During my long period as an editor in New York, Powell was one of a handful of men who were so close in our councils that he might have been regarded as an advisory member of the staff."

We may perhaps best get the flow of mind and interest by a description of a few of the contributions to *The Review of Reviews*. The first is in the issue of October, 1893. In that year, Powell at 26 had been a lecturer for the University Extension Society, Associate Director of the University Extension meeting and a staff lecturer on history for the Philadelphia University Extension Society, vocations which preceded his decision to study for the ministry. This article is entitled "The Renaissance of the Historical Pilgrimage." Young Powell finds that, since the Civil War, there had been a growth of skepticism as to the perfectness of our institutions and an apathy dangerous to Democracy. He gives an account

## *INTERPRETER OF LIFE, MEN AND MOVEMENTS*

of increased and more critical study in the colleges and universities induced by the Centennial of 1876.

An almost impassioned plea is made for the revival and rationalizing of "The Pilgrimage." The historical picture will "stir the imagination," vivify a too monotonous existence, quicken "interest in an historic past" and give "an explanation of a fruitful present." The writer's knowledge of history and geography is striking. He cites in vivid style examples of past and current pilgrimages and describes recent visits in Philadelphia, to Civil War battlefields and to Valley Forge.

Defining the place of the Pilgrimage in University Extension the proposal is made of a nation-wide program, announcing the itinerary for 1894 and its sponsor asks "Why may not the Historical Pilgrimage become a permanent educational factor?" This article bears the marks of the personal travel guide and equally the temperament of the born promoter. Evidently in the interest of this course in University Extension we have, in February 1901: "Washington and Lincoln: A Comparative Study," revealing both a range of historical knowledge and colorful imagination in bringing out the hidden elements in the characters of these two great figures.

Passing to 1909 we find our subject in the pastorate of the college-associated church at Northampton, Massachusetts. In the May number of that year, he becomes the interpreter, the promoter and the practitioner of a very different movement. In this issue there are three articles on "The Emmanuel Movement," the forerunner of the modern psychopathic clinic. One is a case-record, another gives a physician's point of view and Powell's contribution describes and evaluates the movement itself. He finds The Emmanuel Movement already clearly defined in the public mind. It is "adequately furnished with a psychological terminology as scien-



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

tific as either religion or medicine." He is still the student, now on the relation between medical and mental and spiritual therapeutics. Always the historian, he gives the story of The Emmanuel Movement and of Elwood Worcestêr and Samuel McComb, its founders. The analyzation is keen and clear. Again the prophetic promoter, — "the Emmanuel idea is sure to be of steadily increasing service in the reinstatement of the minister in the position of authority which he once held in the community."

Next the preacher — describing and deploring the decadence of pastoral work; "the minister, in his professional capacity is no more welcome by the sickbed than he is in the drawing room." Under The Emmanuel Movement "the minister of Jesus Christ will come into his own again and act and speak 'as one having authority and not as the Scribes.'" The time is seen when men and women will "bring their spiritual and moral troubles to the minister with the same confidence with which they bring their bodily ills to the physician, and speak as frankly to the one as to the other," a prophecy which is being measurably fulfilled today.

In September, 1917, the outlook changes. The writer is now President of Hobart College and we find him describing and evaluating the work of "The Colleges in War Time." We get a suggestion of painstaking and laborious preparation; this article is based on correspondence with one hundred university and college presidents. The great influx to the higher institutions of learning which followed the war is foreseen and preparation for it is earnestly urged.

In 1919, our interpreter is interested in proclaiming the possibilities of another movement, this time of the churches. Just as people are doing now, so in the First World War, they talked about the wonderfully good things to come after the war. During war-time, in the very nature of the case, the churches worked together on the situation created by an

## INTERPRETER OF LIFE, MEN AND MOVEMENTS

emergency. Leaders of the Protestant bodies, more particularly those responsible for missionary budgets have in 1919 organized the Interchurch World Movement. While the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America had been steadily uniting the church bodies in service, both nationally and in communities, its evolution was not satisfying to those leaders who were promotionally-minded.

Powell, in *The Review of Reviews* of June, commends the movement, in which as we have learned, he himself rendered valuable service. He sets forth the ideals correctly, likewise the methods. The war had taught that military strategy and movement had a lesson for the churches. The findings report of one of the great conferences "placed the movement on a sound basis." All this was true of the preamble and the service program. But Powell hits one secret of the disaster caused by this movement when he says that "nobody seemed worried about the financial campaign," "nobody worried about the cost," "the best is the cheapest." We suspect that he did not know of the reckless financing of the promoters, which brought about the collapse of the venture, else he would not have prophesied that the movement "is out to win" and that "it will" win. Later, in one of his volumes,\* he discovered the main causes of failure, — it was "an artificial tie-up."

Powell is often at his best in his idealistic characterization of his associates, friends and notable personalities. In the issue of October, 1919, he records his visit with Cardinal Mercier, following which he had just completed about seven hundred addresses over the nation giving Belgium a special place in his appeals for European relief. This article appeared at an opportune time, when the great Cardinal

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\* "The Human Touch."

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

was holding conferences on the reunion of the churches. In the January, 1920, number he introduces Charles Cestre of France for an article on the United States Labor Situation. In March 1921, Bishop William T. Manning is portrayed with no half-way praise and appreciation.

Long interested in a study of mental phenomena and their possible relationship to spiritual therapeutics, Dr. Powell carefully examined the claims and *modus operandi* of theories about mental dominion over body and environment. In December 1922, we find him writing an estimate of Coué in whose philosophy he perceives "a strong and smiling goodness." He analyzed the auto-suggestion of Coué as based on Bergson's distinction between intelligence and intuition, and speaking from his own conviction that body, mind and spirit are a unity, opines that Coué will do good to humanity, as the latest follower of Socrates: "there is no cure from the body apart from the soul."

Widely differing subjects appear from time to time, including a characterization of Calvin Coolidge when he became a candidate for the Vice-Presidency in which several rather imaginative touches of color are given to this enigmatic subject. We may content ourselves with but two more contributions shortly preceding Dr. Powell's retirement. In 1933, he heads one "Are the Churches Downhearted?" He believes they ought not to be and that they are not, as he both reviews and prophesies the progress of religion. In October, 1934, we have: "A Clergyman Looks in on Russia," describing one of the pilgrimages conducted by Sherwood Eddy, of which Dr. and Mrs. Powell were members. On Germany he got about the same indefinite judgment as did most visitors in the early days of National Socialism. Passing on to Russia and its life: "the supreme interest of Russia is found in the care of children." Dr. Powell finds Russia so rapidly "developing a real human brotherhood under the

## INTERPRETER OF LIFE, MEN AND MOVEMENTS

name of social justice that we Christian nations may one day find ourselves obliged to learn anew at Russia's feet the deeper meaning of the social teaching of Jesus." When we learn that "we shall be qualified to bring to Russia the message of the God whom we call love." While, characteristically, Lyman Powell in 1934 saw Russia's best far better than he saw her worst, there are suggestions in his analysis which appear today to have been prophetic.

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The Powell public constituency was reached through a sufficient variety of avenues to inform many classes or types of readers. *Good Housekeeping* carries information to its large following on such subjects as: "Acute Problem for Parents," "Literature of Friendship," "Religious Influences of College Life," "Spiritual Engineer," "Spiritual Unrest," "Widening of Religion." For several years such articles appeared monthly. Other channels to the public mind were *The Sunday School Times*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Outlook* and *The Atlantic*.

As late as March, 1936, we find a return to interest in mental therapeutics. In *The American Magazine* there is a long unsigned article entitled "Dr. Alexis Carrel Believes We Can Read Each Other's Thoughts," a penetrating analysis of the man, his ideas, his work and his volume, *Man the Unknown*. Thus, at seventy, Dr. Powell contributes an analytical exposition, in which, as always, he reveals his own mode of thinking in such words as these describing the book: "The underlying thought is that human beings today suffer, not from lack of knowledge, but from lack of a device for using the knowledge we possess." He seems to find truth in Carrel's characterization of regenerate man as "not interested in medicine." He "ignores physicians."

There is ample evidence in this periodical literature that the channels are thoughtfully selected, first to reach the



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

largest constituency, second to secure publication by coordinating the subject with the nature of the magazine, and third to further the ideals of University Extension by providing a widely varied curriculum. The fundamental concept was that of the popular adult education to which all his life Dr. Powell has been a source of inspiration and production. And perhaps it might also be added that his keen business sense in adapting the subject to the periodical should have insured financial results such as his biographer has never been able to approach. Not infrequently the substance of a magazine article appears in a later pamphlet or a book, or in both.

Local constituencies were not neglected. At some time during his pastorate in Northampton, Massachusetts, *The Hampshire Gazette* published a homily on "The Wholesome Cure of Sleeplessness," later circulated in pamphlet form. In other localities weekly preachments appeared in the local papers, sometimes running to five hundred words. During his retirement, editorials of an informational, instructive and generally of a homiletic nature appeared each week in local papers.

In 1903 we have "Six Sermons on Sin," reprinted from *The Progress* of Darby, Pa., during the pastorate at Lansdowne.

Wherever he found something which caught his interest he set his pen at work, especially on issues which were the subjects of discussion and criticism, and on which, however judicial his treatment, he generally took sides and more generally defended the institution or idea under attack. We have an example during his Northampton pastorate, in a booklet: *Religion, in our Colleges and Universities*. In this instance the objective attitude is maintained in a study which contents itself with a description of the influences making for religion rather than either an attack or a defense



## INTERPRETER OF LIFE, MEN AND MOVEMENTS

on the then prevalent charge that the colleges were becoming irreligious or non-religious. If any avenue to the public eye and ear was overlooked it would be hard to think of it. Often the substance of an article appeared in two or more papers, at dates or localities far enough apart to insure publication and often adapted to some contemporary event as a starting point.

We get light on how Lyman Powell got that way by some references in his volume *The Human Touch*. His human touch was evidently not just fortuitous or accidental. As we have seen, it was Herbert Adams at Johns Hopkins who discovered Powell's talent and set him to work as a rewriter. He got style from Herbert Spencer. From that time on, in one way or another, he became associated with a chain of editors and writers including Albert Shaw, Talcott Williams, William T. Stead in London, Silas McBee, Edward Bok, S. S. McClure, Glenn Frank, and William Bigelow, not to mention a host of others, including, in recent years Arthur Stringer in Mountain Lakes. We have found him visiting, as opportunity offered, such men and women as Hezekiah Butterworth, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Edward Everett Hale who introduced him to Oliver Wendell Holmes, Louise Chandler Moulton, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Jacob Riis, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, George Perry Morris, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, James Bryce, and Willa Cather.

### THE FIVE FOOT SHELF

While Dr. Powell's books are referred to and quoted in other parts of our story, some of them call for a review in this chapter, — that is so far as copies of the books are obtainable. Powell appears to have been a bit unconcerned about their preservation and did not always retain a copy for himself or for posterity and even the second hand book stores appear to have disposed of their stocks.

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

In variety his books follow the lines of his magazine articles. Indeed he had a marvellous skill in getting his University Extension across to varying constituencies.

### STUDIES IN SPIRITUAL THERAPEUTICS

*The Art of Natural Sleep\** in 1908 is the evolution of a pamphlet previously referred to. He tells us that the latter "was written in the middle of a sleepless night." Powell himself "had found relief by auto-suggestion from the life-long bondage of insomnia and had thereby doubled" his "capacity both for work and play." Here again we witness a capacity for research. He had evidently read widely on the subject. "Neurasthenia is now our national disease." He dismisses the theories that are "both bewildering and absurd." Sleep is the resting time of consciousness. Drugs are to be discarded. After a description of physical measures for relief we are told that the main reliance is on faith in God and man. Man must be right with both God and his fellow men. Men must cast their care on God. Become serene in this faith!

It is to be noted that Dr. Powell's so-called auto-suggestion was really the practice of resting in full faith in God's care; it was far from the mental suggestion of Coué.

Interest in the study of mental therapeutics to determine whether or not the theories of various proponents contained any divine truths or relationship to spiritual healing, which began with his work with Osler while a student, became, as we have seen, a life-long pursuit, which culminated in his conclusions about Christian Science and its founder, Mary Baker Eddy, in the biography, *Mary Baker Eddy — A Life Size Portrait*.

In 1909 appeared *The Emmanuel Movement in a New England Town*, a principle and case study of his own work

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\*G. P. Putnam's Sons.

## *INTERPRETER OF LIFE, MEN AND MOVEMENTS*

in Northampton, dealing mainly with neurasthenia, psychasthenia and alcoholism. He describes the book as "a systematic account of experiments and reflections designed to determine the proper relationship between the minister and the doctor in the light of modern needs." It is the third in a trilogy, the first having been a critique of Christian Science, and the second the treatise on the art of sleeping. This study is revelatory of its writer's own experience at Northampton in dealing with "nervous functional disorders." He had evidently read widely on medicine as well as on psychology. He believes that people can have the "healing Christ" as well as the Christ of the pulpit, and he has sought to bring that Christ to them, or better lead them to that Christ. In a parish of twelve hundred souls he had established a clinic and he gives many case histories. The technique is as follows: "to endeavor to make the patient one with God," and to strengthen his faith in mental therapeutics. Here again, we find Dr. Powell attempting to practice mental therapeutics from the standpoint of man being ever in the care of God. His declarations about man were not mere statements of hopes but were words founded in his faith in the Supreme Being.

Psychasthenia was a prevalent symptom whose treatment is described. Alcoholism is treated "by suggestion re-inforced by faith." Patients panic-stricken at the thought of surgical operations are relieved of their fears. The soul doctor believes that "we can have, if we will, a new birth of health and become 'a new creature in Christ Jesus.'" The clinic becomes a "confessional" and must have the safeguards of such. Throughout this volume Christian Science is sympathetically, but guardedly referred to.

In these and in all his other writings on mental therapeutics, as well as those later on Christian Science, Powell is urging the Christian Church not to follow "the unhappy

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

custom . . . in history too often to allow the new movement to escape from it and turn into a sect or cult." Unless the Church and ministry understand the implications of the Emmanuel Movement "another great idea in religion may be turned over to schismatics and the millions now outside the Church who in one cult or another hold to the idea that the mind spiritualized finds its sacramental symbolism in a more wholesome body may stay outside the Church and furnish Christian Science, with its efficient organization, the incentive as well as the opportunity to become, pruned of its negations and vagaries, the Methodism of the twentieth Century." In this protracted sentence we have the thought-out, far-seeing constructive factor in Powell's sometimes mystifying homilies on the subject.

Whether or not his fears rather than his prophecies may be fulfilled we may not yet be sure. But there is ample evidence that these admonitions were heeded in many quarters, even though the national bodies of the churches have paid but slight attention to them.

In 1930, after a prolonged and intimate study of Christian Science, Dr. Powell wrote a biography of Mary Baker Eddy, its Founder. In this he no longer sees Christian Science as a cult with "negations and vagaries" but as a Christian Church of great promise, commenting that "God has a good and great work for Christian Science in this land."

Lyman Powell's interpretation of life, men and movements, given to the world in clear, convincing writing and lectures has had no little influence upon religious thought. Powell has been a great liberal — a pioneering pathfinder in religion.

### HEAVENLY HERETICS

*Heavenly Heretics*\* published in the same year consists

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\*G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1909.



## INTERPRETER OF LIFE, MEN AND MOVEMENTS

of sermons at Northampton which had appeared weekly in *The Hampshire Gazette*. The selection of men reflects Powell's scope of thought and interest. The descriptive pictures of them are full of color and their views are analyzed in an attempted simplicity which frequently failed. Jonathan Edwards reached his conception of human nature "at the end of a syllogism which started with a misconception of things and pursued a way as tortuous as it was faultless to an end impossible." "Pushed to its own proper end the logic of metaphysics sometimes runs foul of the logic of events and pays for its presumption by leading off into a *cul de sac*."

John Wesley is regarded as partly to blame for the separation of the Methodists from the Church of England, which he never intended or expected. "The loss was mutual and very great. The Mother Church lost some of the enthusiasm, the emotionalism, the conscious experience, the unfeigned piety for which Methodism stands. And Methodism lost in part the ethical strenuousness, the broad likeability, the wholesome reasonableness and the true Catholicity which have in the main been characteristic of the Church of England."

William Ellery Channing gave the preacher the opportunity of explaining to his hearers the middle ground between the extremes of Unitarianism and Orthodoxy.

In a sermon which must have taxed the mentality of his Northampton congregation, Horace Bushnell was put in his historical place. Bushnell's books are interpreted. "He turned out theological books . . . too rapidly." Bushnell is deficient in his thinking but nevertheless, "in the crucible of a highly spiritualized intellect all the truths that came his way were fused together into a perfect unity which makes Bushnellism a precise and lasting fact in the history of theology."

The preacher's words on Phillips Brooks are almost a



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

panegyric, especially in a stirring description of the trial of Brooks for heresy. In his emphases Powell reveals the tendencies of his own thinking. Brooks was evidently a major influence in Powell's homiletics. The catholicity of the latter is brought out in his view that "the theology of the Anglican and the Methodist is practically the same" — one of the rather sweeping kind of statements to which its writer became habituated — he never liked to say half-way things, and he loved to synchronize and harmonize as much as he did to analyze, and more than he did to criticize.

### THE HUMAN TOUCH

Lyman Powell's versatility as a writer perhaps appears at its best in *The Human Touch*, a series of flashes on his life, his experiences, his friends and his associates. The machinery is not bothered with; dates and details are matters of no concern. Just the pictures are given in technicolor and are at times kaleidoscopic. The book is appropriately titled; everywhere is the human touch which has characterized its writer in all his varied avocations. While we have already quoted from this volume, it seems worth while to give its over-all picture, even at the risk of repetition.

First we have animated scenes from the young Powell's college and university life at Dickinson and Johns Hopkins, with side-lights on professors and students, the latter including Albert Shaw, Woodrow Wilson and Newton D. Baker. Wilson, strangely enough, was "the most human of us all." In his later relation with Wilson he "had reason to believe he was still human." But one may ask, Who could ever be otherwise with Lyman Powell? Other figures appear: Herbert B. Adams who not only taught his students history, but inspired Powell to write history with such compelling enthusiasm that he began a graduate thesis before receiving his B. A.

The young student, then in his early twenties, had begun

## INTERPRETER OF LIFE, MEN AND MOVEMENTS

his editorial career by assisting Adams in editing various studies. He developed what came to be a lifelong tendency, that of finding his way to contact and association with great figures in our national and world life. The author's work with Dr. Osler is graphically described.

Powell not only commenced to write, but to assimilate great ideas, chief among them University Extension. So off he went for a while to the University of Wisconsin with Richard T. Ely. Later, as Fellow at the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania he pursued this goal. The "human touch" continued with great university leaders as he sought new lecturers to join him. As a lecturer Powell added pictures on the screen.

We have, back in college days, the young student beginning his career as an interpreter of new movements through magazines, in which early encouragement came from Talcott Williams, Richard Harding Davis and Hamilton W. Mabie, the latter opening up the way to *The Outlook*.

There are illuminating touches on his relations with one after another, Edward T. Devine, Hilaire Belloc, Edward A. Ross and Theodore Roosevelt. He is engaged for the once outstanding *Review of Reviews* by his Johns Hopkins associate, Albert Shaw. Others are Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charles Dudley Warner, Hezekiah Butterworth, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Edward Everett Hale, Edwin D. Mead, Henry George, Daniel Frohman, and George Haven Putnam. And to his amazement, this biographer finds himself intruded among this cluster of stars — such was Lyman Powell's human touch with his personal friends. In elevating them to distinction, he had a long and ample reach. Many of these high lights appeared in the conduct of his historical pilgrimages, in furtherance of his great conception of university and educational extension. From them the

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

Lyman Powell of coming days was drawing his inspiration to greater things.

Then the scene changes and this wide human touch appears as Business Ethics and Economics are taught by our subject at New York University through both the lecture and picture method. We have a few slides on his life as college president, with more personal touches on associations and friendships; John H. Finley, President Marion Burton of Smith College who became the subject of a descriptive magazine article, and President Charles F. Thwing. Then the acts change and we are overseas among English educators; Prebendary Carlyle, Lady Paget, Baron Friedrich von Hügel, and Ambassador Walter H. Page at the Court of St. James. We are led across the Channel to Belgium, to Brand Whitlock and Cardinal Mercier. Letters are sent to editors describing Belgium's need and urging help. An inscribed photograph comes from King Albert and another from the Cardinal. In France, Charles Cestre, Marshal Joffre, James Hazen Hyde and Lowell Thomas appear.

And all to what purpose and result? First education; about fifty institutions in America furnish support for 129 French young women in academic residence during the ensuing years. Back home again a report is presented to the Association of American Colleges and Powell is made chairman of a War-Time Education Committee.

The screen next pictures the early post-war years, the drives for funds in behalf of the colleges, in several of which he was adviser. The ill-fated Interchurch World Movement and its failure are analyzed.

In the midst of these transitions Powell again believes he has discovered his *métier*: "the creation with the voice and pen of such public understanding of our schools and camps as would best help them to get the best support." *The Cosmopolitan* becomes the medium, later *The Century*. The

## *INTERPRETER OF LIFE, MEN AND MOVEMENTS*

educational service of great corporations is evaluated. School advertising is lifted to a higher plane, as parents are advised in the placing of their children.

Just as we are getting interested in Powell as a promoter of good schools he switches us back to his days as a pastor, his conception of religion and of the Church. He throws new pictures in the canvas of Samuel D. McConnell, Bishop O. W. Whitaker, William T. Manning, Calvin Coolidge and Bishop McVicker. As a pastor " 'just doing things for people' " had "dogged" his "conscience." We see him in the Philadelphia Divinity School, and in his church at Ambler "over Joe Angeny's drug store," calling one Christmas Day on every member of the flock. After a church building is erected, follows the elevation to Lansdowne, and marriage to a Wellesley graduate. The rectorate in Lansdowne was "hard and happy." Here once more within six months the movement for a new building was launched, "every penny" to be in hand "before the corner-stone was laid." Mrs. Powell "kept open house" to receive gifts and "at noon on the last day all the money was in the bank." No wonder the church-buider was later called to be a professor of Business Ethics in New York University.

We are next taken to Northampton, a college congregation, and a church in which the Church Club numbered 250 Smith College girls learning "how to do everything about a church." Here the branch of The Emmanuel Movement was established in order that it might be "unnecessary for people to go outside the Church for any kind of spiritual aid."

As visitors and visiting preachers, came men and women whose names adorn our national and church history. Calvin Coolidge was a neighbor whose "light was steady but not brilliant." Once more the financier, the church loans its rector to Smith College for three weeks to help President



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

Burton raise an endowment fund. Of his people he says "They gave me love and much forbearance. I gave them love and service."

The path from the Church to the Stage is generally thought to be a long one. Not so with Powell. We are next transported to the realm of actors and actresses. In his teens, Powell had played young Marlowe in "She Stoops to Conquer." His later touches with men and women of the playhouse include the variety usual to him: Forbes Robertson, George M. Cohan, David Bispham, Lucille La Verne, Lurette Taylor and Ellen Terry, who visited the president's house at Hobart College, wanted to be called "Ellen" and calls the president "my dear boy." A racy account is inserted of Powell's experience at Johns Hopkins as a "supe" for Edwin Booth in "Macbeth." He had sat at the banquet table with the great actor, whose performance is vividly and realistically described. A picture of Mrs. Powell and Ellen Terry in the drawing room adds a personal touch to Powell and the Stage..

"A Chain of Editors" begins with the author's editorial writing, in his teens, for the local paper in Delaware. Follows a long line of those with whom our editorialist became associated. *The Human Touch* closes with the author's conception of "The Writing Game." Writers are visited: Frank Sanborn, Thomas Bailey Aldrich with whom "a glorious morning" was spent in Boston, Edward Everett Hale who introduces the visitor to Oliver Wendell Holmes. A morning is spent with Louise Chandler Moulton. Others in this Who's Who are Clement Shorter, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Jacob Riis. Again in England Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Lunch is enjoyed with Sidney and Beatrice Webb, and James Bryce takes time out to hear a report from Albert Shaw and Woodrow Wilson.

Back to Northampton we are introduced to Josephine



## INTERPRETER OF LIFE, MEN AND MOVEMENTS

Dodge Daskam, Charles Downer Hazen, Bliss Carman, Gerald Stanley Lee, and George W. Cable. Then elsewhere to Willa Cather and finally Arthur Stringer, Powell's neighbor and mine at Mountain Lakes. Interspersed we have the author's estimate of authors and books and a description of his own literary technique in these words:

"The secret is to write things that interest in an interesting style. Peter B. Kyne told a young writer in my presence that he could do a short story in 6 or 8 hours. But he had in mind the mere mechanics. He grows his stories. He appears to know well before when he is going to have a book, and those two girls in "Never the Twain Shall Meet" did seem to "fuss" him. Good writing is not "dashed off," — more than once. One single page editorial was growing in my mind for several months. I commandeered the criticism of experts far and near. One man left his useful work to come down to New York and criticize. The thing was never finished till a journey to and fro of five days had been made, and a single word procured from the one who could furnish it. In the editorial I am now writing I have sought ideas from ninety experts. It pays.

I have no set habits. Never do I depend like some of the aesthetes on darkened rooms, or the aroma of apples over-ripe. My kingdom comes not by observation. Sometimes while an article or book is taking shape in me I feel—as was once said of George E. Vincent in the preparation of a speech — "like a bear with a sore head." Sometimes I "set and think." Sometimes I only "set." But I have always been an omnivorous reader. In the Delaware village where I was born I ransacked every garret for *Godey's Lady's Book* and *Graham's Magazine*, for *Jack Harkaway* and Patent Office Reports. "Why don't you play like other boys?" — said "Ike Watson's wife," as she shoved me out of her attic one

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

sultry summer day. When an idea or sentence comes pushing up out of nowhere I make a note of it, night or day, wherever I may be. That fat stranger in the Subway who found me using his back for a writing pad will never like me. But then he will never know who misappropriated his corpulence. The best book — so the reviewers say — which I have ever written was produced between 8 and 12 at night in exactly six months. The first book in the patriotic series Mrs. Powell and I prepared — largely through her initiative and cooperation — was finished in six weeks, and in one state alone went to a sale of 100,000 copies.

One must have a nose for news in any writing for the larger public. When Harold Bolce was preparing his magazine articles on "Blasting at the Rock of Ages," to describe the religious life in our colleges and universities, he wrote to many academic folk for information. Most of them either gave no heed or were unresponsive. He wrote to me. I saw great possibilities in his plan. It was potential news. I answered every question. I invited him to visit me. When his articles appeared, my own work was overestimated in them, and other work far more important was not given full consideration. He had not had the help from others needed to give him true perspective. I kept his good will, and in *Good Housekeeping*, and finally in a book, I checked up on him. I have never been the last to "get on the bandwagon." When the youthful Marion Burton came to the headship of Smith College I began at once to, "pull for him," and by request wrote for a magazine that discriminating estimate of him as a public speaker which I reread last June when before the Republican Convention he made the speech nominating "Neighbor Coolidge" for the Presidency, only to find that the estimate of fourteen years ago needs no revision.

Certain conditions I have learned to recognize. The writing game invites no laggard. In all good writing there is

## INTERPRETER OF LIFE, MEN AND MOVEMENTS

ever a taskmaster cracking the whip of "The God of Things as They Are." He has no mercy on you, though you be as nervously unstrung as Pulitzer, as short-visioned as Watter-son, as lame as Genghiz Khan who is "the only man that ever lived who drove the red ploughshare of war from the Mediterranean to the Yellow Sea."\* Seek a short recognition, and you will find like the Southern darkey:

"Ef you ain't got ten, you cain't get in,  
To Dinah's dancing school."

Editors cannot be fooled. There is no "pull" they recognize. There is no way round. They will ever be a "sister to you." But as editors they will never marry up to you unless they want you as a writer. Adviser to many editors and writer for many, I have never asked for special consideration. They know my "stuff." They can either take or leave it. "No matter to Hippocrides." That is why most of my writing is ordered in advance or submitted by request. Editors know I play the writing game according to the rules. But it did hurt me, when Mr. Bok smashed in this bright headlight of my article for *The Ladies Home Journals* "Not since Ambrose waved his emperor away in proud disdain from the Milan Cathedral and the golden-mouthed Chrysostom walked the Euxine sands without a hearing."\* But having myself smashed in many a headlight for another writing with too fine an edge at the beginning, I could not question Mr. Bok's decision. An editor always thinks in terms of reader interest. He usually knows what will be accepted. No writer can convince him against his will.

Strike twelve' once, and you will have to strike twelve every time. Editors have no "bowels of compassion." They

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\*Talcott Willams.

\*However, we find our subject saving this gem of rhetoric for further use. Page 236.

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

would not be editors if they had. Perhaps that is why Mr. Bigelow now ranks high. Rejoice in the success of those who beat you at the writing game. They probably have more brains and work a little harder. There is always some good reason. Keep competition courteous. Work for the long run, not the short. Be "next friend" to every rival. To be the second choice of many is often better than to be the first choice of one. As ye would all men should do to you, even so do to them, — especially to the editor."

And in the author's copy he has added in pencil, "Do it with the human touch."

In *The Human Touch* we get a close-up of Lyman Powell, his tastes, his attitudes, his interests, of his abundant personality. Being somewhat historically minded, when the book first came to me, I was offended, even though the writer had gone a long way out of his paths to give me honorable mention. There were almost no dates, chronology was ignored. System seemed lacking. Above all, I always get restive when there is no index. But as I got used to it, I found that I had been assuming the wrong book. These were not annals, they were not photographs. It was a sketch book and not a time-table and it gives a closer and better view of the man and his times than any other book could do — although I still think books should have indices. Interspersed throughout we have separated sections which, if compiled together, constitute an illuminating essay on literature.

### THE BETTER PART

Nearly ten years later, in 1933, we have "a plea for personal religion," from which we draw in other chapters of this life-story, and in which we pass into the more personal life of our subject. It is, in its way, not unlike Cardinal Newman's *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*. We have touches of personal



## INTERPRETER OF LIFE, MEN AND MOVEMENTS

religious life and development, glimpses of ideals as preacher and pastor and of service as a minister of Christ, in which again the key is "the human touch." And once more the favorite theme of spiritual healing. The program of the churches is analyzed and there is an eloquent plea for deeper and wider mission work, home and foreign. The then much talked about Laymen's Foreign Missions Inquiry is appraised and criticized both sympathetically and judicially.

As an interpreter of human "movements" Powell sometimes went astray, as in the case of the Interchurch World Movement. He is led to commend the Oxford Group Movement as it was employed by Samuel Shoemaker of Calvary Church, New York. If the movement had been at heart what he saw in its possibilities, it might have lasted.\*

The fullest chapter is on "Personalizing Religion." "The Church's chief concern is personal religion." The volume closes with "The Emerging Essentials," the chief of which is again a "personal religion," on which both the vitality and the unity of the churches rest. "A spiritualized democracy is on the way. It knocks on every door. It is a Christianity made up of men and women into whose lives the Christian essentials have emerged, who have every day a personal religion, share every day, with all who need, the better part." The impressive element in this series of studies is their simplicity, as the author is just in sight of his "three score years and ten" and his approach to retirement.

Once again Lyman Powell goes out of his way to magnify his friends with that same long reach. As one reviewer observed "I like Dr. Powell's method of saying a good word for those who are practicing the way he commends." *The*

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\*As it was, however, Dr. Powell later introduced a band of "groupers" for missionary work in the Bronx and it became evident that its practice was not the expression of his ideals and he was disillusioned.



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

*Churchman* reviewer finds that the author's "own faith shining from every page seems the best guarantee for his plea."

### THE SECOND SEVENTY

Here we have a book as unique as its title, written in 1937 on the author's retirement at seventy, dedicated to his parishes at Lansdowne, Northampton and New York. Dr. Powell finds a new conception of old age in current literature. Men are doing great works after seventy. "Evidence that old age will not much longer remain a country undiscovered is appearing." He gives abundant examples of proof.

We have already had this story, as it belonged to our narrative of Dr. Powell's ministry. Like all of Powell's writing, this charming last-word reveals the marvellous scope of his reading, this time of biography, and also the amazing extent of his friendship and of the intimacy of his knowledge and understanding of his friends. Incidents in their lives, their utterances, even their thoughts illustrate the book on every page. The biographer recalls his reactions when he found himself included in this constellation: he had just got to do a bigger job than he had been doing and quit relaxing. The reader has seen why as he has read our narrative of Lyman Powell's ministry.

### THE EDITORIAL PEN

Lyman Powell, as we have seen, began his career as an editor of the productions of other men while a student at Johns Hopkins as assistant to William Osler.

Shortly after in 1893, while a Fellow in the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, he was selected to prepare for the United States Government, a compendium of *The History of Education in Delaware*, his native state. The painstaking research in history and biography called for in this monumental undertaking was nothing short of prodigious, on the part of a student at the age of 27. Here

## INTERPRETER OF LIFE, MEN AND MOVEMENTS

began another bent, towards history and education. This study was almost a *magnum opus* in its completeness.

The trail of history was followed, in 1898 in the editing of four volumes on *American Historic Towns*, covering New England, the Middle States, the Southern States and the Western States (1898-1902).<sup>\*</sup> These were prepared after the editor had taken on the duties of a pastor at Ambler. They describe pilgrimages conducted by young Powell in connection with the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching. The contributors include a score or more of the leading lights of the nation, in literature and history.

In 1918, Lyman P. Powell and Gertrude W. Powell, in a series entitled *Patriotism through Literature* compiled *The Spirit of Democracy*, consisting of addresses by Woodrow Wilson and about 125 other publicists. The aim is "to assemble in convenient arrangement, for school purposes, many of the most stirring speeches and most virile poems applicable to the present situation." It is accompanied by a Teachers' Notebook to facilitate its use in classes. Most every phase of national life connected with the war is given expression. Other studies under this joint editorship were *America and the League of Nations*, and *The Teaching of Democracy*.

Volumes edited in 1919 by Dr. Powell were *Education for Democracy*, written by Eugene C. Brooks and *The World and Democracy*, both in the series on *Patriotism through Literature*. The editorship of the second of these volumes is shared by Charles M. Curry, and the contributors number over one hundred writers of authority. The object is "to give a body of material so arranged as to furnish a suitable and interesting approach toward an appreciation of the con-

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<sup>\*</sup>G. P. Putnam's Sons.

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

victions and ideals" for which World War I was fought. It is a pains-taking piece of work, part in prose, part in poetry and part in story form. Seven of Woodrow Wilson's messages stand out in bold relief near the opening.

"The world is in turmoil. The old order is gone. The new order seems to be approaching, but is not yet here." Such are the opening words of the editor of two massive volumes, *The Social Unrest*, also in 1919. Lyman Powell's thought passes from the ideals of war-time to "Capital, Labor and the Public" the three partners in Industry who ought to be on an equal basis. For this subject eighty leaders in the three realms of human life are drawn upon. The road to industrial peace and order is sought. One of Powell's contributions is on "Wall Street" and the New York Stock Exchange. On the alleged reforms needed by this body, the judgment is given that "the vigilant eye of publicity without the inexperienced hand of governmental interference would seem to be the only safeguard as yet needed of the vast public interests every day on 'Change.'" The Exchange "is feeling keenly the flareback of the new ethical momentum." Some later revelations, to be sure, hardly sustain this opinion, but Powell has clearly set the goal.

Our subject is, however, at his best in these two volumes when he reverts to his fundamental interest, Education. His visit to the warring countries in 1917 is reflected. His lectures far and wide in the United States on his return had helped to develop the exchange of students which he urged. The Association of American Colleges had proposed new ventures in education including the establishment of a Federal Department of Education with a Secretary in the President's Cabinet. He finds that "the educational world is all alive."

The evident purpose is to enlighten the public on the news poured forth on them by the press, by discriminating

## INTERPRETER OF LIFE, MEN AND MOVEMENTS

selection, classification and "intelligent comment." The religious life of the nation is woven into these tapestries and Dr. Powell gives again a fair description of the Interchurch World Movement, whatever we may say of his trust in its "statesmanship" and its failure to live up to that trust.

A re-study of these volumes reveals the hopes of the day, the errors in thinking which characterized the post-war period and some of the fallacies assumed. But in the large it is all prophetic, even though the goals are still far distant. Lyman Powell and the world have had to long await the "sure road to industrial peace and order" which was to follow in the "resurrection in that more abundant life of which poets have dreamed and saints have prayed."

Of other books and booklets we have occasion to speak elsewhere: *Family Prayers*, *The Credentials of the Church*, *The House by the Side of the Road*, and *Mary Baker Eddy, A Life Size Portrait*. Among others which we have been unable to locate were *Current Religious Literature* (1901), *Lafayette* (1918), and several volumes of devotional literature (1905-7).

As a re-writer and editor, Dr. Powell was also in constant demand by publishers whose authors did not come up to literary standards, particularly by G. P. Putnam's Sons. While on the surface Lyman Powell exhibits a seemingly impossible diversity, this is less the case when we seek to classify his works. That classification takes this order; Religion, Education, Spiritual Healing, Human Movements. These interests blend in his writings. Each contributes to the other. In religion he is evangelist, educator and spiritual healer. He has neither the one track nor the scattered mind.

Powell's style is often impelling, although at times somewhat cryptic. His faith and optimism are contagious, even though he sometimes sees the glamour of the forest without seeing the pitfalls within its paths. As an interpreter of men



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

and movements within his scope, he has had few peers. In every page he is very much alive. And above all, as we shall see, he never hesitates to revise his views and judgments in the light of his progressive study and larger orientation.

Even during the days of "retirement" the pen and ink have flowed. Occasional magazine articles, weekly editorials or columns in the *Mountain Lakes News* and the *Boonton Times-Bulletin*, brought to his neighbors and friends the rich recollections of his life. Thus in declining years or rather in his "Second Seventy" he reverts to the interest of his boyhood, as an editorialist of the local newspaper in Delaware. While this biography is being written, he is preparing the new edition of his "best-seller." And, with failing physical strength, our subject follows his own admonition: "We must learn to be useful in small ways as well as large."

This leads to a word about Powell's societal relations with "life, men and movements." In fact he learned the art of interpretation through personal touch. He is a Mason and Knight Templar. He has belonged to many societies interested in human welfare and to cultural bodies such as the Academy of Political Science. Like most men who are politically informed he is independent in party politics. While he registered as a Republican he was far from being rock-ribbed. He has been relatively free from those inhibitions which are so often a barrier to comprehension and understanding. He learned to move about freely in the midst of the crowd. Through every possible channel, books, magazines, organizations and personal association, Lyman Powell was always feeling for "the human touch."



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## CHAPTER NINE

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### LYMAN POWELL AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

THE name of Lyman Pierson Powell as an interpreter of one of the great movements of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has been a household word in thousands of homes in the United States and other parts of the world.

Such was the impression made by a book, published in 1930, the latest printing of which is appearing in 1945. For this volume, Lyman Powell had unconsciously begun to prepare forty years before while a student twenty-five years of age.

Lyman Powell's influence on the public thought regarding Christian Science and particularly on the popular understanding and appraisal of this religious neology is the outstanding expression of his gift as an interpreter of life, men and movements and also of his pioneer and prophetic spirit in popular education. He saw the significance of the fundamental meaning of spiritual therapy long before the mass of preachers gave it any thought.

The pre-occupation of our subject in the studies with Sir William Osler in 1892 on *The Practice of Medicine* was the beginning of a long inquiry which became a major and at times dominant interest of his thought and life, culminating in a volume which has commanded world-wide attention.

During all this time Powell had developed a flair for interpreting both significant movements and noted men and

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

women. In *Mary Baker Eddy: A Life-Size Portrait*,\* we have a study which united these two objectives.. Mary Baker Eddy had been a subject of his character-analysis for twenty years. In 1911, while he was among the hostile critics of Christian Science he had contributed what he termed a "judicial estimate" of Mary Baker Eddy in the *Schaff-Herzog Encyclopaedia of Religious Literature*. In it he anticipated by twenty-two years the result of a poll at the Chicago Exposition by the National Council of Women which placed Mary Baker Eddy first among the twelve greatest women leaders of the United States.

Powell's life of Mary Baker Eddy quickly aroused deep and wide-spread public interest. While the secular press, for the most part, was judicial in its reviews, there were other quarters in which it incited either wide acclaim or wholesale condemnation, the latter mainly in denominational Christian papers, some of whose editors reverted to a violent criticism of Christian Science which had largely been outlived. Various ulterior purposes were charged by intimation. The *Publishers' Circular* says that "it corrects all earlier studies." Other reviews commend "the steady moderation," "the independence in judgment," its "un-biased record," the "freedom from controversy." It is "a work characterized by dignity and integrity of purpose" with "real comprehension." Stanley High describes the author as "a writer who has refused on the one hand to fall victim to the present biographical vogue of cynicism, or on the other hand to be deterred by the straight-out prejudice with which church leaders are sometimes inclined to view such a study."

Let us see if we can put Lyman Powell and Christian Science in the right perspective and find the sense of direc-

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\*The Macmillan Company, 1930.

## LYMAN POWELL AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

tion which led to this notable biography. In this attempt the present writer does not propose to interpret Christian Science or to be either its antagonist or protagonist. His purpose as an historian is to state the events and facts which are relevant to the subject of this chapter, accurately and adequately, with sympathy towards all who appear in the story.

Dr. Osler was evidently a thinker and teacher of wide latitude who saw the significance of the influence of the mind in therapeutics. That subject evidently took some precedence in the mind of the young student, as he talked with Osler\* by day and by night. Osler is quoted as saying "that 90 per cent of sick people might get well if they never called in a doctor, or took a dose of medicine." Powell adds: "Dr. Osler saw scarcely any limit to faith, though he always spoke in strictly scientific terms."

It is also clear that from that moment on, he followed the trail started by his study with Osler. In one of the books to be described in this chapter\* we also find a reference to Dr. L. F. Barker, who succeeded Dr. Osler at Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Barker is quoted as follows: "Medicine and Science are coming to a realization of the high part played by the mind in matters affecting the body. But this knowledge can only exert its full and true value through a proper combination of the best revealed Science and Religion." Dr. Barker appears to go further towards Powell's ultimate views than did Osler, by the use of the term "Religion." This train of thought appears not only in larger areas of human need, but in such of Powell's writing as his book on *The Art of Natural Sleep*, in which not only the mind, but also religious faith is invoked.

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\*See "The Better Part."

\*"Christian Science: the Faith and its Founder." G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1907.

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

It was therefore not surprising to find Lyman Powell, in the early 1900's, both preaching and practicing the then current Emmanuel Movement in his pastorate at Northampton. This movement like Christian Science emphasized mental and spiritual means of healing. Christian Science was rapidly finding converts. Their fundamental philosophies had elements of identity, their difference being mainly in application and practice.

Christian Science was making inroads on the membership of the churches to such an extent that irritation and resentment rapidly developed. In my own pastorate at South Norwalk, Connecticut, in 1906 and the years following, some Christian Science adherents in our parish either forsook the Church or, if they remained, became superior-minded and occasionally contemptuous toward their brethren and sisters who, in their rapidly formed judgments, remained in the "outer darkness." Pastors held conferences on the problem created by Christian Science. At that time men and women occasionally set themselves up, without any apparent regulation or authority as Christian Science so-called "practitioners" and were threatened with legal prosecution. Christian Science became the subject of heated controversy.

In Northampton, Dr. Powell appears at first to have been sympathetic to Christian Science. He took the ground that his people who became Christian Scientists might and should remain loyal members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Evidently, however, such a compromise did not always work. Indeed, it will be interesting to note, that while later it was partly the influence of followers of Christian Science that led to his later views, it was at least in part the attitude of individuals who called themselves Christian Scientists that aroused his early criticism of the movement. At that time the term Christian Science was not as clearly understood as it afterwards became, and one could not dis-

## LYMAN POWELL AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

tinguish between the true Christian Scientist and the many who had but vaguely comprehended its meaning. Such has ever been the experience in the early stages of significant Christian movements.

So grave did the whole problem become that Powell, almost off hand, in 1907 wrote his volume on *Christian Science, the Faith and its Founder*, a severe critique of the movement. I read the book which, it was clear, had been written in a spirit of extreme irritation. I remember my own observation that it was neither judicial nor judicious. The climate and atmosphere had not been conducive to either clarity or poise. It was not yet time for such a study. In the preface to the first edition the main grounds for the book are apparent:

“Christian Science has long engaged my interest. For years I discouraged none who sought its healing ministry. The indiscriminating censure visited upon it in apparent ignorance or prejudice made no impression on me. The desire Christian Scientists were constantly expressing to be judged by their fruits seemed to me to be both Christian and scientific.

A year or two ago, however, closer observation and more serious consideration brought me to conclusions which appear to me unquestionably true:

1. That when members of any Christian church turn to Christian Science healing they usually turn away from historic Christianity.

2. That there are in theory of Christian Science certain structural weaknesses which may easily be overlooked by people unschooled in philosophy, theology, or science.”

Powell deplored the loose thinking on the whole subject. He trusts that he has “brought to one of the most elusive prob-



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

lems of the time a truth-seeking spirit" whether all his "conclusions stand or not." He makes the study because "it seemed impossible" for people "to get help from Christian Science and remain Episcopalians."

There are several touches from place to place in the book which clearly indicate doubt as to whether he had mastered the elusiveness. In the midst of the severe criticism, the author pauses frequently to make disclaimers which stand out in bold relief, especially in the preface to a second edition in 1917:

"The appreciation of the virtues of the Christian Scientists set forth frankly in this book still stands. In the last ten years Christian Science has certainly encouraged daily Bible reading, until now Christian Scientists are probably the most assiduous Bible readers in the world. They still avoid antagonisms. They keep singularly serene. They average high in other-worldliness. It looks as though the cult were profiting by experience and endeavoring to make the most of the spiritual reality which those who study far into the movement easily discover."

In other words he believes that during the decade between the two editions, there had been changes on the part of both the author and his subject, and the foreword to the second edition is in a very different spirit and tenor from that of the first:

"In this matter as in all others light rather than heat is indicated. If Christian Scientists and historic Christians will but keep their tempers toward each other and try to get together at least in Christian love, the time may come when the Christian Church will absorb a Christian Science rid of certain of its dogmas."

## LYMAN POWELL AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

“This certainly must be if there is even the slightest justification for the words which Mark Twain wrote awhile before he died: ‘the thing back of it is wholly gracious and beautiful; the power, through loving mercifulness and compassion, to heal fleshly ills and pains and griefs — *all* — with a word, with a touch of the hand! This power was given by the Saviour to the Disciples, and to *all* the converted. *Every one*. It was exercised for generations afterwards. Any Christian who was in earnest and not a make-believe, not a policy-Christian, not a Christian for revenue only, had that healing power, and could cure with it *any disease or any hurt or damage possible to human flesh and bone*. These things are true, or they are not. If they were true seventeen and eighteen and nineteen centuries ago it would be difficult to satisfactorily explain why or how or by what argument that power should be non-existent in Christians now.’”

I recall my own feeling at the time that my friend had come near breaking down his own critical structure when in the body of the book he says:

“No one doubts the good intentions of the Christian Scientists. Some of the purest souls alive today are Christian Scientists. They have done much good. Allowing all you will for exaggeration, there can be no denying that Christian Scientists have helped the sick, reformed the drunkard, reclaimed the prodigal, brought surcease to many a sorrow and anxiety, tempered life’s asperities, furnished a philosophy for everyday existence where there was none before, filled souls with what Charles Klein has called ‘happiness far beyond my wildest dreams.’”

Most significant were such reflections as these:

“To an age grown weary and impatient of ecclesiasticism and machinery, Christian Scientists have brought something

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

of the warmth and glow, the freshness and the spontaneity, the poise and the sincerity, the gladness and the other worldliness which suffused the Apostolic age and made it all alive with spiritual power.

Christian Science has its faults, but Christian Scientists, whatever the demerits of their system, have many virtues to their credit. They are sincere and filled with that moral enthusiasm that is a potent motor power in all great religious or ethical movements in their early days. They believe in spiritual things, and they are as bold in uttering their belief as were the early Christians. There is never the apologetic note for which one instinctively listens in the talk of many Christians in these days. They are protests in the flesh against the worldliness and the ecclesiasticism which afflict the Church, and the materialism and lust which threaten the foundations of the social order. They furnish everywhere proof positive and peace-bringing, that where there is a will there is a way to live the spirit's life against all odds."

He still hopes that Christian Science may render what service it can to humanity without detaching people from their normal church relations. In the last analysis, despite the vigor and violence of his criticisms, Dr. Powell leaves the subject open to protracted study. And if Powell's biographer may once more venture to repeat his judgment at the time, it was that the book might be just as likely to create sympathy for Christian Science as to have the effect intended. The qualifications might make impressions in either of two opposite directions. I rather think that was what happened. At any rate Christian Science later seemed to find as many difficulties within its fold as it did outside. The time had perhaps not yet arrived for its appraisal, either within or without.

Not long ago, in a moment of idleness and indecision, I

## LYMAN POWELL AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

glanced through a volume on theology, which I had written nearly forty years before. As I sketched several parts of it, I said, "How I have revised, reversed, modified and expanded during these years!" Such experiences are true of all of us if we keep on thinking, studying and observing, with an ever open mind and heart. And when Lyman Powell gets started on an issue he never or seldom assumes that he has reached *ultima thule*.

Knowing these tendencies of my friend to follow through any subject which captured his interest I was not surprised when, forty years after his studies with Osler and twenty-five years after the first book appeared, he told me he was going to Boston to resume his inquiry, this time on Mary Baker Eddy from original sources. We were in a different mood from that of my pastorate in South Norwalk. The churches did not now appear to be upset by Christian Science. Christian Scientists and other Christians were getting along together. Physicians seemed to have ceased or modified their violent attacks. I remember that my own physician, when I was once consulting him regarding one of his patients, said, "To tell you the truth what she needs is a little Christian Science." Christian Scientists themselves were often critical of their fellow adherents when the latter indulged in self-exaltation. A community club of which I was a member, which included ministers as honorary members, seriously considered the question as to whether Christian Science Readers should be thus recognized. The only objection I heard raised was that there were too many of them.

Christian Science and Christian Scientists had become better understood. And while The Mother Church seemed to be always of one mind, one found freedom of judgment among Christian Science members or those who adhered to the Christian Science idea, on the distinction between curing disease and relieving pain.

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

Above all perhaps, in Lyman Powell's mind, Mary Baker Eddy had survived both her enemies and her death. She had become a living power and so had Christian Science. Such a woman called for the most objective study in the light of what she had accomplished.

Powell had been studying Christian Science more as it is understood today and, with his pragmatic mind and temperament he had been observing Christian Scientists, men and women who, by their faith and lives had been testifying to the divine grace in Christian Science. There was an indefinite charm among them. In any event, as he said to me at the time, Mary Baker Eddy should be made known to the world — through the medium of one who was neither her disciple nor her enemy. Such seemed to be his state of mind as he went to Boston to get at the sources hitherto not made known to the world. That the archives should be opened to one who had once been a critic was in itself an evidence of the good faith of the directors of The Mother Church.

That Lyman Powell, in the meantime, had been going through this change of mind in these twenty-five years is also evident in his earlier analysis and re-appraisal of Christian Science in 1922. He had then contributed to *The Cambridge History of American Literature*, in a section on *Popular Bibles*. Among the religious books was *Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures*, by Mary Baker Eddy. Here we have him writing distinctly as an unbiased reviewer. This analysis indicates an already altered viewpoint and outlook.\* In it he says:

“*Science and Health* marks the pilgrimage of a group of seekers after health and truth from an idealism, at first indeterminate and amorphous, up to a unique religiousness chal-

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\*A new edition of this appraisal is appearing in 1946 without any changes of view.



## LYMAN POWELL AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

lenging modern medicine, and that *odium theologicum* which is largely responsible for the multiplication of denominations dividing Christendom, at a time when in union only is there strength.

Christian Science as it is today is really its founder's creation. Where she got this idea, or where that, little matters. As a whole the system described in *Science and Health* is hers, and nothing that can ever happen will make it less than hers. No court need pronounce her still an active officer of the Church. Priority of origination, endurance of influence, no judicial action can establish or demonstrate. Facts are the final appeal. Because they are human, those responsible for interpretation and explanation, now that the Founder has "passed on," may differ as to what she thought or would have thought. That is not uncommon in the history of the race. It bears not on the subject at hand.

Little wonder then that for the first time what seemed to many a menace to conventional Christianity and to scientific medicine was placed along with its founder under the microscope of ruthless scrutiny, and that on both sides where fifteen years ago light alone was needed, heat was often generated.

After her experience in passing from a youth and middle age of doubtful health into an old age of good health, the more remarkable because of her natural frailness, Mrs. Eddy staked the value of her *magnum opus* upon the therapeutics which it taught. Her followers have done the same. Results have been shown in the many cures reported in the Wednesday evening testimony meeting, so well attended, in some places regularly by thousands, that the mid-week service, to most denominations a problem, and to many a farce, must be reckoned with by those who study *Science and Health* from any point of view."

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

Dr. Powell's pragmatism appears in his repetition of such words as these:

"There are some passages which seem helpful in spiritual distress. The general effect of the book has been to encourage daily Bible reading until today Christian Scientists are probably the most numerous and most faithful Bible readers in the world. Dean Charles Reynolds Brown of Yale University is convinced that Christian Scientists, with this book before them, as "a class are upright and clean." With allowance for those in every religion who do not try to live up to its highest teachings, they measurably avoid friction and irritation and preserve considerable serenity and other worldliness amid temptations which many of us seem unable to resist. They have to their credit a widely read daily paper which for editorial ability as well as excellent news service ranks among the best journals in the country. Finally, as the years go by, it is thought by many that Christian Scientists seem to be increasingly disposed to emphasize only the outstanding virtues which their book teaches, and in consequence to bring forth 'the fruit of the spirit — love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law.'"

Thus five years after the second edition of his first book, Powell has already gone a long way in revising his conclusions of fifteen years earlier. Finally, in 1930, we have *Mary Baker Eddy: A Life Size Portrait*. In the prologue there is an entirely different approach to Christian Science from that of the book written a quarter of a century earlier, by a man now that much older in years, who had never ceased his study of both Christian Science and its effect on the lives of its adherents. In my judgment the latter testimony had much to do, at least with the new approach to the subject. As has

## LYMAN POWELL AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

been previously observed, Powell is always influenced by popular reactions to human phenomena.

Later on he writes a magazine article on Coué whose axiom was, "there is no cure for the body apart from the soul" and at seventy Powell finds truth in Alexis Carrel's dictum that regenerate man is "not interested in medicine."\*

This transition in Dr. Powell's view over these twenty-five years is given as we turn the first pages of *Mary Baker Eddy: A Life Size Portrait*. There is a description of the atmosphere and environment in which the first book had been written. At that time religious leaders had been confused. The book had been written on the basis of but partial data and research. The author, realizing this, had said at the time that "he would stand ready to revise the book, should new evidence come to light at any time to make revision necessary in the interest of truth." Later he had written articles revealing change of view: "Mrs. Eddy and her followers have identified themselves as have no others in the world with the religious and the philosophical revolt against materialism." In these words I think we have another vital clue to Powell's change of mind, at a time when materialistic philosophies appeared to be shaking spiritual foundations.

During this interim, some scientists, like Christian Scientists, were happily coming "more and more to acknowledge the existence of spiritual forces" and "to give all phenomena a spiritual interpretation." In these debates, Christian Science was a formidable contestant, on the right side. He had long felt that "the time had come for the spokesmen of Christian Science effectively and finally to lift discussion out of the lowlands of controversy to the heights of general understanding."

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\* See Chapter VIII.

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

In my autobiography\* I make the following observations on advancing years: "From about the age of sixtyfive, men and women show marked changes. As a rule they begin to go rapidly and far in either one of two directions. They become hard, censorious and unkind, with a tendency towards irritability, dissatisfied with men and life and are easily injured or displeased. On the other hand, there are others who are gentler, more compassionate, less critical, except of themselves, and are not disposed to be captious, resentful or to think evil. I am happy to find myself constantly growing averse to criticism and more sympathetic. I have lost every trace of cynicism. While I do not think I ever had a tendency to envy, I now rejoice more and more in others. A reviewer of my last book spoke of my critical faculty as 'a rare combination of sympathetic kindness and keen frankness.' I am more desirous of having the former than the latter quality."

Lyman Powell and I closed our "First Seventy" in the fall of 1936. Our families and friends gathered at the Powell home for a modest celebration. We shared our views from that summit of our lives and what I wrote above, could be said of both of us. The actions and reactions of the human mind are sometimes like the pendulum of the clock. The forward and the backward swings are equal. Men's views tend to become subject to the law of gravitation.

Dr. Powell himself lays great stress on his access, at Christian Science headquarters, to the available documentary data. Out of a total of 334 pages, there are 55 citing sources. One could hardly conceive of a more painstaking biography. Let me interpret my conclusions further by excerpts from my own review of the book in 1930, in which I endeavored to be objective:

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\* "Across the Years." The Macmillan Company, 1936.



## LYMAN POWELL AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

"While the designation of this volume as 'a life size portrait' may be considered a bit overdrawn, it is a new and interesting story told in attractive style and at points eloquent.

"Dr. Powell's critics, comparing his two volumes, charge him with being two Dr. Powells. This is not to his discredit. No man ought to have the same views at sixty-five as at forty on a subject of continuous study and is quite likely, if honest and truth-seeking, to change from an attitude of criticism and hostility to one of sympathy and constructiveness. He is today desirous of presenting Christian Science at its best.

"The volume thus bears the marks of the friendly interpreter rather than the critical historian, although the sources of historical material are scrupulously given.

"It begins with a personal estimate of Christian Scientists. Here as elsewhere the author is too sweeping in his commendation of their virtuous characteristics and he seems to represent them as rather too free from ordinary human frailties. He tells us that his change of view of both Mrs. Eddy and Christian Science was the result of their "constructive achievement."

"Mrs. Eddy gave early evidence of the psychological traits which influenced her later philosophy. In childhood it is said that she overcame illness by mental or spiritual forces.

"The story of her constant and severe physical suffering and her marital difficulties shows her to have been very human. She married the worthless Patterson without love, in order to care for the boy of her earlier happy marriage with Glover. She rejected one rather feeble suitor because he lacked financial resources. She "quarrelled" (doubtless to her credit) with Patterson who left her for another or for others. For sorely needed physical help she went to the "healer" of that day, P. P. Quimby, was cured, then relapsed, until finally, hoping that a successor to Quimby would ap-



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

pear, she says that she "discovered Christian Science" for herself in 1866. She had believed that, back of Quimby with his limitations, there was a science to be discovered, and she found it.

"Dr. Powell likens her early followers at Lynn — painters, teamsters, shoe workers — to the early disciples. At times they rebelled and forsook her. From now on she is represented as developing her philosophy — or science — and "building her book" as she surmounted difficulties which seemed humanly impossible to overcome. The story hastens on to 1906, when 30,000 Scientists came to dedicate The Mother Church in Boston and the author quotes without question or comment, the testimony of Sybil Wilbur as to "the vanquishment of cancers, consumption, broken limbs, malignant diseases and paralysis," also of "poverty overcome, victory over drunkenness, morphine and immoral lives."

"Attention is significantly called to the fact that, when the attacks began upon her, it was a time of muck-raking. Such a genius as Mrs. Eddy would undoubtedly have her share, and she did. But she triumphed and the "next friends" suit against her was lost by her own calm defense.

"The story of her home habits and her relations with her followers pictures a woman who had become patient and perfected through suffering. Her last work, in 1908, when she was nearly 90, was the establishment of the *Christian Science Monitor*, which undoubtedly tends to discredit the stories of her alleged mental imbecility, to which Dr. Powell gives no credence.

"The final chapter goes back to Christian Science and the lives of its disciples under the title "By their Fruits." Earlier critics have revised their judgments and some have changed from hostility to friendliness or conversion. It may be said that Dr. Powell has frankly become in this book an inter-

## LYMAN POWELL AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

preter of Christian Science in addition to being a biographer of its founder. It will doubtless be urged that he has constructed a Mrs. Eddy under the influence of her "constructive achievement." If so, Dr. Powell will doubtless answer by his chapter heading, "By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them."

"The volume refers to but one of the assaults on Mrs. Eddy, namely the "next friends" suit. It does not touch upon the old and recent charges attacking her character and habits. It is doubtless assumed that the new light it brings to bear dispels them. It is clear, moreover, that he attributes most of them to self-seeking and defeated enemies and declines to consider them also on this account.

"The whole book bears the marks of an honest writer who, in his study of the movement itself, became its warm sympathizer. He is clearly moved by its widespread advance forgetting perhaps that other such phenomena have "had their day and ceased to be." He believes that he sees it in all its wholeness and thus is perhaps too little concerned with its human limitations and contradictions.

"Therefore the volume is persuasive, even when not convincing, and will doubtless call forth more study about a personality well worthy of further inquiry and may ultimately lead to a saner and more balanced judgment than is customary among non-adherents.

"This book and still more a study of Christian Science would well repay the ministers of our churches. Perhaps Dr. Powell's volume is most significant in reminding us that this movement contains a response to a demand of the human life and heart which religious leaders ought not to ignore. They ought to find it for themselves. He feels also that the Christian churches might well study the technique, the method of Bible study and the institutional measures of the Christian Science churches, their loyalty and devotion

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

and their quiet but persuasive ways of enlisting disciples. He believes that the body ought to have an open door to the fellowship of the churches.

"As a discerner of the signs of the times the author may well be the subject of congratulation, and an attempt to portray Mrs. Eddy by someone other than her devotees, her enemies or by sensationalist writers was long overdue."

I think that is about what I should have said today.

The popular reactions to *Mary Baker Eddy: A Life Size Portrait* are indicated by its publication, not only in special editions in several English speaking parts of the world, but also in German, Dutch and Swedish. And even in the midst of war a proposal comes for an edition in Denmark.

To attempt an analyzation of all the motives and events which led Lyman Powell from his earlier to his later views of Christian Science is somewhat beyond the writer, but one senses the change in popular opinion as he sees the model of business ethics at Christian Science Headquarters in Boston; the choice architecture of Christian Science churches and as he finds their daily paper and staff excelling in reliability in both news and editorial columns. We may, however, see again one outstanding feature in Lyman Powell's testimony. He concludes in these words, which reflect an evident influence which induced his final interpretation of Mary Baker Eddy and of Christian Science:

"In the twenty years since Mrs. Eddy passed on, the practical bearing of her teaching has become apparent along with the lowering in the world at large of the high standard of purity set up by her. At a time when marriage seems menacingly unstable, and subject to easy dissolution, Christian Science is securing for it more stability. Christian Science calls the entire family to rally to the unifying standard of purity, unselfishness and recognition of the higher

## LYMAN POWELL AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

rights of every member. Almost twenty years have passed since Mrs. Eddy, on the little tablet which Mrs. Ella S. Rathvon brought her, wrote her last message to the flock she loved and was about to leave.

Since that December day in 1910, much has happened. Recently the author was one of a little group, a member of which, apropos of nothing, sagely observed: 'Christian Science is now on its last legs.'

Unless the author has altogether misunderstood and utterly misinterpreted the rich sources open to him first among all investigators, and on which this is the first book to be based, Christian Science, which has more than doubled its churches, societies, and membership in twenty years, far from being on 'its last legs,' is now going stronger than ever.

While the author is aware that readers of this book will give only such credence to his opinions as they appear to deserve, he confidently believes that his general impression of the strong and steady development these twenty years past of Christian Science, will seem even to the incredulous to be amply justified.

Differ as men in 1930 may about Christian Science, all who have even scant knowledge of the organization agree that Christian Science under the conscientious conduct of a Board of Directors never unmindful of their spiritual responsibility to the founder, has lifted the blight of poverty as well as sickness from many a life and many a home.

Under a technique of daily Bible study of their leader's planning and with her still ever-present help through her writings, Christian Scientists have developed a habit of church attendance and of church financial support which in the minds of many other Christians is evolving out of doubt into aspiration.

Even more significant is the large percentage of Christian Scientists who indisputably — as even casual observers testify

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

— bear those fruits of the spirit which St. Paul listed as “love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.”

What the final judgment is to be on Christian Science, those who direct its course — though giving no evidence of concern — would be the last to venture to predict. They understand that their first responsibility — and that of all other Scientists — is to live the faith to which they bear witness. They know, too, that Clio, muse of history, still stands, as in pre-Christian days, with judicial pen suspended, always waiting — but never over-eager — to write the last word concerning men and movements.

With persecution passing one peril still remains. It is the peril of prosperity. But even out of that peril, which has proved too much for many a worthy cause, there is a way for Christian Science. It is . . . the way of gratitude, — as interpreted by Mary Baker Eddy.

So long as Christian Scientists keep in this way, so long also as day by day they try to live up to the teachings of their leader, so long will they take no thought for the morrow. ‘For the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself.’ ”

The closing quotation of a preceding chapter is thus perhaps the main clue to Lyman Powell’s final judgment on the subject: “Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.”

But this book did not conclude its author’s contributions to the study of Christian Science. In *The Better Part*, published three years later he calls the attention of the churches to Mary Baker Eddy’s wise missionary lectureships, quotes her instructions on the use of prayer and refers to the “comprehensiveness of her attitude toward healing.” He also further interprets his study of Mrs. Eddy in these words:

“With the gliding years my vision brightened of the significance of Mrs. Eddy. Not far from three score years — a time



## LYMAN POWELL AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

of life regarded then as advanced old age, but now merely mature middle life — Mary Baker Eddy published a book which has in the intervening years become both a perpetual best-seller and, next to the Bible the best-loved book in the English language. Nearing three score years and ten, Mrs. Eddy saw the organization she had established girdling the globe, its services everywhere well attended on Wednesday evening as well as Sunday, adequately supported in gratitude to God and without resort to indirect taxation. In easy sight of four score years and ten, Mrs. Eddy established a daily paper, which S. Parkes Cadman, Lloyd George and many others regard as one of the best papers in the English language.

Beginning her life-work at a time when most of us are planning to get through and turn toward slippered ease, between middle life and years far advanced, Mary Baker Eddy scored three such colossal successes as arrest the most critical attention, compel the most discriminating thinking, and invite the respect, if not the envy, of the most ambitious men.

When my book appeared in 1930 entitled *Mary Baker Eddy: A Life Size Portrait*, the first book to be based on those records, up to date, which are carefully preserved in Boston, Stanley High, editor of the *Christian Herald*, reviewed it as a book free equally from cynicism and from prejudice — an estimate which I trust is not altogether undeserved.

Thus I qualified again, in the eyes of many thousands clear round the world (for the book has been published in several foreign lands) to be regarded as “belonging” to another fold, for which I admit a high regard, and from whose representatives I have received such a mingling of courtesy and affection as has made many of them dear to me.”

It was inevitable that *Mary Baker Eddy: A Life-Size Por-*

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

*trait* should be reviewed with both censure and commendation. No one knows better than the writer how deeply Powell was hurt by the criticism and violent denunciation in religious journals. It is not, therefore, surprising, to find, after his death, an unpublished manuscript entitled *Concerning Mrs. Eddy: A Few More Words*. In the foreword of what was evidently at some time intended as an *apologia* Lyman Powell says:

“Much has happened since awhile ago the author’s book on Mary Baker Eddy appeared. Letters interesting and informing have poured in from many corners of the globe. Not unnaturally Christian Scientists have welcomed a book by an outsider who has told his story from the complete sources in their actual original form, which no other writer before has ever used first-hand and in all fullness.

But more important, if possible, are the arresting words of many representative journals which, like the *SCOTCH INVERNESS COURIER*, describe the author as “independent in his judgment of the facts;” *THE LONDON OBSERVER* which pictures him as “rising above all denominational prejudice”; *THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS* which observes that “Now comes the one book which by common consent is based on the full disclosure of all the known documents”; *THE NEW YORK WORLD TELEGRAM* expressing the opinion that the book is “singularly free from controversy”; and the Editor of the *CHRISTIAN HERALD* speaking in *THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR* of the author as “a writer who has refused on the one hand to fall victim to the present biographical vogue of cynicism, or, on the other hand, to be deterred by the wariness, amounting at times to straight out prejudice, with which church leaders are sometimes inclined to view such a study.”

Some of the most helpful suggestions received will color

## LYMAN POWELL AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

here and there the next revision of the book. But the sweep of the world wide appreciations and several recent denominational developments have led to the writing of this little sequel to the book to suggest that Christians of other folds may find something worth their while to learn from Christian Science.

A note of deeper concern than ever has these months past been struck among the various denominations. Last winter, on a bright Sunday morning, at the height of the church season, only a third of the seating capacity of nineteen representative New York churches was reported in a New York journal, by a trained observer, as filled.\* The recent Census returns appear disquieting with their disclosure that the increase in church membership has been steadily diminishing from a gain of 1,000,000 in 1928, to 242,748 in 1929, and in 1930 to only 88,350.

Dr. Lewis Browne believes the Church is now facing its "greatest ordeal." Dr. Hendrik W. Van Loon thinks it has lost its hold on "the true spiritual realities." Professor John Dewey regards the churches as a "kind of gloss upon institutions and conventions." A loss of power in rural churches is the latest report from The Institute of Social and Religious Research. In addition, the President of the United Lutheran Synod of New York, Dr. Samuel Trexler, describes many churches as now "limping" along, while the Honorable George W. Wickersham refers to "the waning influence of the Church." Many Methodist churches appear to be cutting salaries. Speaking for Baptists, the Reverend M. E. Dodd is reported the other day to have announced for last year an average of only six persons baptized by each Baptist minister and many churches with not one baptism

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\* The combined seating capacity of the Churches is 24,600. The attendance actually counted was 7,859, of which — it should be noted — 2,000 were found in one church.

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

to their credit. The merging, therefore, of two such important denominations as the Congregationalists and Christians (Disciples of Christ) is good news in itself and also a life-promoting undertaking, though Dr. S. Parkes Cadman puts off for 300 years "a united Protestant Church in America."

Meanwhile, the Christian Science Mother Church, at its Annual Meeting, June 8, in Boston, with 6,000 members present and with reports from 116 countries, joyously registered spiritual and material progress all along the line. The number of Branch Churches grew in one year from 2,451 to 2,519. The attendance on Wednesday evening, as well as Sunday — long popularly described by casual visitors as "a full house" — has evidently increased. More significant it possible is the tribute paid awhile before by the Right Reverend Charles L. Slattery, then Bishop of Massachusetts: "The whole government of the Christian Science Church is devoted and efficient."

Last year saw — according to N. W. Ayer & Son — "a recession of some 12% in newspaper advertising." But THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR reported a distinct advance in advertising revenue, and as though to prove the substantial character of Christian Science growth, plans have been announced for the construction of a new Publishing House to cost \$3,000,000 and, as usual in all Christian Science enterprises, the amount is to be raised without drives, bazaars, or indirect taxation, out of the pocket of spontaneous generosity responding to the call of Jesus: "freely ye have received, freely give."

Surely the time has come for us Christians of other folds to withhold superficial judgment of a movement which gives every evidence of thriving when many other organizations are discouraged and also for us to bring an end to petty criticism of its Leader, and to set ourselves to learn how and why Christian Science still under her Manual directions does ap-



## LYMAN POWELL AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

pear to be solving certain problems elsewhere causing bewilderment and dismay. What Edmund Burke advised against the indictment of a nation, may now be pertinent as to the criticism of Christian Science.

Never did back-door gossip about Mrs. Eddy appear so utterly beside the mark as today when the new President of The Mother Church, Mr. Robert E. Buffum, with the approval of all Christian Scientists, credits the enlarging success of the movement to Mary Baker Eddy, of whom he says: "In giving Christian Science to the world our beloved Leader has illumined the Word of God as contained in the sacred Scriptures, made practical the teachings and works of the Way-sower, and has demonstrated their availability and efficacy in solving all the problems of the human race."

This booklet is a further word about the character and career of Mary Baker Eddy; but it is also a call to look deeper than before into the subject, and to recognize the personal implications of the question Edward Arlington Robinson asks in his verse:

'What have we seen beyond our sunset fires,  
That lights again the way by which we came?' "

Dr. Powell's influence on public opinion and on that of the Christian churches may be characterized in terms of significance and importance. From first to last, even in his earliest discussions, he had urged that the Christian churches should discover the good in Christian Science and he believed they would yet do so. That his advice has been measurably followed, none will dispute.

And what does Lyman Powell say today as we sit together this evening (August 27th, 1945) in his home? I have taken it down for preservation:

"The world is growing more religious. Men today are thinking, reading, talking about spiritual things who a



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

while ago were bored by the mere mention of them in their presence. The impression is both widening and deepening that religion can now do more for men than it has ever done before.

A vision of a Christ who heals the body and the mind as well as the soul is lighting up the world's imagination. Not since Ambrose waved his emperor away in proud disdain from the Milan Cathedral and the golden mouthed Chrysostom walked the Euxine sands without a hearing have men from Boston to San Francisco been so inclined as in these days of peace-getting and peace-making to sing:

'Thy touch has still its ancient power;

No word from Thee can fruitless fall.'

The results are evident on every side. The spiritual pulse compels feeling in all veins. Some are breaking away from old fashioned religious faiths. But more are finding inspiration and faith's uplift in an evolution more satisfying than they had known and are digging deeper than this earth-bound spade has as yet explored. In public and private, man may now go on his way, like Jacob after Peniel singing to the world, 'I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.' "

Lyman Powell's prophecies on the general subject of spiritual healing are today justified in clinics of Christian churches on Fifth Avenue, New York City, and all over the land. Christian Scientists doubtless have much yet to learn and Christian Science much to teach us.

While Lyman Powell has probably not said the last word on Christian Science he has taken us far, both among Christian Scientists and other Christians, in his desire and effort "to lift discussion out of the lowlands of controversy to the heights of general understanding."

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## CHAPTER TEN

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### *THE CAPACITY FOR FRIENDSHIP*

WE now begin to bend our thought towards Lyman Powell in his personal relations. There are two characterizations of human life which we have found often appearing in Powell's books: "the human touch" and "just doing things for people." This appears to sum up what may be called his "social philosophy." In it the classes and classifications of the human family disappear, whether he is engaged in helping drunkards to reform or meeting with kings, potentates, statesmen or that somewhat diversified element known as "publicists." This will have to be a rambling story, much of it going over ground already familiar to us.

As a personal friend he has been unfailing in loyalty and generosity (no one knows this better than the writer.) But the same friendliness is also found in all his touches with humanity, whether the objects be humble or eminent, rich or poor, great or small and we need not attempt any distinctions of grade or of intimacy in this narrative. It was always the same Lyman Powell. While we have already met many of these men and women from time to time in the course of our story, this area of Lyman Powell's life will bear expansion, although space forbids telling the whole story of the circle of friendly touches with his fellow men. His *Who's Who* would carry us on too long a journey.

We witnessed this side of Powell's character and life beginning in his student days. In his editing of *Historic Towns*

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

of *New England*, we found him in company with Samuel A. Eliot, Katherine Lee Bates, George Perry Morris, Frank B. Sanborn and Frederick H. Cogswell. Indeed, we may go farther back to his boyhood meeting with Henry Ward Beecher.\*

Powell's fellow secretary of the University Extension Society of Philadelphia was John Nolen, later famous landscape architect. Powell says that Nolen made him aware of the larger aspects of nature and the human side of life. As a planner of modern cities he stressed the social side of city planning, always emphasizing that better surroundings made for better men and women, a thesis which Powell stressed in his lectures.

We have already referred to striking examples of Powell's ever-friendly temperament in *The Second Seventy*, under the title "Let us praise famous men" (Apocrypha 44:1). Along with their portraits, with classic quotations which he believes are expressive of their virtues, we have Channing Pollock, William Lyon Phelps, Daniel Frohman, Walter Damrosch, Albert Shaw, Edward Howard Griggs, Charles F. Thwing, Robert E. Ely, Hamilton Holt, William Gillette, George Haven Putnam, Edward A. Ross, John H. Finley and Burris A. Jenkins, not to mention the present biographer. In this reminiscent volume he also recalls the constellation of planets and stars of the first and lesser magnitudes within whose aura he rotated during his active life and that of the world of events; William Osler, Talcott Williams, General Hugh Tudor of the (1918) British army and many others with whose lives he was often familiar.

Lyman Powell's memories of his friends never failed him. Their graves were kept green in his mind and heart. On Powell's seventieth anniversary, Dr. Finley had written

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\*See page 44

## THE CAPACITY FOR FRIENDSHIP

"I am three light years farther on the way and the going is still good. May we keep in touch with each other till we come to the end of the road. Yours ever and a day." On the death of Dr. Finley, Powell circulated a printed tribute in which he said "For friendship, Dr. Finley had a genius. He made friends easily, and having loved his friends he loved them to the end."

In another chapter we have seen how he loved to study men and interpret them. While in Northampton, more than once he took occasion to unfold the mysteries of Calvin Coolidge. I find among his papers a characterization of this reserved man whose silence Lyman Powell broke, upon occasions. It came, he tells me, from the quiet talks between two intimate friends and neighbors. He says:

"Out of the mist of misunderstanding the myth kept rising all along the pragmatic and dignified journey life had marked out for him that Calvin Coolidge was a man of mystery. An associate of a quarter century solemnly pronounced him "inscrutable." Many simply forgot that he was himself. Shy and reticent like his fathers of the Vermont hills; original and unhurried in a breathless age, laborious and home loving in a day when far too many in very wilfulness wandered "far from the Father's house"; he was accustomed to much and solid reading and to quiet and straightforward thinking.

Mystery! I suspect all mystery would disappear if one had taken Calvin Coolidge as he was, sat with him in silence or in talk, before the fireplace, and read above the mantelpiece the framed legend which for years before the couple moved to Washington looked down upon them in perennial exhortation:

"A wise old owl lived in an oak,  
The more he saw the less he spoke,

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

The less he spoke the more he heard;  
Why can't we be like that old bird?"

Never was he a "joiner," nor perhaps a good "mixer." Because he kept his Yankee look and Yankee quietness some who should have known better thought on the sly that he was "possibly provincial." Because he lived honorably within his modest income and never borrowed money with which to overlay his honest self with the veneer of globe-trotting cosmopolitanism now and then it was hinted that he was a little near. Having long lived the life which makes New England great, he again makes evident New England's greatness.

No one was known to make him talk — against his will — no one could. At personal attack he never even blinked. His public addresses were notably free from personalities.

But he was no abstruse reasoner. Though his head was always with the stars, his feet were always on the ground. He tried to keep his listener's feet in the same place. No better evidence could be given to prove this than found in probably the best speech to his credit and which touches every home and heart: 'The destiny, the greatness of America lies around the hearthstone. If thrift and industry are taught there and the example of self sacrifice oft appears: if honor abide there, and high ideals; if the building of fortune be subordinate to the building of character, America will live in security, rejoicing in an abundant prosperity and good government at home, and in peace, respect, and confidence abroad. If these virtues be absent there is no power that can supply these blessings. Look well then to the hearthstone; therein all hope for America lies.' "

When Coolidge became candidate for Vice-President, the *Review of Reviews* was promptly turned by Lyman Powell into a campaign paper for his friend and neighbor.



## THE CAPACITY FOR FRIENDSHIP

In an article on Northampton as a literary centre in *Book News* of November 1905, we have intimate touches of Charles Eliot Norton, George W. Cable, Gerald Stanley Lee and Mrs. Lee and other literary celebrities

In *The Human Touch* there are flashes again revealing Dr. Powell's friendship with Woodrow Wilson from Johns Hopkins days up to the time when Lyman Powell was editing Wilson's speeches and later campaigning for the League of Nations. In these recollections, like those on Calvin Coolidge, Powell makes his subject a very human being. Letters from Wilson to Powell testify to this "human touch" between these college mates.

In one connection or another we find this touch with such personalities as Russell Sage, David F. Houston of Wilson's cabinet, John Fiske, Theodore Roosevelt, Richard Harding Davis, George Herbert Palmer, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charles Dudley Warner, Edwin D. Mead, and Henry George.

As for editors, their name is legion: Edwin Bok, William F. Bigelow, S. S. McClure, Lyman Abbott, Richard Watson Gilder, Glenn Frank, Richard Burton, and George Horace Lorimer whose leading place he says will always be unchallenged. Among his many publishers, George Haven Putnam, whose literary reviser he became, was an intimate friend over many years.

Touches with the stage began when in college he "acted" as a "supe" with Edwin Booth. Among the most interesting of all these "contacts" are those with Forbes Robertson, George M. Cohan and Laurette Taylor. At Geneva we heard Ellen Terry, entertained at the President's house, calling the President "my dear boy."

Powell and I are reminiscing this summer afternoon on the porch of his sunny home. "Tell me, Lyman, what kind of help did you get?" — "from so and so?" We take them

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

as they come to mind. And, of course, memory goes back first to childhood, (while Gertrude Powell listens with interest) to the first sweetheart, little golden-haired Carrie Prettyman. The adoration between them was mutual. She set an enticing example as a diligent pupil in the country school. Purity itself "she set my ideal of womanhood."\*

But there was also an ideal boy who, from twelve to eighteen, set the pace in scholarship, as "the supreme thing." He was puritanical but always agreeably so and was "always on the right side of all questions." A great story teller, he "made us fellows sit at his feet" and ultimately became a leader in High School education. Willie Berkeley imparted his genius for friendship.

These boyhood inspirations recall the first teacher who above all "taught us to be good men and women." William F. Gordy, with his insistence on exactitude "led you to do your best."

We pass to Philadelphia Divinity School, where Norman Van Pelt Levis was Damon to Lyman's Pythias — and vice versa. Friend and later adviser, he became "an example and inspiration in my ambition to be a model *pastor*."

"Oh, but we must go back again" to the University of Pennsylvania and Anna Robertson Brown, Ph. D. (Mrs. Samuel McCune Lindsay). She was a devout religious woman who, "when I was about 27, fashioned or re-fashioned my religious beliefs. When I traveled I carried her *What is Worth While* in my travelling bag." And Gertrude Powell interposes, "Well, she did a good job anyway."

We have already been made acquainted with S. D. McConnell in this connection and he reminds us of Bishop Arthur S. Lloyd whose saintliness and love of humanity was the embodiment of the pastoral sense. "He impressed one with the dignity and efficiency of the Protestant Episcopal

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\*See page 40

## THE CAPACITY FOR FRIENDSHIP

Church." Likewise Dean George Hodges of the Episcopal Divinity School at Cambridge "taught me how to be a *minister*" — with inflection on the word. Bishop William T. Manning "has been my mentor for nearly fifty years." His door was always open. His advice included "parish calling" which he exemplified when Gertrude Powell needed it at Hobart College. "As a counselor he always led me right."

"But that leads me to think of Clara H. Simpson, our Deaconess at St. Margaret's, another consecrated saint." Then follow incidents which reveal her faith in Lyman P. Powell and her loyalty to him. She bore the large share of the Parish work and responsibility, but "she kept me at my part, too," while she saw to it that the Parish had "the right spirit towards both my successes and my failures."

Then arise the figures that have passed in and out of the scenes of our entire story. We need not go back to all of them. But there are some who cannot remain in that background. John H. Finley became "an editorial model." A sheaf of his letters is handed me. They bear the charm of the man, even more potent than his pages of the *New York Times*. While we have already seen much of Albert Shaw, it must again be said here that none of the great circle of men and women who have appeared in our entire narrative quite equalled him in his world range of knowledge; "he taught me to get a world view of life, men, books and events." "And Edmund de S. Brunner, of Columbia University, kept me conversant with the vast problem of our rural society while he was editing twenty-two volumes on 'Town & Country.'" And that reminds my interlocutor of a very different Shaw: "George Bernard Shaw's books gave me many points for my sermons."

"I must not forget a man who, among other things taught me the value of physical efficiency as we took long walks.

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

But along with that, Edward A. Ross was an inspiration to both scholarship and friendship." "Then there was the unique contribution of Sherwood Eddy, in his humility, his sense of stewardship in his possession of wealth, and in his ideal of service as the crowning duty of life. I got much from his world-wide views and his effort to get at the depth of causes in human behavior." Another figure appears from Lyman Powell's book, *The Second Seventy*. Channing Pollock "was never too busy to have concern and care for his friends."

Quite early in this conversation, Powell had introduced two names to which I had replied, "let them wait to the last." I think I am right in picking them out as striking examples in the combination of professional companionship and deep personal friendship. Talcott Williams fulfilled many parts. How about him? "Ah, he was like a father to me. He adjured me to stock my mind, to prepare thoroughly for even ordinary tasks, to take pains with everything I did, to go always below the surface and to count no human being as insignificant. He was a gentlemen of the Fourth Estate and the most brilliant raconteur in America in his Victorian Day."

"Now, how about Edward Howard Griggs? I remember that he dedicated his autobiography to you. How did he help you?" "Griggs was, in my judgment, the best all-round lecturer of his time. He set me a high example, and coached me in the way to make immediate use of life, of information, events and experiences. He characterized himself when he wrote: 'The capacity for joy in any human being is in direct proportion to the fineness and depth of feeling. Hence any course of life which steadily hardens the feelings is destroying the capacity for joy. A man who has lived so to deaden his sensibilities has sold his human birthright to

## *THE CAPACITY FOR FRIENDSHIP*

happiness. Coarse excitement or brutal sensation may be his, but not joy.' ”

And so I pause at this point to show my subject a letter from Edward H. Griggs written in August, 1945:

“Dr. Powell’s long active life has been one of vivid experience and wide achievement. As writer and speaker, he has interpreted with equal wisdom significant modern religious movements and American democracy, both in life and in social institutions. As University president, he has been a leader in the education of young people. As minister of religion, he has been a friend of the spirit to countless individuals.

“Lyman Powell’s life has been one of constant and varied work, carried on with boundless enthusiasm. There could be no thought of retirement for him, but only of changed activity. No matter what difficulties and sorrows had to be met, always he has been marked by buoyancy of spirit and unwavering faith in life. As a friend, he is loyal and devoted, and always an inspiration to the faith and activity of those whose lives he has touched. Indeed we shall be glad to have in permanent form his life-story, done by so gifted a friend and biographer.”

“But,” says Lyman, “you have left out a most important one.” That one, however, has already said enough about himself in this story to reveal the reasons why he is the biographer of Lyman Powell.

As for Powell’s correspondence files, they would open the eyes of autograph hunters and dealers. They include presidents of the United States, noted preachers, authors, statesmen, teachers, professional and business leaders in a cross-section of the cultural life of the world. Powell himself was an inveterate letter writer. On issues of social or



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

political significance he wrote senators, congressmen, governors and other public leaders.

And in the exchange of letters with his friends, we were all put to it to keep up with him. Are we in trouble, he cheers us. Had we done something notable we have his congratulations. His friends were ever on his heart, even in his most pressing moments of activity and toil. He never forgot the old ones as he constantly took on new attachments. He goes far out of his way to commend and even advertise and promote his friends. In 1939, when I receive the first copy of one of my books, I find that the publishers use on the jacket a gem of promotional characterization of the author by Lyman Powell — in unmeasured terms. As I remarked to him at the time, "You made more than the most of your subject."

One of Powell's parishioners in Lansdowne, Mrs. Annie E. Underhill, writes me: "he seemed to take a particular joy in helping those less privileged." One of his early pupils, Mrs. John B. Hutton of Dover Delaware, emphasizes his "kindness and sympathetic understanding." Bishop William T. Manning says: "I first knew Dr. Powell in 1898 when he succeeded me as Rector of St. John's Church, Lansdowne, Pennsylvania, and carried forward the work of that parish with great ability and devotion. Through all the years that I have known him and in all the positions he has held Dr. Powell's characteristics have been the same: spiritual earnestness, keen intellectual ability, friendliness towards all men, and eagerness as a Minister of God and His Church to serve all to whom he could be of help. May the years to come be full of happiness and blessing for Dr. and Mrs. Powell and their family."

His classmate in the Philadelphia Divinity School, Rev. Norman Van Pelt Levis, says: "I first met Dr. Powell in the Philadelphia Divinity School fifty years ago and ever since

## THE CAPACITY FOR FRIENDSHIP

that time he has been to me as he has been to many, a constant help and inspiration. He was always a devoted pastor, a helpful preacher of righteousness and an intellectual leader — broad and liberal, yet firm on the great foundations of religion and life. But above all, I rejoice in his friendship and his interest in spiritual values. With many great gifts, he has always been humble, and has served his church and country as a real leader."

Professor Edward A. Ross of the University of Wisconsin, his fellow student at Johns Hopkins characterizes his life as "rich and variegated," his books as well as his life are as "engaging and inspiring" as they are "interesting."

Many could write as does Channing Pollock: "It seems possible that the influence of people is best estimated by its effect on those with whom they have little or no physical contact. I've met Dr. Lyman Powell only three or four times, and yet, over a long period of years he has been an unfailing inspiration. His letters, and they were many, were always full of aspiration and confidence in human kind; indeed, Dr. Powell never appeared to be aware that there are such things as meanness, and disloyalty or dishonesty. I've often thought that he exemplified perfectly Emerson's injunction to maintain in a crowd the sweetness and independence of solitude. Dr. Powell's book, *The Second Seventy*, was a fine job, and I was surprised at the reach of his editorials in his home-town newspaper. An acquaintance in Chicago once asked me whether I knew them, and when I expressed wonder that *he* did, explained, 'The first was sent me by a relative, and then I subscribed to the paper in order to see them regularly.' In one of my own books, *The Adventures of a Happy Man*, I wrote: 'Every grain of sand laid on the pyramid brings us that much nearer the stars.' Beyond us 'lies a world that, through boundless time, is going to be made ever better and happier.' He is a fortunate

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

man who can say truly — as Dr. Powell certainly can — ‘When the pyramid is finished, my grain of sand will be part of it.’ ”

We may fittingly add to these messages from past and distant friends a characterization of Lyman Powell as his neighbors in his home-town see him. Let us now have what is sometimes termed a “close-up” of our subject by Arthur Stringer of Mountain Lakes:

“We who face the snows come to know the value of friendship in a world where so much is fleeting. We who walk life’s autumnal road shadowed by lost hopes and withered beliefs finally learn the worth of fidelity and the steadfast heart.

“I have known Lyman Powell for many a long year. And life, with all it has given and taken away, has brought me no more cherished friendship than that of this quiet-voiced scholar, this sympathetically admonishing guide, this discerning yet warm-hearted *gentleman*.

“I used the last word advisedly, not forgetful of Cardinal Newman’s definition of a ‘gentleman’ as one who never inflicts pain and conducts himself towards an enemy (should he have one) as if he might one day face him as a friend. For Lyman Powell is endowed with that innate kindness of heart and that enduring graciousness of manner which have always prompted him to make light of favors while he did them, and appear to be receiving when he was conferring. His great concern, as I remember it through the years, has been to make everyone at ease and at home. I have found him always tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd. Never, in all his active life, have I seen him offended by injustices or dismayed by antagonisms. Not that he is without a will of his own. ‘I may have erred in judgment,’ he once said, ‘but not in purpose.’ In that long life of service of his he was too active

## THE CAPACITY FOR FRIENDSHIP

and too earnest in his quest for the well-being of others to remember injuries (and he had his share of them) or to waste thought in bearing malice. And being a true 'gentle' man, he has always been an understanding consoler of the afflicted and a great restorer of faith in this troubled world.

"I have seen him face the blows of destiny, and face them with a quiet fortitude that only a fixed belief in the Eventual Good could make possible. He was, and is, a man of the Church, but the wide range of his interests carried him into fields remote from the ecclesiastical. He studied this world's unrest and, having studied it, struggled to untangle its complexities and smooth a path for the oncoming generation which he faced as both teacher and preacher. But through it all he retained the human touch, with a strain of boyishness in his enthusiasms and ardenscies, never forgetting the admonition of Osler, who once warned him, when talking about Oliver Wendell Holmes: 'We must, Powell, always keep young with Holmes!'

"It was, I think, this ageless spirit in Lyman Powell that kept him so companionable, so agreeable to all manner of men, and so welcome a visitor in his rector days that tradition has it more than one old-lady parishioner could be volubly jealous when he passed her door to call on a more favored neighbor. It gave a novel sort of salty vigor to both his writing and his ministering. It equipped him to meet those in both low places and high places, just as it once prompted him, in New York's crowded subway, to use the nearby back of an unprotesting fat man as a lectern while he penciled notes for one of his editorials. He knew kings and presidents, pedagogues and generals, ambassadors and statesmen, even actors and editors and authors — and made friends with them all. He himself was an editor and an author, and the fluency of his style may be unearthed in much of Osler's historic *Practice of Medicine*, a volume



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

which Lyman Powell had an active hand in inditing when the great physician from Canada was first plunging into print, and a volume, by the way, whose first edition is now as much a collector's item as is a Shakespeare Folio.

"Lyman Powell always gives more than he receives. His friendly talks have always been rich with wisdom and mellowed with a generous understanding of my demi-Hibernian paganism. I have recently missed that familiar figure, that slender-bodied and preoccupied student of life, on his meditative walks along the tree-shadowed bye-ways of Mountain Lakes. His kindliness and Christ-like spirit are making this world a better place to live in."

In another of his many unpublished memoranda, Dr. Powell expresses his own attitude of mind and heart:

"Though both my eyes are auspicious, I have never had a dropping eye. People have always been to me wonderful even when others have told me that I was deceived. It has always seemed to me that what we call the divine has been packed into human nature, no matter what the limitations or faults of human nature may be, and God pity the man or woman who attempts to classify men and women into the good and the bad. There was a Man once who knew human nature as no one else has ever known it, and when He had to classify men and women He did not divide them into sheep and wolves, but into sheep and goats. He knew they were of a kind, and that between the best and the worst the dividing line is not for us to draw. I cannot remember the time when friendship was not a glory in my life. When I was installed President of Hobart College in the autumn of 1913, the sweetest word said to me by one among the many who came from all over the country was that I had more friends than any other man in the land. Of course,



## THE CAPACITY FOR FRIENDSHIP

I knew at the time that that was a compliment I did not deserve, for I live in the land of Bryan and Roosevelt and the great-hearted Wilson, carrying such burdens as have never fallen even to Washington or Lincoln and asking nothing except the chance to do his duty whether people like it or not. But I like to think that one man, at least, whom I had not seen for years had been self-deceived by my instinct for friendship into what seemed even to him, amid the enthusiasm of the habit newly formed of installing College Presidents with some ceremony, a truth, which set him perhaps alone on what seemed to the City of Geneva a great occasion."

In these relations with all sorts and conditions of men, sometimes Powell was the magnet and the man or woman was the metal bar. At other times it was the reverse. Oftener perhaps it could better be described as mutual attraction and responsiveness. As for his friends he absorbed from them, he went out of his way to quote them, he praised them, he qualified criticism of them if it could not be challenged and he even loved to exploit and promote them, sometimes when the reason was not easy for them to see. And he never sought to hide his need of them. He closes his introduction in *The Human Touch* with a verse by Richard Burton who had encouraged him to write the book:

"High thoughts and noble in all lands  
Help me; my soul is fed by such,  
But, oh, the touch of lips and hands, —  
    The human touch!  
Warm, vital, close, life's symbols dear,  
These need I most, and now, and here."

In his introduction to *The Human Touch*, Lyman Powell finds nothing unique or remarkable in his friendly

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

approaches to "Kings, Cardinals, Presidents, University and College People, Bishops, Preachers, Actors, Editors, Authors." They are "just folks whom the Lord must love or he would not have made so many of them." And it was the same inviting Powell among his neighbors, wherever he happened to be, at home, on the street, in church or in the post office.

With Ralph Waldo Emerson he seems to define "the essence of friendship" in terms of "total magnanimity and trust" and his approach to a friend was "with an audacious trust in the truth of his heart." While such confidence must at some times have been misplaced, nowhere do we find in him any loss of faith in human nature or human beings. I once asked his advice about making public, in my own autobiography, one of those violations of confidence. He said, almost offhand, "that is but a mere incident, it is not worthy of a place in history."

And as for men who have abused Lyman Powell's trust and made shadows amid these lights, he would say with Wordsworth,\* they

"Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay  
On our past selves in life's declining day:  
For as, by discipline of Time made wise,  
We learn to tolerate the infirmities  
And faults of others — gently as he may,  
So with our own the mild Instructor deals,  
Teaching us to forget them or forgive."

There was a sort of Emersonian transcendentalism in his relations with human beings, especially with his friends. With them he would "never strike sail to a fear," for he would say with Julius Caesar, "a friend should bear his friend's

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\* "Old Abbeyes."

### *THE CAPACITY FOR FRIENDSHIP*

infirmities," or in the words of Alexander Pope, "a generous friendship no cold medium knows." Lyman Powell was a living embodiment of the thesis of Josiah Royce: "in loyalty . . . is the fulfillment of the whole moral law." The heart of Christianity is to be "loyal to loyalty."

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## CHAPTER ELEVEN

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### *THE SAGA OF A PASTOR'S WIFE*

LET us leave now for a little while, these animated and sometimes tumultuous scenes and look in upon the deeper recesses of Lyman Powell's living. When the backgrounds of life are lost, its foregrounds lose in meaning and intent. When men and women substitute the human social order for that of home and fireside, they fulfill the sad prophecy of Wordsworth's ode: 'The heaven that lay about them in their infancy is lost. The shades of prison house have closed. The deepest and the sweetest things of life are left to die away and fade into the light of common day. The first affections, the fountain light of all our day, the master light of all our seeing, no longer uphold us, cherish or have power to make our noisy years seem moments in the being of the eternal silence.

One of the saddest tragedies of human life comes to us when:

"Years following years steal something every day;  
Until at last they steal us from ourselves away."

There are yet hidden forces in Lyman Powell's life to be disclosed.

While the biographer has been a more or less constant visitor in the hospitable Powell home, only the wife and mother can tell its revealing story. Not long ago I read a biography of one of our public characters. It contained one paragraph about his wife and nothing about his family and

## THE SAGA OF A PASTOR'S WIFE

home life. Lyman Powell's life story could not be told that way. Elsewhere than in the tragic drama of human life mystery calls for the oft repeated injunction, *cherchez la femme*.

Not only did Gertrude Wilson Powell preside over that home and perform its twenty-four-hour-a-day tasks, not only did she furnish incentive and at times become a dynamo in the background of her husband's public life and service. She shared in the writing and editing of his books and this biographer has discovered that in that sphere she can analyze, criticize and correct, with no little emphasis. That she was a determining critic of her husband's sermons we have already learned. Above all, over a long period of years she was a "pastor's wife" with all that that term can mean to a pastor and a church and congregation.

During all these forty-five years has she also filled her own place in the world's social and corporate order. Gertrude Powell had a life of her own. She was an educator on her own account.

This volume would be at many points in a vacuum without her own story. Only she can tell it and upon that decision this writer will have the gratitude of his readers for his insistence even at a time when long illness has reduced her normal vitality. Let us now hear the voice that has guided the Powell home and often determined the destiny of Lyman P. Powell by its "reason firm," its "temperate will," "endurance, foresight, strength and skill," in times when it was called to "warn, to comfort and command."\*

As we read her narrative we shall discover new light not only upon some of the notable visitors in the Powell home, but also on Lyman Powell's entire life and service, as already described by the biographer and by Lyman Powell himself.

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\* William Wordsworth.



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

"Lyman undertook to build up an Episcopal Mission at Ambler, Pa. There through friends of mine he heard much of me. Through these same friends I heard much of him, so we each quietly decided to avoid each other. But the friends willed otherwise. When home for the Christmas vacation, I attended the usual alumnae party at Sunnyside School feeling very safe from Episcopal intrusion. But alas! The young minister had been invited, too, and so we met. He was preparing his first volume of Historic Towns series and immediately interested me in it. From this starting point we saw each other and then corresponded for the rest of the year. When I arrived home for the summer vacation he was promptly on hand and we became engaged, after a year of intimate letters and less than half a day in meetings.

Under contract to teach the next year I had to return to the Emma Willard School but left the following Spring to be married June 20, 1899, in the Church of Our Saviour in Jenkintown, Pa.,

### MARRIED LIFE AS A PASTOR'S WIFE

After the wedding my life became merged with that of my husband. We even read proof together on our honeymoon. I am not yet quite sure that I have forgiven that or the fact that he forgot to pay my fare on the street car. We started blithely on a long career of adventure, strenuous work, some failures, more than our share of successes and more than a few sorrows. What courage we had, or was it ignorance, to start our life on \$25. per week? Since there was no rectory, \$30. had to go every month for rent.

I had had practically no experience in either cooking or housekeeping but from the first day I was determined that there would be no talk about "the pies mother used to make." My college degree had to prove its value. A kitchen was only one more laboratory anyway. By a series of unforeseen happenings, my mother-in-law, not quite sure that I

## *THE SAGA OF A PASTOR'S WIFE*

had been properly trained to be a poor minister's wife, was a guest in our new home for a week from the very first meal. Each night after she had gone to bed I studied the cook book to be ready for the next day. She went home never dreaming what a dramatic week she had shared with us and told the other daughters-in-law what a good housekeeper I was.

Those first years at Lansdowne were years of beginnings for us both. Lyman had to build a new church and turn a little parish into a fairly good-sized one. Not the least of his difficulties was to follow Mr. Manning (now Bishop) who was adored by his people. Mr. Manning treated him beautifully but a few "die hards" were sure no one could replace him. I'm glad to record that my husband won them in the end.

I had to learn how to manage both home and husband, win the affection of the parishioners, learn what was expected of a minister's wife and make that \$25. a week last through 31 days.

Unfortunately I was sick unto death for many months before the birth of our first boy, Talcott. The sicker I grew the closer the parishioners rallied until our bonny eldest was born in 1900, almost literally in the midst of the apple blossoms which filled our backyard. This child cost me much. I was slow in recovering my physical vigor and the boy was so precocious and so abounding in vitality that he gave me little opportunity for rest. Being the first baby born to a rector in the Parish he became the Parish pet — he was like a little prince. All the long day of his birth anxious people sat on the porch asking for nothing but the news of his safe advent. At six o'clock word of his arrival went through the Parish and gifts began to arrive. I think I never bought him any article of clothing during his first years. He accepted all this adulation with grace and really added joy to the Parish life. Our last Sunday dinner in Lansdowne was eaten

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

with a family having little children so Talcott was asked, too. When the big brown bird came through the pantry door, Talcott's eyes sparkled and he clutched my arm crying out, "Mother, Mother! It looks like a turkey but it must be a chicken!" At Thanksgiving we had decided on chicken because of the expense of the long move to Northampton. What wonderful friends we made in Lansdowne! We were young, we were governed by strong ideals and we both worked hard. Indeed the young rector grew a bit gaunt under stress of raising money for the new church and preaching as good sermons as he knew how. He had to do his best because the congregation included a number of academic people from the University of Pennsylvania and other types of professional people. I identified myself at once with the newly formed Woman's Club and remained on the Board during my whole life in Lansdowne. I look with awe upon the titles of some of the papers I wrote but the work met some pressing intellectual need within me. I took particular satisfaction in the Girl's Guild which I both organized and directed. Since the Guild met in the Rectory both my husband and I had an opportunity to come into close contact with the promising young people of the town.

It was no easy task for Lyman to gather the money for the new church. He was determined to have it paid for before the first stone was laid. According to the initial gift of \$10,000. all the money had to be in the bank by noon a year from the day the first money was promised. We had almost no rich people in the Parish — just successful young people bringing up families. On that last day of grace we still lacked about \$600. and Lyman had exhausted every resource known to him. Even Bishop Whitaker's vacation fund by his own insistence had gone to swell the amount. Lyman went to Philadelphia to hunt the missing dollars and I stayed at home to run messengers to the bank with any last minute

## *THE SAGA OF A PASTOR'S WIFE*

donations. At ten o'clock an unknown man presented himself and asked if I was Mrs. Powell. He then said, "You do not know me but I know you, as your father's daughter. Your father saved my sister's life but would never accept any payment for it. We have never been able to do anything for your father but we understand that your husband is building a new church so through you and him, we are repaying our debt to your father. Here is my check and my wife will double it." Incidentally, the sister was the wife of the parson of the little Methodist Church adjacent to my childhood home.

The money was in bank and we had the supreme joy of seeing the present beautiful St. John's Church, Lansdowne, replace the poor wooden building in the wrong part of town of our honeymoon days.

I loved Lansdowne and its people with all my capacity to love but fate was building another future for us. One cold Sunday five suspicious looking strangers carefully scattered themselves through the congregation. Late Sunday afternoon three arrived at the rectory and introduced themselves. I was appalled, since our Sunday night suppers were usually scanty. In my predicament, I hastened across the street to a devoted parishioner and proposed that we swap suppers. Of course, I gave no hint of the identity of our unexpected visitors.

The call to Northampton came and it seemed wise to accept it, although to leave was like pulling us up by our deepest roots. We left our beloved first Parish after the Christmas service in 1903, I swathed in beautiful furs — the gift of the women of the Parish — and my husband with a purse of gold to pay our moving expenses. We had given whole-heartedly of ourselves and received "full measure running over".



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

### NORTHAMPTON

We arrived in Northampton on a very cold day early in January with my heart as frozen as the landscape. I had no zest to begin a new life because memories of the past were too poignant. For the first time in my life, I was desperately homesick, but fortunately too busy to dwell much upon my own troubles. Our parishioners had unloaded the car before our arrival and set up the furniture according to a diagram furnished by me. Servants were in the house and even dinner waiting for us. On Saturday afternoon I left a bright and shining home in which my husband was working anxiously over his sermon to go down on a shopping tour. The fire bells rang but I paid no attention until I finally ran into a vestryman. He asked me how much damage had been done to the Rectory. I turned and fled through knee deep snow drifts in a temperature of four degrees below zero. When the Rectory finally appeared there were great gaping holes in the walls, our lares and penates standing in the snow and the yard full of people. My one agonized thought was for our three year old Talcott whom I had left in charge of a strange maid. He had been taken next door. Inside the house, everything was polished black like a stove plate, although it developed that we had not actually lost very much by the fire itself. Everything was carried back into the house, a guard set and the family taken in by parishioners. We ate dinner in a Smith College boarding house. During the course of it someone remarked: "You are a remarkable woman, Mrs. Powell." "Why?" I asked. "Because if I were in your place I'd be crying my eyes out." I replied "I would be if I could only find a private place in which to weep."

Then began a long month of redecorating and confusion in which it was impossible to lead any kind of normal life. The intense cold held for a week while we awaited the insurance adjuster to get down from Vermont. Long after we



## *THE SAGA OF A PASTOR'S WIFE*

were settled again, two women came to call and inquired, "Did you receive full insurance for your loss?" I was obliged to say that as a matter of fact we had received very little because so many of our belongings were presents.

The women looked at each other and one said, "There, I told you so." They explained this mystifying remark by saying that our insurance adjuster's sister lived next door to them and he had enthusiastically proclaimed, "I have just adjusted the Powell insurance. They are very charming people." An interesting side-light. With this inauspicious start began ten crowded, hurried years. As I think back over them I sometimes wonder how we ever lived them. Again we had the misfortune to follow a rich and very popular preacher Roland Cotton Smith, who was in every way the antithesis of my husband. Indeed, one would-be manager of the Parish dared to intimate to me that it might be well if Lyman could re-make himself after a similar pattern. I thanked her for her interest but refused to pass on the suggestion, saying that my husband would have to stand or fall as God had made him.

St. John's Church, Northampton, a magnificent Romanesque church, stood at the very heart of the Smith College Campus. Thus there was a town congregation of the usual folk, a college flock with a small sprinkling of the English families who worked in the cutleries and lived in the nearby suburbs. Such a Parish required the very best that a man could give from the pulpit. It also required our steady participation in the social and academic life of Smith College. The congregations grew through the years and also the responsibilities.

The Rectory latchstring was always out, especially to the young people and many of the great and near great also passed through our door. I can close my eyes and picture

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

after picture passes before them but to set them all down would fill volumes.

Naturally, it was difficult to make such a congregation cohere. A large and flourishing College Club finally took care of the students; an equally healthy St. Agnes Guild furnished an outlet for the younger married women of the town and a deeply loyal Woman's Auxiliary, under my own leadership, made both the older townswomen and college women active workers for the Parish.

We found a Parish not particularly interested in Missions and an Auxiliary of five faithful but discouraged women. There was my work ready to hand because the tiny Auxiliary and the St. Agnes Guild were polite to each other but not cordial. With youthful zeal I decided to change all that. I would ask the two societies to meet at the Rectory on the same afternoon in spite of the rector's doubts.

Meanwhile, I prepared the most delicious refreshments I could think up. The day arrived and all the women came. The St. Agnes women carefully seated themselves in the back room and the Auxiliary in the front room, while I spent the afternoon going back and forth between them. On one such journey my eye caught sight of a long, black, dusty cobweb swinging across the corner of the "parlor." I knew instantly that one of the women had seen it, too. What to do? How to save my face? So very quickly I said, "How in the world did I ever miss that cobweb?" She said, "You are not like one of your predecessors. Her husband invited the Guild to meet at the Rectory without telling her. When we arrived she was so provoked that she would scarcely speak to us because she hadn't had time to wash the windows and clean the house." I laughed and replied, "well, I always clean the house after the company is gone." She gave me a severe look, set her lips firmly and proclaimed, "But, you see she was a beautiful housekeeper." That set me in

## *THE SAGA OF A PASTOR'S WIFE*

my place good and proper. However, I am proud to say that the two societies did, in the end, work amicably together and after I was elected to a Diocesan office my Auxiliary followed me to the meetings almost to a woman. My heart glowed with love and gratitude every time St. John's Northampton was called and all heads turned to see that solid phalanx of women rise. After all, compared to most of them I was only a young snip and an outlander at that.

My husband became very much interested in healing through religion as practised by the so-called Emmanuel Movement. He decided to set up a clinic, with astounding results. People came from far and near and he achieved such gratifying results that he was chosen, along with Bishop William Lawrence, to represent the Episcopal Church of America at the Bicentenary of the Canadian Church meeting in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The telephone rang day and night and Lyman's hours became too crowded for usual parish duties. It was impossible to carry on this work without assistance, so Lyman very reluctantly closed his clinic and while we both appreciated the great value of this kind of religious aid we were not sorry to regain some degree of family privacy again.

We bought an old place at Dana in the hills of Western Massachusetts where we spent fifteen happy summers away from the telephone and other exacting calls of city life. Perhaps, we could not otherwise have stood the Northampton strain. The boys always thought of Dana as home.

Our second son, Francis, a lovely delicate child, was born in 1907, and our sturdy, elder and fascinating boy Talcott became more and more of a problem because he was the college pet. We finally felt that so much feminine adulation was bad for him so we sent him to Rumsey Hall, a small boy's boarding school over in the Berkshires. The days flew by. All through these busy years Lyman was conduct-

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

ing a monthly department in *Good Housekeeping Magazine* on "Spiritual Ideals in American Life." He preached elsewhere a great deal, wrote a book or two and numerous magazine articles. We lived at a fast tempo and met every kind of need from telling Smith College girls where to find grasshoppers to heart starved bishops who loved little white babies like our Francis. One such followed his visit with a great bunch of white sweet peas and a card saying, "I could not resist sending these. They are so like your baby." And that very night Lyman married a miserable little couple. As they left the weeping girl buried her face in the flowers and gasped, "Oh, Mrs. Powell, they are so white." Sometimes I rebelled and wished we could see less of people and more of each other. Then a stay at blessed Dana would bring peace and a restored sense of proportion and back we would go refreshed in soul.

All sorts of interesting people came under our roof. I think I liked best to make returned missionaries happy and give them a taste of easier living such as breakfast in bed or wearing a pink dress because, as one young missionary on leave from Alaska said, "It is so long since I've seen a woman in a 'pink' dress." Incidentally both this remark and the "pink" dress were highly disapproved by a visiting Deaconess who ever after considered me very frivolous, but the human side of life has always had great appeal for me.

During these ten interesting years, my mother and father had become invalids and were no longer able to maintain a home, nor could I spare the time to make frequent visits to them. So it was decided best to break up my parental home and bring my parents to us. This meant a strain on the Parish which Lyman felt was unfair. At that particular moment he was called to establish a Chair of Business Ethics at New York University. The salary was larger and I would be free of Parish duties, so once again we folded our tents

## *THE SAGA OF A PASTOR'S WIFE*

and trekked to a New York apartment just off Washington Square with two invalids and a three year old child. Lyman was a success with his pupils but had to work hard to establish the course. I did very little beyond caring for the family needs. In the spring of that year my mother died. I was only too glad to seek rest at Dana but fate again took a hand in our affairs. After mother's funeral we left father in Jenkintown, Pa., where my sister was for a while until we could catch our breath and plan the future.

To our great astonishment Lyman was asked whether he would consider the presidency of the cordinate colleges of Hobart and William Smith in Geneva, N. Y. I think we were both too tired to really want to do it but we did not like the city and an ordered established life appealed to us.

To cut a long story short, after much hesitation, Lyman decided to accept the Hobart call. Our misgivings were many especially after we saw the huge old house which we had to keep up on a none too large salary. Most of the official college guests had to be entertained in the President's House without adequate allowance for such extra expenses. My housekeeping sense was appalled but the town was charming and we loved young people. Perhaps we could settle there for life and never move any more. It also seemed to be a good place for the boys to grow up.

Along in November we moved. The house was inviting but cold as the Arctic zone. There were forty odd rooms to be heated by a huge, tired furnace in the subcellar which in extreme weather ate up one-half a ton of coal per day. Only the fireplaces in every room kept us comfortable. I never had the nerve of my immediate predecessor who gave a dinner party in fur coats.

For weeks the town entertained us royally and there was a successful inauguration. The President's reception in our own house was also a great hit. The town came to inspect



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

us, four hundred strong. At the end of the evening I felt as if I had taken part in a hard football game. I was something new in President's wives and I started breaking precedents that very night because I brought a caterer over from Rochester to serve the refreshments. It seemed that I was expected to go to my kitchen and "bake sponge cakes" and borrow what I needed from the faculty ladies.

At first the experience for me was very like that of being a debutante. I was young, I liked pretty clothes (have always thought that I should have been a dress designer), I loved to dance which greatly pleased the college boys and I would take no end of trouble to do things for the students. It was exciting to attend football games, with an escort wearing the college colors. The students loved to dance in the President's House which was admirably arranged for entertaining. My "at home" days were always well attended with the last students generally staying on for dinner or supper as the case might be.

But every so often a rift in the lute appeared and we became conscious of undercurrents which we did not understand. We soon learned that different people expected different things of us. My husband arrived with these distinct intentions — to increase the number of students at Hobart, to enlarge the Endowment Fund and to build up the new woman's end of the colleges.

Hobart was old and had a number of scholarships. A number of the boys, especially sons and grandsons of old graduates bitterly resented the new woman's college. Many refused to meet the girls or set foot on their campus. Geneva loved Hobart and the boys had an enviable place in many of the homes. Some of the homes supported the boys in their feeling about the girls. Geneva being a social city of a good deal of wealth entertained quite lavishly after southern New York style. One problem was to bring the two

## *THE SAGA OF A PASTOR'S WIFE*

colleges closer together. Then, too, the number of free scholarships rather cut in to the income to be expected from "paying" students. The small number of students at Hobart also made the division between fraternity and non-fraternity men very marked. Human nature being what it is, the fraternity men naturally wished to manage Hobart affairs, especially the social life. The college world was not long in discovering that democracy was more than a word with the new president and wife so the "barbs" and discontented took heart and laid a few of their troubles on the presidential door-step. A Commons Club was formed which added to the happiness of the non-fraternity men and we never lost an opportunity to foster friendships between the boys and girls.

According to our way of thinking, Hobart was handicapped by too large a Board of Trustees — five or six of them graduates, living in Geneva and keeping an eagle eye on all college matters. It was all too easy for college grievances to be carried to a local trustee. In this way a mole-hill sometimes became a mountain of size. This happened in the case of liquor. A sentiment had been growing in Geneva and through the College that the Hobart boys should have less liberty to drink when and where they pleased. This was an acute and troublesome question for the new President to handle. Finally he ruled that scholarship money could not be spent on liquor. This was naturally something of an atomic bomb because the socially elect fraternity men felt that abstinence would make them conspicuous at town dinner parties where liquor was the rule rather than the exception.

Other college presidents learned of the ruling and were greatly interested that one president had apparently solved a question troublesome to all of them. Unfortunately the President fell desperately ill and had to be away from the

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

College for a year. A few dissatisfied spirits tried to have the liquor ruling reversed during his absence and stirred up unnecessary ill will. The scars of this conflict went deep, although Lyman knew nothing about it until a year later. The restoration of Lyman's health came ahead of everything else so the family went to the beloved Dana to pull itself together and get much needed rest. By the time Lyman recovered the clouds of World War I were heavy over Hobart. The boys were slipping away until very few were left. The Commencement exercises were advanced and the College seemed almost to stop. Lyman was restless and impatient to do something for the war effort. When I finally turned the key in our door I little dreamed that I would not see it again for two years.

Lyman almost immediately went abroad to study the effect of the war on education in the countries involved while the boys and I stayed in Dana. When Lyman returned he resigned from Hobart and at once undertook long patriotic speaking tours all over the country. I finally settled in a New York apartment on East 15th Street and sent both boys to the Quaker School on Stuyvesant Square. Talcott graduated and entered Wesleyan University where he, of course, was absorbed into R. O. T. C. of the College. During that year, I was fully occupied in completing a book, *The Spirit of Democracy*, which Lyman was compiling and editing and under contract to have finished by spring.

For several years, Lyman continued to lecture for various organizations while little Francis and I rather wandered about but Francis finally had to undergo a serious mastoid operation and the surgeon said he must live in the country all the year round. Mountain Lakes, N. J., was suggested by a friend and we bought a house there. It was necessary for me to go to Geneva to reclaim our furniture. The house was lovely with the sun slanting over the old rooms. The young

## THE SAGA OF A PASTOR'S WIFE

professor who had accompanied me said so sadly, "What a pity, Mrs. Powell, to have to break it up." I thought back over all that the house had meant to us and agreed with him. So many pleasant things had happened in it. So many interesting people had sojourned there. Fascinating Ellen Terry who remembered to write me on the anniversary of her visit; Alfred Noyes eating two pieces of fudge cake with all the gusto of a boy; Baroness Huard adding her autograph to that of her husband on his sketch of a French war ruin for our little son Francis because her name was Frances Wilson, too; eager, charming Lt. Pechkof of the French Army and son of Maxim Gorky asking pensively, "Mrs. Powell, do you think any girl would dance with a man with only one arm?"; the dear little Russian woman known as Babuska all over the country and the austere Chinese woman, Dr. Lin, famed for both her medical and educational work. I saw again the blushing young secretary of the Hon. Mr. Whitehouse (scheduled to succeed the Prime Minister of England) telling me that he had lost his dress coat en route and what should he wear for dinner? And then such a gay procession of laughing boys and girls proud of "Prexy" and his wife and so very happy to have them interested in their affairs.

Then my mind swung back to the sober, war-shadowed Hobart. Both my husband and I were active in promoting Red Cross interests. The telephone would ring in the morning saying, "Please send the President or his wife to such and such a place. We do not care which one comes." I did a great deal of this organization work because we were fortunate to have in our employ a very capable Colored couple. One morning I said, "Harriet, I am ashamed to leave my home and child to your care again." She replied, "Why, Mrs. Powell, William and I can't do what you are doing. It is as much our patriotic duty to keep your home running

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

smoothly as it is for you to go out and do this speaking." Incidentally, I also organized at this time what I believe was the first Woman's Motor Corps in this country.

It took about two weeks to break up the home and during that time I was practically the guest of the city. I never ate two meals in the same house and so I left Geneva with warm memories of many kindnesses to begin life in another strange place — Mountain Lakes, N. J.

### MOUNTAIN LAKES AND THE BRONX

Once settled in Mountain Lakes, I found myself for the first time in years with spare hours on my hands. My husband was either away lecturing or commuting. Talcott was in the R. O. T. C. at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, and Francis was in school all day. I became interested at once in village affairs. I joined the Woman's Club and took an active part in its program especially in the building up of a Current Events Department which I conducted for some years. A College Club was forming and I became a Charter member. In these years Mountain Lakes had only the Grade School which was under the supervision of the Hanover Township School Board. Many of the parents wanted a type of school different from that of the usual township school. Since the Township Board did not wish to grant Mountain Lakes any special favors a very lusty Parent-Teachers Association came into being of which I was unfortunate enough to become the president. Really bitter fights were fought. Every meeting was almost an armed camp and a great deal of scorn was directed at "Madame President" in the local papers. But in spite of the conflicts and differing opinion a devoted band of parents did yoeman's work in securing certain changes and improvements in the school and after a lapse of years secured the fine High School which is an ornament of the borough.

When Francis graduated from the Grade School we had



## THE SAGA OF A PASTOR'S WIFE

an opportunity to rent our home. Francis' surgeon had advised us to take him to an entirely different, milder climate since he still showed the effects of his mastoid operation. In very short order the house was rented for the winter and Francis and I were on our way to Los Angeles, California, where he entered the Harvard Military School from which he graduated three years later. I remained with him for ten months and kept myself busy visiting the private schools of California for my husband who then had charge of the Educational Department of Cosmopolitan Magazine, and occasionally helping with the monthly editorial. My work was summarized in the booklet *Golden Schools of the Golden State*.

The sojourn in California was so beneficial to Francis that we decided to send him back and I was left at loose ends. I then took up Current Events in earnest, accepting invitations to speak wherever asked. Meanwhile, Talcott had left college to marry Ysabel Loney of Mountain Lakes. Since cub reporters did not receive large salaries the young couple came to live in our third story until their baby son, David, was born September 7, 1924.

Some time during this period I took time out for a serious operation which kept me more or less invalided all one winter during which our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary occurred.

When Francis graduated from Harvard School we had an opportunity to sell the house. In practically a week, the house was sold, the furniture packed and we moved to an apartment on Washington Heights, New York City. Francis entered the freshman class of New York University and Lyman accepted the temporary charge of St. John's Parish, Hampton, Virginia. Temporary seemed in danger of becoming permanent as month succeeded month.

The highlight of that winter was a southern trip of the

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

N. Y. U. Glee Club arranged by my husband and chaperoned by Mrs. Albert Greenfield wife of the Director, Professor Albert Greenfield, and myself. Francis was a member of the Club. Lyman had arranged for concerts in Hampton, William and Mary College and Norfolk. The boys were entertained in Hampton homes and Mrs. Greenfield and I had a very good time at the dances and various festivities.

Tiring of our divided lives, Lyman returned to New York in the spring and was very soon approached by the vestry of St. Margaret's Church in the Bronx. The Parish was a challenge, offering many interesting possibilities for work and it also provided a real house and yard for the Rector. The church property, surrounded by a high iron fence, offered the only oasis of green in a crowded crossways of the busy Bronx. We moved into the Rectory before it was quite finished but we soon fell into a daily routine of hard pressing details. Lyman had a heart-breaking job before him and one wholly unlike anything that he had ever done before. The Parish was almost extinct — but a very remarkable and devoted Deaconess with a small band of zealous members had kept the embers alive.

Many of the original congregation had moved away and the church was largely surrounded by non-Episcopal people. Problems were many, not the least of which was the presence of a polyglot population. Indeed, we had many national strains among us — one morning we had representatives of seven nations at the altar rail. But the most pressing need of all was money. Only two really rich people were interested in us.

Every bit of Lyman's organizing ability and power to attract people was called into play and gradually people began to come to church, a really good choir was developed and the women's organizations grew and assumed obligations for Parish support. The Ladies' Aid suppers became almost famous

## *THE SAGA OF A PASTOR'S WIFE*

throughout our part of the Bronx and also the Annual Fair every autumn. How vivid are my memories of our paring bushels of potatoes and slicing pounds of carrots as the women gathered in the Parish kitchen for all day bouts with those dinners! How humbly I offered my pies to those expert cooks but how they loved me for sharing their labors, even though the Deaconess thought it most unseemly for the Rector's wife to do K. P. work all day. But I knew my way to the human heart and how loyally they repaid me. The Parish was not strong for Foreign Missions because we needed the money so greatly for ourselves but a Parish without a Woman's Auxiliary did not seem to us complete so the Deaconess and I started one in a very modest way. I had to lead it because no one else would. It grew into a very substantial organization with almost 100% perfect attendance at every meeting. One terribly stormy day I took the invited speaker over to the Parish House with deep apologies that probably no one would be present because of the torrential rain. When we walked in there sat every woman waiting for us. They attended the Diocesan meetings almost to a woman. The Diocesan President once said to me, "I always wait to see St. Margaret's answer to the Roll Call."

I tried to make the church yard a beauty spot for the neighbors and a place of refreshment on hot days for the children. One little girl of eight or nine said very shyly to me, "Mrs. Powell, this is the very first time in my life that I have ever stepped on grass." Then, too, we tried to make the dances in the Parish House places of good, clean recreation for the young people of the whole neighborhood regardless of their church affiliations. In fact, my husband's ambition was to make St. Margaret's "A Bright Spot in the Bronx" for youth and lonely people. During this period I had expanded my Current Events lecture work considerably going as far as the Middle West to speak. We also took into

LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

our family life two fine Chinese brothers from Honolulu who have since given a good account of themselves.

Unfortunately all my activities were suddenly cut short by a severe attack of pleural pneumonia which kept me in St. Luke's Hospital for almost a year. Since I could not seem to recover in the New York climate, the doctors felt it best for me to spend my winters in Florida. On a snowy January morning I was taken from my hospital bed to the Pennsylvania Station and deposited in a drawing room bound for St. Petersburg, Florida. There I spent happy months and for five succeeding winters went back for the cold season. But I have never since been able to resume the full, active life of earlier years and have found it necessary to guard my strength.

I almost forgot to mention the very highest spot of the St. Margaret years — my first trip to Europe in 1928 with the Sherwood Eddy party. My husband almost literally pushed me on the Majestic one June day. I had a glorious three months of pure joy. Every step of the way was exhilarating. Constantly shifting scenes gave new delight at every turn while the important people, makers of history, who always met with Sherwood Eddy, were a keen intellectual stimulant. Lady Astor and Bernard Shaw exchanging quips in person. Tea on the terrace of the House of Commons with the English Labor leaders and Frau Ebert begging me to think well of Germany added picturesqueness to daily living and furnished food for thought for many a year to come. The partial destruction of Prague in World War II has caused me bitter regret. Incidents flash so clearly before the mental eye; reading a framed copy of Kipling's "If" in Masaryk's austere study in the old fortress castle which dominates the city; eating roast goose at the very elaborate banquet offered by the City Fathers in the storied Town Hall now a mass of gaping ruins; looking from a hotel window

## *THE SAGA OF A PASTOR'S WIFE*

early one morning on the flower market where the flowers were still wet with dew. It is all so vivid and compelling that one cannot believe that it is gone forever.

In 1934 my husband and I went to Europe together with Sherwood Eddy. He needed the vacation and besides we sailed on the *Manhattan* at exactly twelve noon thirty-five years after our wedding. He had planned the trip as a surprise to me and an aid to my Current Events enterprise. We had three beautiful months including many unusual events such as a glimpse of Russia and Warsaw and attendance at the Oberammergau Passion Play — a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Again we are filled with sadness that no one will again see what we saw that summer. Even then the war clouds were lowering. We got to Berlin just after Hitler's Blood Purge of June 30th and heard his speech of defense. We came into Vienna following the murder of Dollfuss and found the troops bivouacing in the streets, with Mussolini hovering on the border.

After our return in September both my husband and I were frequently called to speak on Russia or show our special movie taken for and by the Eddy party day by day. It has always been a source of satisfaction to both of us that we were able in our modest way to somewhat enlarge American understanding of little known Russia. The movie was especially convincing. As one man said to me, "I might or might not believe what you say but the pictures do not lie."

The time came when Lyman felt that he had done his main work for the Parish, he needed a rest and neither of us liked the long winter separations due to my trips to Florida so after much thought Lyman resigned in the winter of 1935 and we went to Florida together. Then we had to consider the all-important question of where we should spend the remaining years of our lives. Pure air was a necessity for me but we rather dreaded starting life all over again in a new



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

environment. Rather naturally our minds turned back to Mountain Lakes, N. J., where we had many friends and associations. Finding a house to our liking, we moved back promising ourselves to do the things for which we never had had the time in the crowded years behind us. But again fate took a hand. St. Peter's Parish, Mountain Lakes, was without a rector, so for three months Lyman took charge and after that demands came from all over the diocese for him to fill empty pulpits. Until two years ago he rarely spent a Sunday at home and then he felt that he really had earned a rest and stopped, and so the story awaits its end. But as the story draws to a close two heavy sorrows here bowed us low. Almost overnight we lost our beloved, brilliant first born, Talcott. It seemed almost impossible to carry on the tale without his bright presence. Life had lost its romance and savor. His death seemed such an unnecessary waste of great possibilities and unusual talents. His father greatly missed his penetrating comments and tolerant judgments.

But he was gone and we were left to go on without him always feeling that he still lived in his son David so very like him. We were, however, denied the solace of seeing him grow into manhood since World War II claimed him at twenty years on a bleak German battle field, Thanksgiving Day, 1944. Again we were left to mourn the absence of something precious and fine from our daily living. Our hearts rebel but our souls submit.

It had been a story of bright lights and dark shadows; of great joys and deep sorrows; of high ideals and some disappointments; of much love and many sacrifices and time alone can measure the value of the telling. Perhaps son and grandson will meet Lyman Powell at the end of the road with, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

But man doth not live unto himself alone. This saga could

## THE SAGA OF A PASTOR'S WIFE

never have come into existence at all without the loving, devoted help of good friends everywhere who have ever been willing to come to my assistance when the going has been hard. To them my everlasting gratitude and thank you.

It is laughingly said among our friends that in some parts of the world I am known as Lyman's wife; in other parts Lyman is thought of as my husband; and in still other parts we are known as the parents of our children. I suppose we have been rather an unusual family in that the four of us have been closely knit together. I remember once in the midst of a lively discussion of world affairs catching a peculiar expression on a daughter-in-law's face. Upon inquiry she said that she had never known a *family* that talked so much together. Another family incident comes to mind in regard to the first Franklin D. Roosevelt election. We each had kept our choice secret and the boys were eager to know how I voted. I finally confessed to Roosevelt. Then hesitatingly one boy said, "So did I," to be followed by the other with, "I did, too." and finally my staunch G. O. P. husband said, "I voted for Roosevelt, too." This I think was the only time we ever furnished a solid family vote. We always gave the boys much freedom of discussion and since both had excellent minds they had decided opinions on most topics.

### TALCOTT WILLIAMS POWELL

Talcott Williams Powell as has been said, came with unusual pain and difficulty into the world one lovely spring evening, April 27, 1900, in Lansdowne, Pa. He was handsome and remained so throughout his life. He had great vigor and initiative and great curiosity about things, but he studied only the subjects that interested him. At the age of nine years, he decided to be a newspaper man and never swerved from that resolve.

At Wesleyan University, 1917, the R. O. T. C. really made

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

college rather meaningless to him as an institute of learning. Except for English courses he was more interested in the military than the academic end. He was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity. He left college before graduation to become a reporter on the *Paper Trade Journal* of New York City in 1920. He changed papers frequently during the next few years. He was with the *New York Sun*, 1921-22, then became reporter and assistant city editor of the *New York Tribune*, 1922-25. He had the accidental honor of getting out the "Special" of the latter paper dealing with President Harding's sudden death. From that moment he was a marked man and was called to be the general manager and treasurer of the Orange County Independent Corporation, publishing the *Middletown (N. Y.) Times-Herald*, 1925-27. He returned to New York City as a reporter, 1931-32, and later became the assistant executive editor of the *New York World-Telegram*. From 1933-35 he was editor of the *Indianapolis Times*.

The *Cosmopolitan* and Harcourt, Brace and Company sent him to the Caribbean, West Indies, and Venezuela to gather material for a series of articles and a book on various aspects of life in that part of the world. Incidentally, he discovered and excavated the site of the town of Caparra established by Ponce de Leon in Puerto Rico in 1510 and abandoned in 1521.

In 1932 his articles on veteran relief helped the *World-Telegram* to win the Pulitzer gold medal for "most meritorious public service." These articles later expanded into a book, "Tattered Banners" on the Bonus. He served as a private of infantry U. S. A. in 1918 and later as First Lt. Military Intelligence Reserve, U. S. A. He had not quite finished his *Cosmopolitan* series when death claimed him suddenly and prematurely at the age of thirty-seven.

## THE SAGA OF A PASTOR'S WIFE

On September 15, 1923, he married Ysabel Loney of Mountain Lakes, New Jersey in St. John's Church, Boonton, N. J. They had one son, David, born September 7, 1924, who died in combat in Germany, November 25, 1944. August 4, 1928, Talcott married Helen Ann Ranney of New York City, graduate of Vassar College. To them was born one daughter, Edes Lawrence Powell on March 25, 1932.

### FRANCIS WILSON POWELL

Sunday morning, December 22, 1907, in Northampton, Mass., Francis Wilson Powell slipped into the world with the least possible trouble to anyone. He was a pretty delicate, blonde baby, gentle and good, but always a source of anxiety because he would not grow robust.

He graduated from New York University in 1929, but again like his brother, he was not particularly interested in college as college. His interest was more in extra-curricular activities such as the university publications, dramatics, the Glee Club and the R. O. T. C. which consumed a good deal of time. Then, too, he had suffered so much from the disadvantages of a frail body that he was determined to prove himself in athletics — choosing track as his medium.

In 1940 he connected with the Western Auto Supply Company in Los Angeles where he now is a Junior Executive serving as assistant advertising manager.

He was married to Harriet Kathryn Powell, graduate of Stephens College, Missouri, in Webster Groves, Missouri, on June 24, 1941. They have two daughters, Elizabeth Lawrence Powell born in Los Angeles, May 24, 1942, and Marian Eloise, October 9, 1945."

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The biographer of Lyman Powell once heard President Timothy Dwight say in Yale Chapel that if you knew how to do it, you could prophesy what the man's life would be by his college years. While this is subject to modification and

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

revision, it is probably true on the whole "if you knew how to do it." We have seen that it could have been true of Lyman Powell in college and testimonies that I have secured from some of Gertrude Powell's girlhood friends, also disclose foregleams of her character in later years. She was "a wonderful companion," rejoiced in the good fortune of others, was "a loyal friend," and was "courageous." She had "poise and dignity," but was "generally liked" and became "a leader." She "took her work seriously," "seemed calm and not nervous." One of her pupils at the Emma Willard School, pupil-like, says she was "pretty, most gracious, with a charming manner and a keen sense of humor, and as a teacher was unsparing of her pains and always fair and just." Those who have followed Gertrude Powell's ensuing and later life can see predictive elements in these girlhood days. Another of her pupils, Lida Dunham, says of her life as a college president's wife: "At Geneva she was loved by all who knew her," and the wife of one of the trustees at Hobart College said to this pupil: "How very fortunate in your school days to have come under so fine and wonderful an influence as Mrs. Powell. She has been an inspiration to us all in Geneva. The whole town admires and respects her and, of course, loves her as our very own."

Her younger son, Francis Wilson Powell, says of the later years: "She was strict on matters of right and duty; there was no middle ground between right and wrong."

"Possibly the most astonishing thing about Mother was the fact that she managed equally well to do all these things: run a home, do all kinds of housework, bring up two children, do church work, serve in women's clubs and political bodies, do research work for Dad's books and have a modest career of her own as a lecturer on current events." Francis adds a colorful touch when he tells us that she and Lyman Powell respectively Democrat and Republican, debated



## *THE SAGA OF A PASTOR'S WIFE*

against each other — in public — and that in emergencies they substituted for one another on the lecture platform.

We have had glimpses of this co-partnership in Lyman Powell's books. But Gertrude Powell was more than an adjunct to her husband. I recall her presidency of the Parent-Teachers Association, a position which she filled with as much dignity and devotion as if it had been the presidency of a college. Her lectures on Current Events were always based on data that had been studied so that the implications were clearly developed and brought out. The magazine of the New Century Club of Philadelphia speaks of "her poise, charm and conviction." Her range of subjects though perhaps not as large as that of her husband, included "American Home Life," "The Kellogg Peace Pact," "New Homes for Old," "Edwin Austin Abbey," "Leonardo da Vinci," "The Passion Play of Oberammergau," and "Surveys of Russian Life."

But this story must not leave Gertrude Powell at this point. She was at her best as wife, mother and home-maker, and by no means "too bright or good for human nature's daily food." And as we three sit together on the porch this afternoon — "If you had your life to live over again, what, above all else, had you rather be and do?" There was no meditative hesitation. "I'd rather be Lyman Powell's wife and do his mending, and be the mother of his children."

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## EPILOGUE: LIFE'S EVENING HOUR

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### I. AS LYMAN POWELL SEES LIFE

OUR gratifying and rewarding task is nearly done. Lyman Powell and the biographer are in the spacious living room at 100 Hanover Road. "Powell, let us look back once more over these nearly four score years of ours. What would you have different or how far the same would you have them were they to be lived over again?" The answers come reflectively and slowly, but with characteristic positiveness.

"Well, most of it I would not change. I should wish to be born of the same father and mother and in the same town. I should want the same brothers. As a boy I would play more and I would follow the bent so long pursued by my biographer in athletic sports. But I would not swap any of my boyhood friends of either sex.

"I should go to the same schools and institutions of learning, especially Johns Hopkins University. I would not exchange any of my fellow students. I should want, to varying degrees, the same teachers from beginning to end. As a student I should take the same courses in history and literature — but more of them. I think I should commit all of Shakespeare's plays to memory for both style and substance. I should want to really acquire at least two modern foreign languages. I would add the fine arts, including drawing and music. At that point, I have missed a good deal.

"In the meantime, I would oftener drop books and go to

## EPILOGUE: LIFE'S EVENING HOUR

parties and play social games, try to be an all-round man, lighten my life up and put more fun into it. I tended too much to follow the straight roads and ruts instead of getting into open country." (I wonder if Lyman Powell has forgotten how many hours there are in a day and how many days in a week.)

"How about ministry? I would leave out some of the other avocations or reduce them and give myself more to the Pauline 'this one thing I do.' While I would still emphasize personal religion I should do it more definitely in its relation to Social Christianity. Seems to me I remember something you once said in this book\* — yes, here it is — 'Thus, with the Master, he who does the work of an unselfish ministry in the daylight hours must find his way back, at eventide, to the sources of his refuge and his strength; there is no lasting, perfected social service without its commensurate spiritual culture, and the one will be as real and abiding as the other is deep and reverent.' You have said just what I would say today. The Church of our day needs a deeper sense of its spiritual life and also a larger conception of its human service. Its text should be 'we that are strong should bear the infirmities of the weak.' But first it must itself become strong.

"I would be a better *pastor*, so as to be able to know intimately and preach to all kinds of people. My wife was a good critic of my homiletics and I hope she would be even more severe than she was. While all my pastorates were about all a man could ask, St. Margaret's stands out for giving me an education in humanity. I gave a good deal of attention to children, but I should give still more than I did, and widen the whole field of my human relations. Hitler's Germany has taught us the paramount importance

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\* "Spiritual Culture and Social Service" by the biographer. Revell, 1912.

LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

of child-training by the Church. We can no longer leave it only with the secular schools.

"Yes, I did too much lecturing but that was in large measure due to extraordinary obligations for which a Pastor's salary was not sufficient. All things being equal I would lecture less and give myself wholly to the interpretation of the Gospel. That is what stands out as the high place in my life. I realized it as I read what you have been writing about it as I never did before.

"Yes, again I do think of the trials, the sometimes tragic experiences of my life, the tight spots I have been in, the disappointments in men. But above all that I see the friends whom I would not exchange. People have been good to me. Friends have often lifted me out of the ditches. As for men whose enmity cost me a good deal, I have forgotten them. I nurse no grudges. As I once said to you, those are mere incidents in our lives — you, too, know what evil minded men will do. I seldom think of them. Their shadows are obscured in the sunlight of my friends.

"So, I am not discontented — except with my own errors and transgressions — they are enough for me to care for.

"Is the world growing worse or better? Well, it could hardly be worse than you and I have seen it in our latter days. We must not lose our faith in God. He is still the power within the universe of which our world is but a very small proportion.

"I have more and more the feeling that women are our hope. You and I can remember the time when Virginia Gildersleeve would not have been in such a conference as that at San Francisco. When the intuitiveness of women is combined with political opportunity, democracy will be fulfilled.

"Yes, I do have faith in human nature. But human nature still needs wiser guidance. Education still needs broaden-

## EPILOGUE: LIFE'S EVENING HOUR

ing. And I continue a moderate leftist politically. I do not worship the God of 'things as they are.' How about theology? I still stand by all I have said: there must be simplicity in religious thinking. 'God is not found at the end of a syllogism.'

"Do I hold as firmly as ever to what I have said in recent years on spiritual therapy and Christian Science and on Mary Baker Eddy? Yes, I do. In answering you I will do so in general terms. (He turns to *Mary Baker Eddy, a Life Size Portrait* and reads).

'Christian Science is turning the thoughts of men back to the power the mind *spiritualized* has over the body. The doctors have neglected this truth to a great extent, the Christian churches almost altogether. Christian Science is forcing the truth on the minds of men, and in another decade, I believe, thanks largely to Christian Science, every church will emphasize what it now neglects.

It is turning men and women into Bible readers and thus bringing them as no other set of people are to the very source of spiritual life. Nothing can be more important than that, and no later than last Sunday I paid glad tribute in my pulpit to Christian Science for this service and called my people to a new and more devout reading of the Bible every day.

It is restoring something of Apostolic spontaneity and serenity and devotion to an ideal and of attendance on church services to our time sadly in need of it; and of this too I spoke last Sunday to my people. It is this especially that makes me feel that God has a good and great work for Christian Science in this land.'

"And as to spiritual healing, I can best refer you to the New Testament, to Jesus, the disciples and the apostles. I believe the four Gospels. And today many who are not en-



## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

rolled in the Christian Science Church are both preaching and practicing the principles which underlie Christian Science and which it teaches, according to their degree of faith. Christian Science, like the Gospel is greater than any church."

And as the biographer starts to leave: "While you have been taking me over my whole life, and now as we sit in its sunset, I am reminded of what my biographer once wrote as he looked back from the viewpoint of seventy. I have also been reviewing your story. Let us look it up — here it is:

'Life, as I look back over it, is much like one's first journey to Europe. While you are traveling you feel the inconvenience, the loss of trains, the back rooms in hotels where the surrounding scenery is shut out. But on your return, as you reflect upon it, these all fade out of the picture and you see the mountains, the lakes, the cathedrals, the art galleries and they are all you see. During all these years I have been going on the short distances. Now I have the long view.'

I think you have said it for both of us."

And as Lyman Powell looks across to the third chair in our triangle, he closes: "As I take that long view, I am conscious of a light that, even in the most cloudy days, never ceased to shine. My real living began on June 20, 1899, and to quote the title of Bishop Lawrence's story, I have 'Memories of a Happy Life.' You asked something about what I would want most to be if I had to be somebody else." There is a pause, and humor lights the eyes that have recently been getting dimmer, — "I think I had rather be Gertrude Powell's second husband."\*

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\* Borrowed from one of the stories about diplomat Joseph Choate.

## II. *AS THE BIOGRAPHER SEES LYMAN POWELL*

My mind wanders from the immediate present. I see a man in my office more than twenty-five years ago. He walked with a springy step. He was debonair, alert, and you might say snappy — or shall I say breezy. His attire was classy and put to shame my baggy trousers and unpressed coat. All spoke vitality, tempered by charm. He was in deep earnest — “education must be rescued from impending poverty.” War, to use his words, had “slowed down the schools.” “The churches must give spiritual impulsion to education and education must look to the churches for that impulsion.”

I was so impressed that I even tried to think of some avenue by which this animated personality might be used in the staff of the Federal Council. There was something contagious in either his rapturous or grave approach to the deepest problems.

Well, here he is today, a frail man, worn by his own recent hospitalization and still more by the long illness of the woman who has been and still is, a source of his strength. A son on whose future he had counted heavily had been taken away just as he was nearing his best. A grandson had just been reported lost in battle across the seas.

There are no fretful murmurs or complaints. No fault is found with God. Lyman Powell is kindlier than ever. He still has the mania for praising his friends. He does not, as he once did, bristle at controversy, — I have seen him mad as a hatter, but that was long ago.

Yes, clouds are round about as we look at these latter years. Husband and wife are each concerned about the other. But against the background of the clouds the setting sun is all the brighter.

Throughout all these quiet talks together I have been

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

reminded of these words in *The Better Part*: "Lacking many other virtues, I have rarely lacked in faith. Nothing has ever permanently taken faith away from me." More than once as Lyman and I have been pursuing these collocations, passing forth and back between triumphs and disappointments, I have thought of these lines, as expressive of the immediate mood of my friend;

"Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or impious discontent,  
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,  
Or aught Thy goodness lent."

I have done what I could to insure a place in the records of history for Lyman Powell. We are both within a year of our eightieth birthdays. We look back together and we look forward together. Our paths have crossed and recrossed many times. Now they have nearly merged. And so, we say in unison this lovely Fall afternoon (September 4, 1945):

"Here let us pause, our quest forego,  
Enough for us to feel and know  
That He in whom the cause and end,  
The past and future meet and blend,  
Speaks not alone the words of fate  
Which worlds destroy and worlds create;  
But whispers in my spirit's ear  
In tones of love, or warning fear,  
A language none beside may hear.  
To Him from wanderings long and wild  
I come, an overwearyed child"

The biographer lays aside his pen with the consciousness that he has had the privilege of living over these years with a friend "Whose Work is Fit to Survive in the Memory of Man."\*

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\*See page 181

## *EPILOGUE: LIFE'S EVENING HOUR*

Four months have passed. It is the twenty-sixth of January, 1946. The message comes that Lyman Powell is in the Memorial Hospital in Morristown. Under post-war conditions no rooms are available and the Men's Ward is also over-filled. An extra cot is fitted in and Lyman Powell spends his last days amid a cross-section of his fellow-men, of whom he had once said: "God loves people of all classes, or He would not have made so many of them." Thus it was a fitting close in the life of a man who also loved "people."

Following a serious operation his condition continued critical. He never recovered normal consciousness and on Sunday, February 10, passed on to the other world of his faith, while Gertrude Powell was in their home under the physician's care.

On February 14, in St. Peter's Church in Mountain Lakes, where he had often voiced his message and during one interim had served as Acting Rector, his friends, his neighbors and his associates in the Gospel ministry gathered to pay their tribute. St. Margaret's Church of New York and the School Board of Mountain Lakes appropriately represented religion and education. Messages came from far and wide, from both noted and unnoted men and women.

The services were conducted by Rev. Herbert Lewis-Jones of St. John's Church of Boonton. Parts were taken by Dr. Powell's nephew, Rev. Wendling H. Hastings, Presbyterian pastor in West Orange.

Can the writer more fittingly end his narrative than by his own prayer at this service?

---

Eternal Father of mankind, we thank Thee that as Thou hast revealed thy love in thy Son as the Savior of thy children, so, in their measure, men who live in his light, shed its reflection upon us.

## LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

In thy divine wisdom, Thou hast taken from our midst one who has enriched our lives, strengthened our souls, composed our troubled spirits and by his message and his life has invested our untrodden future with the radiant light of faith.

We thank Thee for the heritage he has left to us of devotion to truth, of moral courage in the face of evil, of un-failing loyalty in friendship, of sympathy in times of our distress, of charity towards our frailties and our errors. We thank Thee for the multitudes of men and women who have been inspired by his message and his faithful ministry and the children who have been consecrated at his hands.

Bless the churches to which he ministered, the schools of learning where the years of his productive teaching have been lengthened in the lives of the youth who sat at his feet, as he sought to lead them to the feet of his Teacher.

Help us to partake of his quiet confidence and trust at the points where human wisdom fails, that we may share with Thee the silence of eternity, interpreted by faith and love, walking in thy light when our light fails us.

We remember with tender hearts the companion who so deeply shared his labor and his life and in these later years has absorbed his constant thought and life, and our hearts go out to the son to whom he has left so rich a heritage of character.

And now, dear Father, deepen within us the meaning of this hour, as we commit our friend and neighbor to thy hands. While we know not where thine islands lift their fronded palms in air, we know that we can never drift beyond thy love and care, as we consecrate ourselves to our part in the immortality of Lyman Powell's service to his fellowmen, in the name of the Master, whom he sought to make the pattern of his life. Amen.



## THE LYMAN POWELL CALENDAR

The reader may find some help from this partial summary as we wend our way in and out of many roads and paths.

- |           |   |
|-----------|---|
| 1866-1880 | Village school, Farmington, Delaware.<br>Farmington Academy.  |
| 1880-1884 | Wilmington Conference Academy, Dover, Delaware.   |
| 1885-1886 | Public School Teaching in Delaware.   |
| 1886      | Freshman at Dickinson College.  |
| 1887-1890 | Undergraduate, Johns Hopkins University.  |
| 1890      | B. A., Phi Beta Kappa, Johns Hopkins University.  |
| 1888-1892 | Editorial Assistant to H. B. Adams.   |
| 1890-1892 | University Scholar, Johns Hopkins University.   |
| 1891-1892 | Literary Assistant to William Osler   |
| 1892      | University of Wisconsin, graduate student,<br>University Extension Secretary and organizer<br>for the State.  |
| 1893-1895 | Fellow, Wharton School of Finance, University<br>of Pennsylvania.   |
| 1893      | Associate Director, Philadelphia University Ex-<br>tension Summer Meeting.  |
| 1893-1895 | University Extension Staff Lecturer in Ameri-<br>can University Extension Society.<br>Staff Lecturer on History for Philadelphia Uni-<br>versity Extension Society. |
| 1895-1897 | Student, Philadelphia Divinity School.  |

LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

- 1897-1898    Ordained Deacon Protestant Episcopal Church,  
1897, Priest 1898, Minister in charge Trinity  
Mission, Ambler, Pennsylvania.
- 1898        New Church built at Ambler.
- 1898-1903   Rector, St. John's Church, Lansdowne, Pa.  
Fund raised to build and pay for new church  
in one year (1898).
- 1899 (June 20) Marriage to Gertrude Wilson.
- 1902        To London to secure a lecturer on "Social  
Christianity" for Philadelphia Divinity  
School.
- 1904-1912   Rector, St. John's Church, Northampton, Mas-  
sachusetts, and frequent lecturer in colleges.
- 1912-1913   Professor, Business Ethics, New York University.  
Chaplain service rendered frequently.
- 1913-1918   President Hobart and William Smith Colleges,  
Geneva, New York.
- 1917        Visitor and observer of first World War. On  
return lectured far and wide.
- 1917-1918   Vice-President, American Association of Col-  
leges.
- 1918-1920   Adviser and aid to schools and colleges.  
Associated with the Interchurch World Move-  
ment.
- 1920-1925   Lecturing and contributing to magazines, in-  
cluding *Review of Reviews*, *Atlantic*, *Good  
Housekeeping*.
- 1922-1924   *Cosmopolitan* - Educational Department, in-  
cluding general school advisory service, visit-  
ing schools and colleges, and assisting parents  
in placing children in proper schools.

## THE LYMAN POWELL CALENDAR

- 1923 A study of education in Bermuda made and published.
- 1924-1926 On the Lecture Platform.
- 1926 Acting Rector, St. John's Church, Hampton, Va.
- 1926-1935 Rector, St. Margaret's Church, New York.
- 1933 To Europe to arrange translations of *Mary Baker Eddy: A Life Size Portrait*.
- 1934 To Europe to study conditions in England, Germany, Austria and Russia.
- 1935-1945 Mountain Lakes, New Jersey. Editorial Columnist, *Mountain Lakes News* and *Boonton Times-Bulletin*. Member of Board of Education.
- Supplying Pulpits.

## BOOKS AND BROCHURES

- 1893 The History of Education in Delaware.
- 1905 Family Prayers.
- 1907 Christian Science: The Faith and its Founder.
- 1908 The Art of Natural Sleep.
- 1909 The Emmanuel Movement in a New England Town.
- 1909 Heavenly Heretics.
- 1910 The Credentials of the Church.
- 1911 A Judicial Estimate of Mary Baker Eddy: A Contribution to the *Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Literature*.
- 1912 Religion in our Colleges and Universities.
- 1918 Lafayette.
- 1919 The Teaching of Democracy.

LYMAN PIERSON POWELL

- 1919 America and the League of Nations.  
1921 Popular Bibles: A contribution to the *Cambridge History of American Literature*.  
1922 So This is School.  
1923 Where the Good Schools are.  
1925 The Soul of Business.  
1925 The Human Touch.  
1930 Mary Baker Eddy: A Life Size Portrait.  
1933 The Better Part.  
1933 The House By the Side of the Road.  
1937 The Second Seventy.

*Editor*

- 1898-1901 American Historic Towns (4 volumes).  
1902 Current Religious Literature.  
1905-1907 Devotional Series (3 volumes).  
1918 The Spirit of Democracy (with Gertrude Powell)  
1919 The Social Unrest (2 volumes)  
1919 The World and Democracy (with Charles M. Curry).  
1919 Education for Democracy (by Eugene C. Brooks).

# INDEX





## I N D E X

- Adams, Charles Kendall, 66.  
 Adams, Herbert B., 54, 58, 59.  
 Ambler, Pa., Trinity Mission, 101,  
 104 ff.  
 American Association of Colleges, 80,  
 95.  
 American Historical Society, 59.  
 Arnold, Matthew, 61.  
 Baker, Newton D., 14.  
 Baker, Ray Stannard, 159.  
 Balfour, Arthur J., 71.  
 Ball, J. R., 51.  
 Baxter, Sylvester, 69.  
 Beecher, Henry Ward, 44.  
 Books by Lyman Powell, 192 ff.  
 Boy Scouts of America, 118.  
 Bronx, Borough of, 11, 119 ff.  
 Brooks, Phillips, 195.  
 Brown, Anna Robertson, 102.  
 Brown, Elmer E., 73.  
 Brunner, Edmund de S., 243.  
 Bryce, James, 57.  
 Bull, William L., 71.  
 Burton, Marion L., 76.  
 Burton, Richard, 251.  
 Bushnell, Horace, 195.  
 Business Ethics, Professor of, 72 ff.  
 Butterworth, Hezekiah, 69.  
 Cable, George W., 115.  
 Canadian Church, Bicentenary of, 263.  
 Cayley, Arthur, 51, 57.  
 Celebrities described by Lyman  
 Powell, 196 ff.  
 Cestre, Charles, 92.  
 Channing, William Ellery, 195.  
 Christian Science, Latest Views on,  
 230 ff., 235 f., 285.  
 Christian Science, Lyman Powell and,  
 193, 211 ff.  
 Churchill, Winston, 13.  
 Churchman, Lyman Powell as a, 148  
 ff.  
 College President, 75 ff.  
 Columbia University, 17.  
 Coolidge, Calvin, 114, 115, 239 f.  
 Dana, Mass., The Home in, 263, 268.  
 Devine, Edward T., 67.  
 Dickinson College, 47, 49, 50, 65.  
 Dilke, Sir Charles, 52.  
 Dover, Delaware, 47.  
 Drummond, Henry, 28.  
 Eddy, Mary Baker, 19, 211 ff., 223.  
 Eddy, Sherwood, 244.  
 Editors, Lyman Powell and, 200, 203.  
 Editor, Lyman Powell as, 207 ff.  
 Education, Promoting, 81 ff.  
 Eliot, President, 57.  
 Elliott, George H., 61.  
 Ely, Richard T., 15, 54, 58.  
 Emmanuel Movement, The, 18, 113,  
 129, 159, 160, 185, 192 f.  
 Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 252.  
 Endicott, William C., 69.  
 Farmington Academy, 27.  
 Farmington, Del., 25.  
 Federal Council of the Churches of  
 Christ in America, 75, 156.  
 Finley, John H., 14, 76, 78.  
 Finley, Robert, 14.  
 Flatiron, Del., 25.  
 Freeman, Edward A., 57.  
 Fremont, John C., 25.  
 Friends, A Directory of Lyman  
 Powell's, 237 ff., 241 ff.  
 Grasty, Charles H., 91.  
 Genealogy, Powell, The, 28.  
 Gildersleeve, Basil, 14, 51.  
 Gilman, President Daniel C., 14, 49.  
 Gough, John B., 48.  
 Griggs, Edward Howard, 244.  
 Hale, Edward Everett, 69.  
 Hampton, Isabel, 59.  
 Hampton, Va., St. John's Parish, 271.  
 Harper, William R., 67.  
 Harrison, Provost, 107.  
 Haskins, C. H., 62.  
 Hastings, Wendling H., 289.  
 Hazen, Charles Downer, 50.

# INDEX

- Herrick, Christine Terhune, 100.  
Higginson, Thomas Wentworth, 69.  
Hobart and William Smith Colleges, 76 ff., 186, 265 ff.  
Howe, Frederick C., 14.  
Hügel, Friedrich von, 90, 137.  
Human Society, Lyman Powell's conception of, 163 ff., 210.  
Huxley, Thomas, 49.  
Hyde, James Hazen, 93.
- Interchurch World Movement, 82.
- James, Edmund J., 62, 67.  
Jenks, Jeremiah, 73.  
Johns Hopkins University, 49 ff., 55, 56, 282.  
Judson, Harry P., 76.
- Kansas, University of, 30.  
Kinley, David, 14.
- Lanier, Sidney, 56.  
Lansdowne, Pa., St. John's Church, 11, 105 ff., 259.  
League of Nations, 88.  
Lebanon, Delaware, 47.  
Lecture Platform, The, 83 ff.  
Lee, James Melvin, 73.  
Levis, Norman Van Pelt, 246.  
Lewis-Jones, Herbert, 289.  
Life as Lyman Powell sees it, 282 ff.  
Loney, Ysabel, 271.  
Loisette, Alphonse Timothy, 51.
- Macfarland, Genevieve D., 23.  
Manning, William T., 105, 118, 181, 243, 246.  
Massanutten Academy, 70.  
Mattison, Richard V., 105.  
McComb, Samuel, 186.  
McConnell, Samuel D., 99, 102.  
Mead, Edwin D., 69.  
Mercier, Cardinal, 91, 187.  
Methodists, The, 38.  
Mill, John Stuart, 36, 61.  
Morse, Edwin S., 69.  
Mountain Lakes, N. J., 10, 11, 12, 81, 96, 169, 179, 268 ff., 276.  
Mountain Lakes, St. Peter's Church, 289.
- New York University, 72 ff.  
Northampton, Mass., 11, 260 ff.  
Northampton, St. John's Church, 110 ff.
- Osler, William, 54, 59, 211, 213.
- Page, Walter H., 91.  
Palmer, George H., 68.  
Pastor, Lyman Powell as, 98 ff., 118 ff., 133 f., 157 ff., 180, 283.  
Patten, Simon, 62.  
Pennsylvania, University of, 15, 55, 61.  
Philadelphia Divinity School, 16, 55, 61, 63 ff., 70.  
Pilgrimages of Lyman Powell, 89 ff., 188.  
Pollock, Channing, 247.  
Potter, Henry C., 71.  
Powell, David, 271, 276.  
Powell, Edes Lawrence, 279.  
Powell, Elizabeth Lawrence, 279.  
Powell, Elmer N., 30, 42.  
Powell, Francis Wilson, 263, 268; 271, 272, 279, 280.  
Powell, Gertrude Wilson, 16, 22, 70, 254 ff., 286.  
Powell, Gertrude Wilson, in Europe, 274, 275.  
Powell, Harriet Kathryn, 279.  
Powell, James B. R., 26, 27, 28.  
Powell, Lyman, as the Biographer sees him, 287 ff.  
Powell, Lyman P., The Boyhood of, 31 ff., 45.  
Powell, Lyman, The closing days of, 289.  
Powell, Marian Eloise, 279.  
Powell, Talcott Williams, 268, 276, 277 ff.  
Powell, Walter A., 26, 30.  
Preacher, Lyman Powell as, 161 ff., 167.
- Ranney, Helen Ann, 279.  
Redden, Mary Ann, 29.  
Retirement, Lyman Powell's, 169 ff.  
"Review of Reviews", 15, 17, 18, 51, 184 ff.  
Rhees, Rush, 76.

# INDEX

- Riis, Jacob, 71.
- Robb, Hunter, 59.
- Robinson, W. S., 29.
- Rochester, University of, 65.
- Roosevelt, Franklin D., 277.
- Roosevelt, Theodore, 68.
- Ross, Edward A., 14, 247.
- Royce, Josiah, 253.
- Russia, Visit to, 275.
  
- Shaw, Albert, 20, 21, 51, 58, 68, 156.
- Skinner, Robert H., 46.
- Smith College, 116, 199.
- St. Margaret's Church, The Bronx, 11, 96, 118 ff., 272 ff.
- Statzel, Henry C., 106.
- Stock Exchange, The, 75.
- Stringer, Arthur, 248 ff.
  
- Talmadge, T. DeWitt, 48.
- Theater, Lyman Powell and the, 200.
- Theology, Lyman Powell's, 135 ff., 146.
- Thomas, Lowell, 93.
- Thwing, Charles F., 76.
- Trench, Archbishop, 141.
- Truman, President, 12.
- Trumbull, Henry Clay, 70, 99.
  
- Turner, F. J., 62.
- University Extension, The Movement for, 55, 63, 66 ff., 72 ff., 184 ff.
  
- Webb, Beatrice, 154.
- Wesley, John, 195.
- Wesley Junior College, 44.
- Wharton School of Finance, 55.
- Whitaker, O. W., 103.
- White, Andrew D., 57.
- Whitlock, Brand, 91.
- Wilde, Oscar, 57.
- Williams, Talcott, 17, 76, 77.
- Wilmington Conference Academy, The, 44, 46.
- Wilson, Woodrow, 16, 51, 52, 53, 54, 58, 70.
- Winchester, Caleb T., 56.
- Wisconsin, University of, 15, 61, 66.
- World War I, 79.
- World War I, Addresses on, 85 ff.
- World War I, Visit to Europe, 89 ff.
- Worcester, Elwood, 76, 186.
- Writer, Lyman Powell as, 182 ff., 191 ff., 201 ff.
  
- Yale Divinity School, 71.











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